WEEK ENDING OCT. 27, 1928

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

PARKER - HAMILTON - FARRELL - CHAMBERS - GREEN

Efficiency at your finger-tips

Base of Onyx with Lady or Junior size Duofold Pen, $10. With Senior Duofold (maximum ink capacity), $12.

New Duofold Speed Models, always ready to your hand. "Big Business" has adopted them. Also thousands of modern homes.

The Pen holds the ink—the Base holds the Pen

All waste motion is eliminated and time of writing shortened by Parker Duofold Desk Sets.

You see them everywhere because these modern instruments of progress provide these distinct advantages:

1. Points always moist—a tiny droplet of ink always standing ready at the tip-end for *immediate writing* on the *first touch* to paper.

2. Pens held in movable sockets by a Parker Patented *Spring-Clip* so they can't fall out, yet are removed and re-inserted with perfect freedom.

3. Parker Ball-and-Socket Joint, permitting pen to *stand at any angle*, lie flat on the base, or move in any direction [without damage should you accidentally strike the pen in reaching across the desk].

4. Only desk set from which pen can be taken home at night as a *pocket* pen [by merely substituting, *in a jiffy, a pocket and a plunger cap* for the taper-tip].

5. Variety of choice made possible in 19 models, 11 colors, 6 styles of pen points, and prices ranging from $8.50 to $100.00.

But the *main* measure of a desk set's quality is the *pen itself*.

In the Duofold you have Geo. S. Parker's famous 47th improvement, now known the world over as *Pressureless Touch*—the feather-light weight of the *pen itself* being sufficient to maintain a steady, ready ink-flow. No pressure—merely guidance—from the fingers. No effort. No fatigue.

Barrels of Parker Permanite, while *28% lighter than rubber, are non-breakable also.*

In fact, we **guarantee the Duofold forever against all defects,* so you have *efficiency that's permanent* in a Duofold Pen.

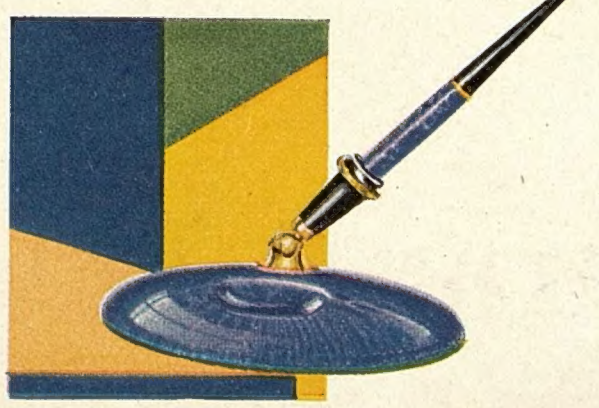
Ask at the nearest pen counter to see these modern Duofold Desk Sets.

One caution: Be sure to see this most important imprint—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD"—on the barrel of the pen.

*To prove Parker Duofold is a pen of lifelong perfection, we offer to make good any defect provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to the factory with 10c for return postage and insurance.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA
DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CAN. • LONDON, ENGLAND

Parker Duofold Desk Sets

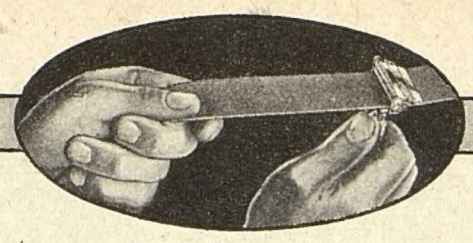


Base of Handsome Porcelain in mottled green, blue, mahogany or combination of pastel shades with Lady or Junior Duofold Pen, $8.75. With $2.75 Black pen and colored taper, $6.50.

Parker Duofold Pencils in Colors to match pens—$3, $3.50, $4. See also Parker Duofold Pen-Knives matching Pens and Pencils, and making handsome "sets of three."

Use Parker Duofold Ink and Parker Duofold Leads in any make of pen or pencil to get the best results.

Base of Polished Black Glass, complete with Lady or Junior size Duofold Pen, $12. With Senior Duofold (maximum ink capacity), $14.

STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO THE PERFECT  SHAVE

are all Barbers CRAZY?

Is stropping a playful gesture to amuse you—or has the Valet AutoStrop Razor proved that there is a fundamental reason for stropping?

YES, all barbers are insane . . . so are other millions of men . . . *if* stropping a blade to sharpen it is useless.

But you know that *every* barber throughout the entire world knows that he *must* strop before he shaves. An unstropped edge is like a row of needles. It pulls and tears the skin.

There is one razor and only one which automatically insures a stropped blade for every shave. That is the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The Million Dollar Model is the result of 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars in experiments. Everywhere men are adopting it because of its new day improvements.

Perfectly balanced and self-adjusting, its friendly angle fits the face and cuts through the stiffest beard with smooth precision. With the new, keener Valetite-processed blade it is a marvel of shaving ease.

Blades are inserted or removed simply by pressing a button. Blades are locked in firm, non-flexing grip that eliminates vibration and pull. New type guard lets you use the full shaving edge. And—fundamentally important—the exclusive self-stropping feature keeps the blade edge super-keen. No need to remove blade to strop or clean it.

Weigh these facts. You know barbers haven't been wrong for 2,000 years in stropping. Why experiment with *your* face?

Give a Valet AutoStrop Razor a fair trial. You'll quickly learn to like it—then you'll never go back to an unstropped blade.

• • •

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

ALSO *a New and Finer Shaving Cream*

Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor

TRY A TUBE

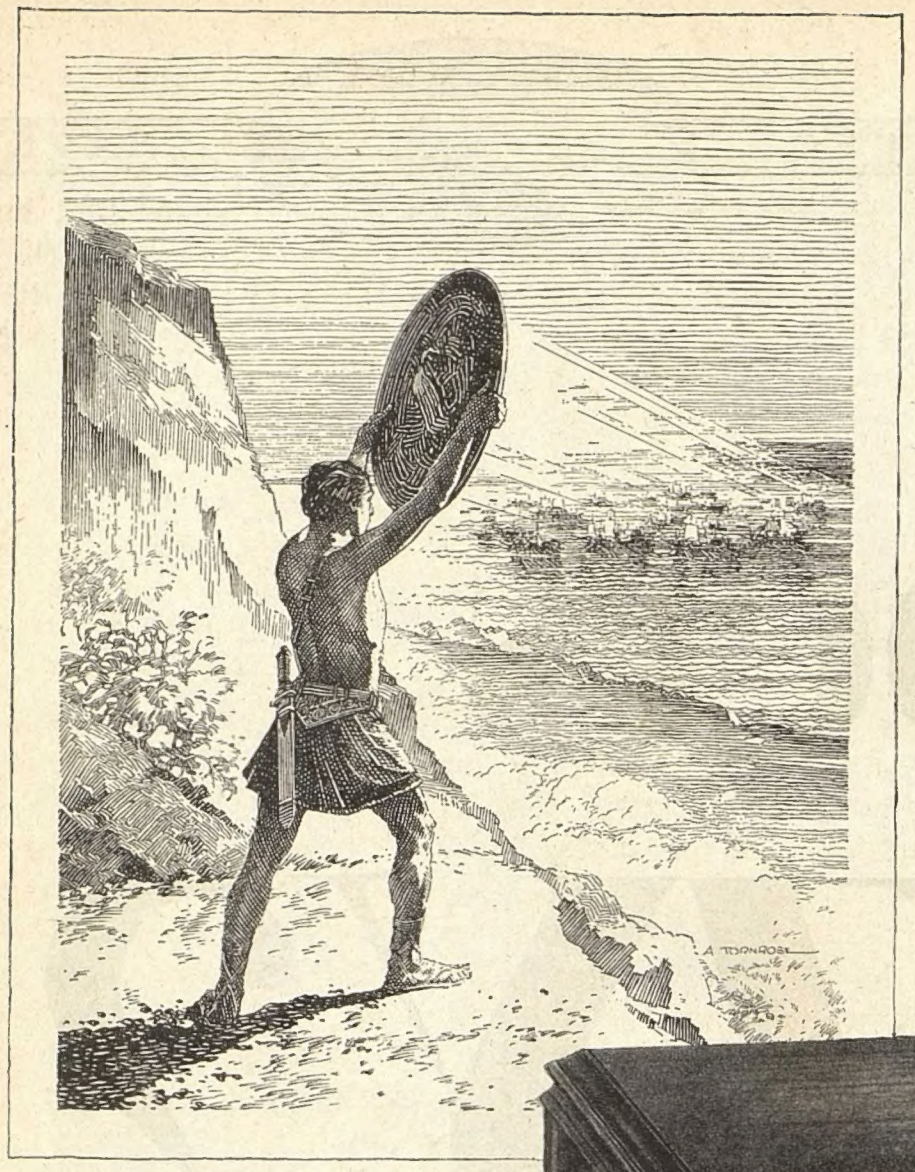
35c

New million dollar VALET Auto-Strop RAZOR

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, Inc., 656 First Ave., New York City ~ In Canada: AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd., 83 Duke St., Toronto

LONDON · · · PARIS · · · RIO DE JANEIRO



Sun-rays flashing from a shield held aloft by a traitor on Mt. Pentelicus was, in 490 B. C., the pre-arranged signal by which the Persian fleet was to be notified of the absence of the Athenian army. Miltiades, the Athenian general, saw the signal, suspected its meaning, and marched his troops from Marathon in time to successfully defend the city.

Get it *Better* with a Grebe

GREBE RADIO
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Watchfulness has ever been a wise policy, especially for those of today who through nineteen years have *watched* the Grebe contributions to the development of radio, and *waited* for the crowning achievement of the Grebe organization of radio engineers — the Grebe Synchrophase A-C Six.

They have thus assured themselves of far more than the convenience of alternating current, light-socket operation, with its relief from bother with batteries. They have, in addition, obtained inimitable Grebe tonal beauty—incomparable range and selectivity —freedom from A-C hum—maximum volume without distortion and other distinct improvements resulting from years of experience and the careful craftsmanship of a staff of radio engineers who could not produce anything but the best.

It's merely a matter of discretion to hear the Grebe Synchrophase A-C Six before making your final decision. Or send for Booklet LY which fully describes this new receiver.

Other Grebe sets and equipment: Grebe Synchrophase Seven A-C, Grebe Synchrophase Five, Grebe Natural Speaker (Illustrated), Grebe No. 1750 Speaker.

GREBE SYNCHROPHASE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A-C Six RADIO

A. H. Grebe & Company, Inc., 109 West 57th Street, New York City

Factory: Richmond Hill, New York

Western Branch: 443 So. San Pedro Street, Los Angeles, California

Makers of quality radio since 1909

OCT. 27, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5
No. 43

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

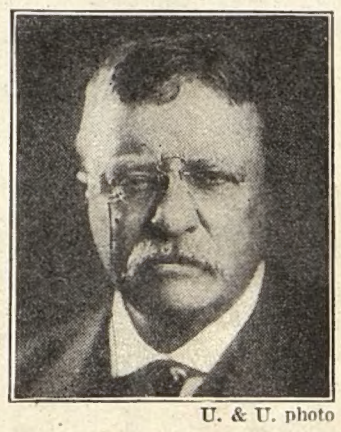
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

On October 27, seventy years ago, Theodore Roosevelt was born.

He was the Last of the Mohicans, so to speak. He believed, and said, that this nation should be strong and fearless. Since his time a lot of people have been apologizing for nearly everything we, as a nation, have done. Our recent Presidents mostly have had inferiority complexes.



U. & U. photo

Roosevelt didn't. He was a President who fought no wars, as the pacifist Wilson finally was compelled to do, and this, we believe, was because he was prepared for war.

His idea was to trust in God and keep your powder dry. The newer pacifist doctrine seems to be that it is just and right to trust in God, but to keep one's powder dry simultaneously seems to show a lack of confidence in Him.

Roosevelt believed that God and dry powder make a strong combination. The recent tendency reduces this to God alone—which we think is not wise, because God may think this an appropriate time to chasten us for our pride.

In this political campaign which is drawing to a close, one of its aspects has received very little attention. We refer to our foreign policy.

To resume an old simile, this country is the garden spot of the world—which we admit. It is an abode of happiness, prosperity, and contentment.

In this beautiful garden we have been entirely unconcerned as to possible peril from without. We have been greatly concerned as to whether we should sell beer or lemonade at the tables under the trees; whether we should let the boys play ball on Sunday, and whether we are going to raise the wages of those who make sandwiches (by which we mean the farmers, producers of bread and meat). But we have given very little thought to whether we are going to keep this garden for ourselves.

True, we have put a sign on our gate saying no admittance to other people, and a placard over our service door saying not much admittance to other goods. Our elevator service is bad and our janitor surly.

But there has been very little consideration of the fact that there are eight or ten times as many people outside as within; that none of these outsiders is as happy and prosperous as we, and that some of them are starving to death and may feel resentment at being barred from what to them is the promised land. Their numbers are increasing and their enmity is increasing.

To alter the simile, we have inside an area of low pressure and outside an area of high pressure and that makes a storm.

We have two duties: one to the people within our wall and one to the neighbors without it. Recently, due to the growth of pacifism and increased control of the state by pacifists, the tendency has been to do nothing but speak kindly to the neighbors. And they smirk and sneer at our sincerity.

At this writing, neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Hoover has been very clear as to his views on national defense. Mr. Hoover was an advocate of the League of Nations, and a year or two ago Mr. Smith was quoted as saying that if we abolished our battleships we could abolish our slums with the money saved.

Ever since Bryan's anti-imperialistic campaign of 1900 against the retention of the Philippines there has been a large and growing section of this country with a pacifist turn of mind. This has been particularly true of the Democratic party. Since Mr. Kellogg's performance with his multilateral treaty the pacifist doctrines have been gaining in the Republican party also.

With foreign nations keeping their armaments up there are likely to be troublous times ahead of us. We sadly need to remember the counsel of Theodore Roosevelt—speak softly and carry a big stick. Here was a great man and a great President.

IN THIS ISSUE

Discord.....By AUSTIN PARKER 11
The story of a modern wife and an old fashioned wallop

Why I Am a Prohibitionist....By the REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON 16
A noted divine's defense of the Eighteenth Amendment

The Frangipani Girl.....By COSMO HAMILTON 21
A story of love and tragedy on a tropical isle

Dixie in Filmland.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 32
Show Girl on the screen: A page of movie reviews

I Win the Open Championship of 1928.....By JOHNNY FARRELL 37
The hero of a golf classic reports his own story

A Saga of the Wastelands.....By BEATRICE HARMON 44
The story of a love that was sealed in the desert

A Second to Think.....By WALTER ECKERSALL 54
A football reminiscence: Illinois vs. Chicago in 1925

War Bugs (Part XII).....By CHARLES MACARTHUR 55
A private's version of what happened in France

Gasoline Gypsies (Part V).....By GRACE ROBINSON 59
The record of a transcontinental motor pilgrimage

The Love Dove.....By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 68
The sixth episode in The Happy Parrot series

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 77
Thirty-fourth spasm: Some inside stuff on the movies

How I Got Those Bumps.....By TONI, JR. 82
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

Twenty Questions (p. 30); News of the World (35); For the Love o' Lil (36); Poem (51); Bright Sayings of Children (51); Vox Pop (52-53); Fashions (63-64); Food (67); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (79); Cross Word Puzzles (80-81); Index to Advertisements (78).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

Stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw, Pierre S. du Pont, Clarence Darrow, Alicia Patterson, Lothrop Stoddard, Fred MacIsaac, Robert W. Chambers

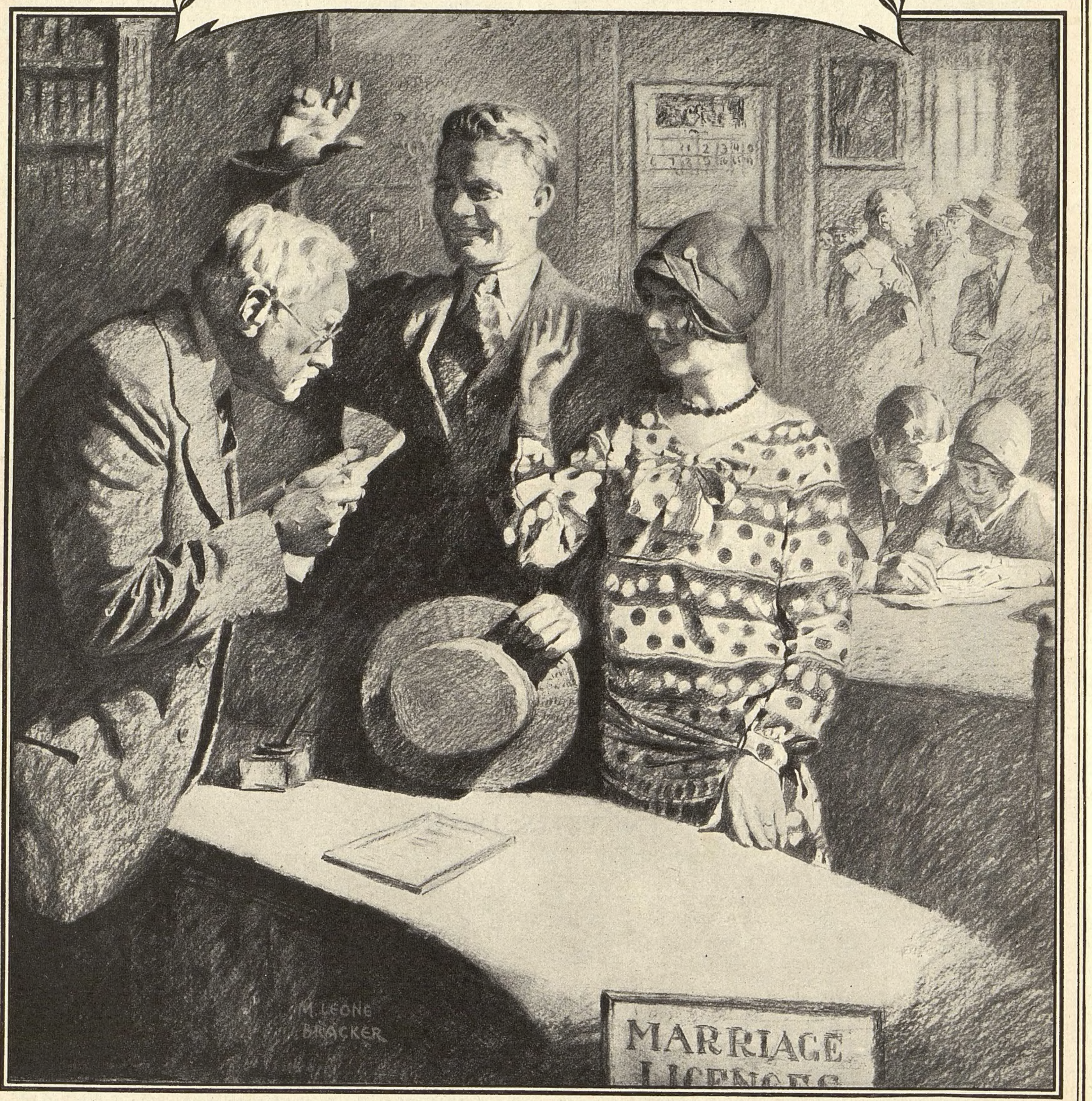
October 27, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 43

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

THE marriage license, the purchase of a home, the creation of an estate—almost every important decision in a man's life represents a commitment based upon his faith in his future earning power. So it is with the car—a necessity in modern life . . . . This is the essence of the GMAC Purchase Plan.



GENERAL

TIME PAYMENTS *and* THE OPEN MIND

TEN YEARS AGO there were many opinions about time payments, but few facts. General Motors began a careful study of the whole problem.

Everyone recognized the soundness of granting credit to a business —a *group* of individuals—for the purchase of necessary equipment. Was there, then, any logical reason why the *individual* should not be entitled to use his personal credit and earning power for the purchase of a necessity, such as an automobile—just as he purchased his home or life insurance estate?

Out of this study came a General Motors policy: every man or woman whose circumstances and income warrant the ownership of a car shall be provided with credit accommodation on a sound basis and at the lowest possible cost.

The General Motors Acceptance Corporation was organized to give effect to this policy.

Millions of families have had the use of their cars while they were paying for them, through the GMAC Plan. Sales and production of automobiles have enormously increased, resulting in much higher quality per dollar of cost. The American people are making more effective use of their time and energies, and this has been definitely reflected in national prosperity.

The whole machinery of consumer credit has been placed upon a sound economic basis, because the problem was approached with scientific thoroughness and an Open Mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

• • •

FRIGIDAIRE
The Automatic Refrigerator

• • •

DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

• • •

Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers Jacox Steering Gears · A C Spark Plugs · A C Speedometers · A C Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

• • •

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire, the automatic refrigerator, and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the standard low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

TUNE IN — General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening. 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 31 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

80 million

separate cash sales a year!

THERE is a tradition among publishers that their business is something apart. It is different. It is peculiar. It is intricate. There is a formula for success. Vary the medicine and the dose is fatal.

But the publishers of LIBERTY devised a new formula—post-war, in tempo, as modern as tomorrow. A new formula that recognizes progress rather than precedent.

One of the ingredients of this formula is newsdealer sales. You can induce a man to buy a magazine by the year, but you can't make him read it. You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. If a woman doesn't want pork chops for dinner she buys something else. But every week more than 1,500,000 people buy LIBERTY—with no inducement except the contents of the issue.

Business sells to the public convenience. No one buys beefsteak at so much per annum. LIBERTY is bought to be read 80,000,000 times a year. There isn't a corpse, either in effect or actual, in the whole circulation. Every advertiser gets all the circulation he pays for. And because LIBERTY is bought to be read the advertiser gets immediate action from LIBERTY circulation.

Tie your future to LIBERTY'S 99% newsdealer circulation. Reach the modern-minded audience of this amazing decade, and the next.

For 1929
Not less than 1,600,000 average net paid circulation. And no increase in advertising rates.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

THOUSANDS *more now enjoy its beauty, power and economy*

THE brilliant success of the Standard Six has brought the number of Willys-Knight owners to more than 325,000. And new thousands are being constantly added —motorists who find that the *patented* double sleeve-valve engine surpasses even its reputation for velvet smoothness, silent power and carefree, economical operation. ¶ Naturally, it costs more to build this superior power plant—but the Standard Six has definitely broken down the price barrier. All of Willys-Knight's exclusive advantages are now made available to a great new market—at the lowest price in history! ¶ A brief demonstration of the Standard Six will reveal Willys-Knight's quick starting, flashing pick-up, high speed and ease of control. And long ownership of the Standard Six will reveal Willys-Knight's unfailing dependability, rugged stamina and increasing efficiency.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

$995
STANDARD SIX COACH

Touring	$995	Roadster	$995
Coupe	1045	Sedan	1095

Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WILLYS · KNIGHT SIX

It's the All-American triple treat—delicious, pure, wholesome. Peppier than a forward pass, bracing as an end run, substantial as a touchdown. Baby Ruth is the tasty candy millions of Americans enjoy every day. For a quick bite before the kick-off . . . between-the-halves hunger . . . after the game . . . home at the radio . . . and all your good times, you can't beat the healthful fun in Baby Ruth's pure chocolate, crisp peanuts and delightfully creamy caramel fudge. *Guaranteed fresh*

CURTISS
CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
OTTO Y. SCHNERING, President
Also makers of BABY RUTH GUM "With that old-time Peppermint flavor"

© 1928, C. C. Co.

DISCORD

The Story of a Sock on a Pretty Girl's Chin

By
AUSTIN PARKER

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

" There's a fifty fifty chance of his squeaking through. That's all they can say now."

THE butler said that Mr. Hammond was in the summerhouse, and Claid Burney walked slowly across the lawn to tell his father-in-law that Elsa and he were about to separate.

Benjamin Hammond was with his secretary, dictating. " Hello, son," he said. " I'll be through in a minute. Sit down."

Claid sat uncomfortably in a big wicker chair that was meant for sprawling. He fell to studying the sensitively cut, mobile countenance, so like Elsa's that it hurt him a little. A good man, Benjamin Hammond—crippled now by a weakened heart—an admirable person who had stood punishment. He was to be hurt again.

Elsa had refused flatly to tell her father. She wanted to drift off to Paris and the divorce mill and let him learn by rumors and divination that she was leaving Claid.

That, curiously, was as near as they had come to an acrimonious dispute. Elsa said that it would be cruel, even dangerous, to give him such a shock. He said it would be a cowardly form of torture to keep him dragging in suspense, wondering. Cruel—cowardly.

In the morning he had rapped at her door. She was in bed, breakfast tray beside her, tousled dark hair against the white pillows, hands clasped.

" You haven't changed your mind, by any chance? " he had asked bluntly.

" No. I love Jack Craighead and I'm going to marry him," she said as though she were repeating a formula.

" I shan't stand in your way, then. But either you or I must tell your father."

Her hands clasped more tightly and she bit her underlip. " You're trying to bully me. You ought to know that I can't be bullied."

He ignored that. " I'll drive over early in the afternoon, unless you're willing to do it yourself. Later I'll move whatever stuff I need into the city. I'll be at the club."

" We're down for Casper's dinner tonight."

" Sorry," he answered; " I'm not that hardboiled. It's smart, I know, to go through a divorce that way, but I can't do it. Well—we can at least shake hands."

She gave him a wide eyed, terrified glance, and then let a small, cool hand rest for a moment in his. He left her room, left the house.

" . . . sure we will find the issue up to our best expectations. Cordially," finished Ben Hammond. " That's all, Miss Riker." The secretary departed for the house. " Well, you look glum enough, son. What's the trouble? "

" I am glum. Brace yourself for some bad news, dad. Elsa and I aren't hitting it off and we've decided to separate."

Ben Hammond stared at him thoughtfully. " Why, I had no idea! " he exclaimed. " You love Elsa, don't you? "

Claid sighed. " Yes. And, after her fashion, she loves me. But she happens to be in love with another man. Wants to marry him."

" Who is he? "

" She'd better tell you about that. It's her business, not mine."

" Craighead, of course! He's no damn good, Claid! He's worthless! "

" Jack isn't so bad as all that. He has his faults, but he's never been a chaser. And he's square."

" Do you call it square to make love to another man's wife? " demanded Hammond.

" It depends. I don't know that any man is wise enough to say ' This is good ' or ' That is bad.' How it started I don't know. Actually, it's none of my business. They're two human beings old enough to judge for themselves. But I know that Jack was decent about it."

" Decent! " repeated Benjamin Hammond.

" Yes. He came to me and told me. Said he was going to clear out. He wanted to go to California. There's polo there. But Elsa wouldn't let him. She's stronger than Jack. She threatened to follow him on the next train; to blow things sky high. They're in a devil of a stew, both of them."

" HOW about yourself? Why all this sympathy for them? Are you going to stand by and see your home wrecked? "

Claid shrugged. " Oh, I know I seem apathetic, but I've been through the mill for a month now. I haven't any emotions left."

Hammond said scathingly: " And you'd let another man come along and take your wife away from you? "

" If she wants to go. Of course I could threaten to beat him to a pulp.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DISCORD
Continued from page eleven]

If I licked him she'd probably go to him because she pitied him, and if I got licked she'd probably think I got what I deserved. Or I could shoot him. That would be nice for the tabloids. Or I could raise an infernal row and oppose the divorce. That would be nice for the tabloids too, and it would probably end up by her running away with him. Take your choice. No; I'd rather be decent about it and let her go."

"If that's the modern spirit," said Hammond, "I don't like it."

Claid rose, lit a cigarette. "It isn't worth discussing. Heaven knows, we've discussed it enough in the last month. I like Jack Craighead and Jack likes me. We've grown up together. Both of us love Elsa. Elsa loves me and she's in love with Jack. If you can see any way out of it, I wish you'd tell me."

Ben Hammond's hands hung limp over the arms of his chair and he stared at his white shod feet. "Bah!" he said. "I'd better talk with Elsa. Is she home now?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't. Not now. I didn't come to you as a court of appeal. I came just because I thought you had a right to know."

"All the same, I'd better talk with her—bring her to her senses. Is she home?"

"I doubt it. There's a polo match this afternoon. Jack Craighead's playing." He added: "I'm afraid it won't do any good. Do more harm than good, probably. Elsa makes up her mind; then she's hard headed, stubborn."

"I know," said Hammond.

Claid Burney laughed softly. "You ought to. You raised her. I only married her."

II

THE house, as he had expected, was deserted. They sat uneasily upon the porch, Claid scowling somberly and Ben Hammond breaking matches into little bits which he poured into an ashtray.

"You think," said Claid, "that I'm playing a pretty weak part in this, don't you?"

His father-in-law hesitated. "There was a day when a man wouldn't stand aside placidly while another man broke up his home. It was a matter of honor. I prefer the old days."

"I think it's honorable to respect Elsa as an individual and let her make her choice. She isn't property."

"She's part of you. You're man and wife."

"Even a woman is a human being. We're two individuals."

"And what will your friends think?"

"Simply that I did the decent thing."

Benjamin Hammond made a gesture of annoyance.

Claid left him sitting there and went up to his room, packed a bag with things he would need until the remainder of his clothes could be sent to him. He wondered at himself for his lack of emotion as he went through this purely material part of separation. Socks, shirts, underwear. He looted the bathroom methodically.

Perhaps Elsa had been right about not telling her father until separation had become a fact beyond dispute. Certainly it would have been easier. Ben Hammond, for all his virtues, couldn't understand that there was a decent ground between going out gunning for what the tabs called a "love thief" who came between man and wife, and being smart aleck, younger generationy. As though any one of the three of them wanted to be smart about it! It was too serious, too beastly painful, a situation.

"Just to be as decent as we can be," he said to himself, sighed, and closed the bag. It would be a relief to be in the city, alone at the club.

He made his way slowly downstairs, became conscious of voices below. Then Elsa came hurrying up toward him, hand skimming the balustrade. She was pale and her lips were parted loosely. Her hand came out to touch his arm.

"Oh, Claid!" she gasped. "Jack had a spill. Mel King will tell you about it."

He thought she was going to faint; but when he moved to help her she hurried past him. He heard the door of her room click shut.

Mel King, who had brought her home, was telling the story to Mr. Hammond. He recommenced:

"Craighead and Johnson had a spill. Didn't look like much. Both of 'em went down. Lots of hoofs flying around, but Jack seemed to go clear. Then he didn't get up. We thought he'd just had the wind knocked out of him. Doc Morrisey went out on the field and they carried him off. Next thing we knew, he was hellbent for the hospital. Looks serious. Internal injuries of some kind. Elsa asked me to bring her home."

"Thanks ever so much," said Claid. "She looked done in. Perhaps we'd better telephone to the hospital."

"I'll do it," said Mel. He went inside.

Claid Burney and Ben Hammond stared into each other's eyes, trying to fathom thoughts that were forming.

"Rotten luck!" temporized Claid.

"Rotten luck if he doesn't die! My old grandfather, the Methodist one, would have said it was the judgment of God. I can't go that far, but I'll say he had it coming to him."

"I can't go even that far with you. It was just rotten luck. Well, do you think you've seen enough? You've seen how Elsa's taking it, what it means to her. Perhaps it would be better if you left

"You're mine and you're going to stay mine! Do you get that?"

us alone. I'll have Jennings drive you home." He touched the bell.

"Perhaps it would be better," agreed his father-in-law. "But, my boy, hold her with a stronger hand. Hold her!"

Claid suggested acidly that he might try locking her in.

Mel King returned to the veranda. "No news, except that they're operating. He's in a devil of a condition for an operation."

Ben Hammond turned away.

"We were tight as goats last night," continued Mel confidentially to Claid. "He'll have gas pains that'll be nobody's business. Hope the poor old rummy pulls through."

"He's got the constitution of an ox. Stay here until the old man goes; then you go over to the hospital and give me a buzz when there's any news. Try to talk with Doc Morrisey. I'd better stay here with Elsa."

Mel nodded. "Yes, of course."

WHAT Mel didn't actually know, Claid said to himself, he had probably guessed.

The chauffeur came to the front of the house. Claid told him to drive Mr. Hammond home in the roadster. Hammond took him by the arm and drew him toward the car.

"The old morality isn't so bad, my boy," he said beseechingly. "This slipshod modernity is wrong. Go away, and take her with you. A trip around the world, perhaps. Don't think about money. It means nothing. Then, perhaps, children. Yes, children. You should."

Claid got him in the car and motioned the driver ahead. He returned to the veranda.

"Old man troublesome?" asked Mel.

Claid shrugged. "Bad enough! Oh, the younger generation is going to the dogs as usual. Don't you think we're a fairly decent lot?"

"Most of us. You are, Elsa is, Jack is. I try to be, but sometimes my foot slips and I go on my face. Anyhow, we do our little damnedest to be square. I suppose that's all anyone can ask."

"Go along to the hospital, and call me just as soon as you get any news."

Claid sent for Elsa's maid. "Tell Mrs. Burney, when she next calls

you, that I'm staying here tonight instead of going to the city as I had planned. Also, say that Mr. King has gone to get news of Mr. Craighead and that I'll let her know the instant any news comes."

"Yes, Mr. Burney."

"How is she, Marie?"

The maid gave a brief Latin gesture of helplessness. "She just lies upon the bed staring at the ceiling. She sent me away."

"Don't disturb her."

III

"I'VE been talking with Mel on the telephone," he said. "There's a fifty fifty chance of his squeaking through. That's all they can say now. Mel's staying at the hospital and he'll let us know if there's any change."

"Thanks, Claid. Sorry I let it sink me so."

"Feel better now?"

Her dark eyes sought his and she nodded. "Sort of weak."

"A spot of brandy might help. Maybe with a little milk."

She considered the suggestion. "Will you fix it for me? Marie makes me nervous. She sputters and fusses."

When he returned from the pantry, Elsa was still upon the bed, just as he had left her, listless, droop eyed.

She raised herself and he arranged the pillows behind her, gave her the milk and brandy. She took the glass in both hands and sipped meditatively. Claid sat upon the edge of the bed, smoking. When she finished the drink she took his cigarette from him, puffed twice, and returned it.

"Oh, I'm in such a beastly jam, Claid! Please don't think that I'm holding you with one hand and pushing you away with the other."

He said to himself that that was exactly what she was doing.

"If Jack dies—" she began, and broke off.

He hung fire for a moment, coolly deciding upon an attitude.

"That can't make any difference between us," he said quietly. "After all, this isn't an elimination contest. Or, at least, if it is I've already been eliminated. I'll stick with you now, just as I'd stick with any other friend who was in trouble. But don't let's misunderstand each other's motives."

She pursed her lips and nodded. "You're a dear to stay." Then she gave him a languid smile. "Claid, will there be some other girl for you, do you think? If there is I'd—I'd terribly much like a hand in picking her out. You'd make a wonderful husband for the right sort of girl."

"Thanks for the maternal interest. Funny—downstairs a little while ago I was thinking how strange it was that I felt a paternal interest in you. We've traveled quite a ways, haven't we, in the three years we've been married?"

THEY looked at each other, regretting the fine, wild, hotly tempestuous emotion that had vanished.

She said: "We might pitch pennies to see who adopts whom. Or we could take turns. You adopt me now and I'll take you on next year. No; the other way around. You'll need it now. Some lovely lady might come along—Claid, it won't be Teresa McHune, will it? She has a vile temper."

"Why pick on Teresa?"

"Oh"—she shrugged—"people who live in the same house can't help but stumble over each other's waves of thought."

Claid ran his fingers back through his hair.

"Elsa, sometime when you haven't anything else to do, spend a half hour imagining what might have happened if I'd come home boiled now and then and given you a poke in the jaw, if you had bounced crockery off my head, and things like that. If we'd been downright shanty at times; wild fights, passionate reconciliations— Just suppose. Of course, we couldn't do it."

"Better not try."

He was chewing his lip, half smiling at her.

"No, I shan't; but it might be a very good idea, all the same. Sometimes I think we're not so big as the civilization we pretend to live up to. We succeed only in making a mess of things."

"I'm sure Teresa'd give you good, bloodletting fights if you want to take her on. She'd jump at the chance. Teresa is only two generations from the old sod."

He shook his head—disposed of Teresa: "No. By the way, I've talked to your father. Of course he thinks we're a couple of infants. He came over to reason with you. Bitter against Jack. I'm afraid I've let you in for it."

She sighed. "I'm afraid you have."

"It seemed particularly slimy not to tell him, after all he's done for us. But he'll come around all right, once he gets it through his head. For the moment he thinks I ought to lock you in the house and then go out gunning for Jack."

"I wish Mel would telephone again," said Elsa. "How ghastly it would be if Jack died! Claid—what then?"

He moved to the window, lit a cigarette. "If he dies I'll lose one of the closest friends I've ever had in my life."

Her thoughts followed the evasion. "Won't it be that if he lives?"

He shifted to the table, perched there, and looked her over as if she struck him humorously.

"Jack and I went to boarding school together," he said slowly. "One day we had a fight and whaled the tar out of each other. It was a peach! Two days later we were putting in a request to the head master to room together. We went to the same college, made the same clubs, enlisted the same day, and went through the same sorrows because we couldn't get overseas and die for God, for country, and for Yale. Dear old Siwash! We've nursed each other through the same

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DISCORD
Continued from page thirteen]

hangovers, pooled our cash and lost it trying to teach Wall Street how to speculate intelligently. We've had something real together, something that's gone on for twenty years. It makes this marriage of ours look like a pretty little mirage. Do you think we're going to let a pretty girl come along and kick all that to the devil? Do you?"

She retorted furiously: "I'm not just a pretty girl!"

"No?" He smiled wryly. "Well, play at loving someone just as much as you please, but don't try to interfere with something of importance! You might get your fingers burnt."

"Sometimes I hate you!"

"That's reasonable enough."

"Please get out of this room!"

"Yes, honey. Out of the house if you say the word."

"And stop laughing at me!"

"I'm not laughing at you. I'm laughing at all of us."

He sauntered toward the door.

"Is the milk and brandy resting comfortably?"

She nodded.

"Want another?"

"No; but you can leave a cigarette for me."

"Light it for you?"

She nodded again.

He lit the cigarette and passed it to her. "Why don't you get undressed, crawl into bed? Make you feel better. Will you?"

"All right," she said lifelessly.

"That's a good girl. I'll take off your shoes. If there is any news of Jack I'll come and tell you."

IV

ELSA was asleep—the heavy, sodden slumber that comes from hurt nerves. Claid stood over her. He touched her shoulder and she rose slowly to the surface of consciousness.

It's nearly seven. Better get up, old dear—take a cold shower." She blinked at him. "I called Casper and said we couldn't make dinner. Nothing new about Jack."

She rubbed her eyes, stretched a little, and lay quietly.

"I didn't want to wake you, but I was afraid you'd be restless all night if you slept too long."

"No news at all about Jack?"

"He's out of the anæsthetic. Looks like a case of nip and tuck for the next twelve hours. Morrisey says he's putting up a game fight for it, but there's danger of another hemorrhage."

Her comprehension had been dulled by sleep, and she gazed at him intently.

"I've told them—the servants—that we would have dinner here. Let's eat on the porch."

"I don't believe I'll get up."

"Look here, Elsa! Don't curl up under the whip! Have a little spunk! Take a cold shower and come on downstairs. You know bloody well what you'll do otherwise. You'll work yourself into a fine set of hysterics about three in the morning, when everyone else in the house is trying to sleep. Don't be such a damn prima donna. If Jack didn't have any more guts than you have he'd have been dead hours ago! Been dead before he hit the ground!"

"You make me tired!"

"Loud cheers!" If he couldn't persuade her out of bed, at least he could annoy her out.

"I'll get the shower running. 'Atta girl!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Yea-a!" His voice trailed off into the bathroom, and he called back above the spattering of the shower: "I'll shake us up a cocktail." He went out through his own room. Better to leave her alone for a little bit, so that she wouldn't feel that he had forced her out of bed. He returned with the shaker tinkling, and found her at her dressing table, the center of a small cloud of powder. It was her favorite cocktail: gin, grapefruit, a touch of grenadine, and a dash of absinthe. Very cold.

"Wear the little green dress, won't you? It's hot this evening, and that looks so cool."

"If it's been pressed. Will you look in the closet?"

They went downstairs together, her arm linked through his. She was shaky. He started the phonograph—excused himself on the pretense of getting a bottle of chablis and putting it on ice.

The car wallowed along, still fighting the bank, toward a sharp turn.

The chablis was already on ice. Actually he went to hurry dinner along. He didn't want her to have another cocktail, and he wanted her to eat before she had a letdown. It was going to be a difficult meal. He stopped in the pantry and stirred a double martini for himself.

She had stopped the phonograph and was standing before it when he entered the living room.

"Claid," she said in a dull voice, "I wonder just why I've been lying there on my bed. Was I worried about Jack or was I having a plain case of funk? You said that I was curling up under the whip."

"I didn't mean that to get under your skin." He slipped an arm about her affectionately. "I was trying to make you mad, so you'd get up. That's all."

"But why did I act that way?" she insisted.

"Perhaps defensiveness. You were worried, and you wanted to be ill just to protect yourself. That was the easiest way out. I was afraid you really would be ill. People can do that to themselves. Don't worry so much. You're a dear, decent, brave person, and that's quite a lot. You can't go far wrong, whatever you do."

"I think I'm a coward," she declared passionately, "that I've stirred up an ugly mess and hurt people, and that I'm in a panic for fear I'm going to hurt myself! I'd like to be very ill so that people would say, 'Oh, poor little Elsa! Poor little long-suffering innocent!'" She flung away from him, arms stiff at her sides. "I despise myself!"

"Don't talk that way, honey," he said. He slipped his arm about her again. "Here's an idea. Why don't you go traveling for a year? Take Louise Porter with you."

She laughed at the suggestion. "I'd love to go—if I could leave myself behind. But I would always be there, you see. So what's the use? I'd like another cocktail."

"Dinner'll be ready in just a moment."

"Then hurry! Just a little one."

"All right." He gave her a friendly pat—a romanceless pat—as he drew his arm away and went back to the pantry. She'd get about a teaspoonful of gin. What was it his mother had called the tea that the children drank? Oh—cambric tea. A cambric cocktail for a sadly troubled little girl. If only he could take her in his arms very closely and hold her there, comforting her, without something wrenching at his heart, tearing, hurting.

He fixed her cocktail and made another martini for himself.

"I suppose," he thought, "that I'm still terribly in love with my idea of Elsa, probably such an Elsa as never was except in my imagination. Not Elsa herself; just that idea I had of what she was. If only Jack hadn't hurt himself today, how much simpler it would have been. I'd be in the club now—alone and fairly tranquil, licking my wounds. Better have a cambric cocktail myself."

He slipped half of the martini into the sink, refilled the glass with water.

"Alcoholic soup! O Lord, deliver us—from bad cocktails, hurting people we love, taking our eyes off the ball—"

"Dinner is served," interrupted the maid.

He went back to the living room, handed Elsa the cocktail.

"It isn't very strong," he admitted. "Better not let our nerves get jangled or we'll have the screaming mimis. It's a bum idea to drink when you're troubled. You've bucked up wonderfully."

Perhaps it would be a good idea to praise her now.

"It's been a tough thing to go through. Most women would have raised the devil instead of hunting their holes. I admire your pride—the sort of pride that won't let you make a scene, kick up an unholy row. You make me laugh when you say you're a coward. You've got courage, old dear."

V

HE praised her all through dinner. He ran around her ego as though it were a structure on the point of collapse, bracing here, shoring there. It quietly amused him to realize how much she depended, unconsciously, upon him to prevent that collapse.

He knew that he could say, "No, you're not going to Jack if he gets well; you're going to stay right here with me," and that she would stay because he was the stronger.

When they had finished dinner he suggested that they drive over to the hospital. "The ride will do you good," he said. "I'll go in and ask about Jack. You needn't even get out, unless you want to."

He let the car drift effortlessly through the evening. Elsa was huddled beside him, silent, motionless except for fingers that folded and refolded the plaits of her green skirt.

" I'll be back in a few minutes," he said. " I don't suppose there's a chance of seeing him. If there is, would you like to—"

She gasped: " Oh, no! Not yet! Tomorrow, perhaps. I—I couldn't stand it tonight."

Fifteen minutes later he returned to the car, walking slowly, his mind engrossed with impressions. His heels still seemed to be sinking unpleasantly into the gummy rubber matting of the long corridor. Behind each closed door, each with a pad tied from knob to knob around the latch, someone was suffering. In the gloom of night it became a grotesque factory: pain while you wait.

He thought of Jack Craighead's bloodless big right hand, limp and gray against the white sheet, nails that weren't carefully cut, cigarette stains, flaccid muscle.

He became aware of Elsa, sitting behind the wheel, asking questions with her unblinking eyes.

" They let me go in for a minute," he explained. " He's only half conscious, but he's pulling through. Of course he's doped. When he saw me his eyes cleared for a moment and he tried to smile. It was just as if he'd said—and you know how he'd say it—' The damn fools think I'm going to die, but I'm not.' "

" What did the doctor say? "

" He wasn't there. I talked with the nurse. Like to drive for a while, Elsa? "

" All right."

She let the car saunter along. They reached the open road and she let her foot sink slowly upon the accelerator. The needle climbed to forty, to forty-five, to fifty.

" Better not go so fast," he said. " There are some bad curves along here."

She paid no attention to him. The needle jumped to fifty-five.

" Elsa! "

She cried out: " Oh, the devil with it! " Her body stiffened as she jammed down upon the accelerator.

The car jumped ahead, swerved wildly off the road. He thought for an instant that a front tire had blown out. The right wheels were in the ditch, trying to climb the bank toward a fence of concrete posts that stood like little obelisks in the moonlight.

Claid snatched at the steering wheel, tried to reach the brake with his foot, missed it. She fought him, tugging viciously at the wheel. But his left hand had caught one of the spokes, and his upper arm was pinning her back in the seat. With a single pendulumlike movement of his right fist, he knocked down the switch, swung up and hit her on the chin. The car wallowed along, still fighting the bank, toward a sharp turn. He yanked at the emergency brake, which caught just as they struck the curve. The car stopped. It was canted up on the bank, the bumper pressing against a post.

" Come on! " he ordered. " Get over here! " He half rose, got a precarious footing on the tilted car, picked her up, and flopped her down where he had been sitting. Then he took the wheel, let the brake off, and they coasted back toward the road.

Her head was waggling groggily.

" Well, you got it, you little idiot! Will you tell me what you were trying to do? "

Her hand went to her face experimentally, as though she wanted to make sure that her head was not a huge, throbbing thing buzzing through space.

" I don't know," she said finally. " Something—I don't know—I just couldn't live any more." She slumped down, began to weep softly.

He was too angry to trust himself to speak. He got out; examined the car and found it undamaged. Then he headed for home.

" Come into the library," he said. " I want to talk with you."

The maid met them, told them that Elsa's father had had another heart attack. There was no immediate danger, but the doctor wanted them to telephone.

HE motioned Elsa to a chair, closed the doors, and called Benjamin Hammond's house. She sat, hand to her jaw, listening to the one sided conversation:

" . . . That's good. . . . No need of our coming over, then. . . . Yes, we'll be right here. . . . Fine! . . . Good enough! . . . By the way, you might tell Mr. Hammond for me that the matter we discussed this afternoon has been satisfactorily settled. Yes, he'll understand. It'll buck him up. Be sure and tell him. . . . Right-o. Good night."

" Nothing serious," he said to Elsa as he hung up. " About the same sort of an attack he had last spring. You heard my message to him? "

Elsa nodded.

" It means," he said, " that you and I are going to stay together. I've done my last emotional flipflop with you pulling the strings. I've spent three years of my life loving you and trying to understand you. I'll go on loving you, and I don't give a tinker's dam whether I understand you or not. You're mine and you're going to stay mine! Do you get that? "

She just stared at him.

" You might just as well get it through your head," he went on in a menacing voice, " because we're never going to discuss the matter again. I'm not quite sure whether I'm keeping you because I want you or because I think it'd be a dirty trick to play on a friend to pass you along to Jack. Think it over! But I love you, even if sometimes you're a cursed nuisance and a responsibility. I accepted the responsibility for you three years ago and I'll keep it.

" I don't believe in hitting a woman. It isn't being done these days. But you'll get what you have coming to you, whether it's a kiss or a poke in the jaw! From now on you'll watch your step! If you ever so much as put one foot off the reservation again, I'll raise such thundering hell that you'll never forget it! "

He stopped suddenly. " That's all I have to say. You'd better go to bed. Put some witch hazel on your face, get some sleep, and forget this bloody awful day we've been through. But don't forget it so thoroughly you can't remember it if the need arises."

He held the door open for her. She was beginning to cry again; her lips were trembling.

" Don't bother about crying," he said angrily. " Try a little thinking instead. Go on! Good night."

He stood for a moment listening to the faint scuff of her feet as she hurried upstairs. He sighed, sank into the big chair she had vacated, and remained there inertly for an hour before he went up to bed. He wanted to go into her room, see her for just a moment, touch her; but he told himself that it would be better if he didn't.

" Poor kid! " he said.

No; it would be best to let her fight it out by herself.

Grimly he unpacked his suitcase, restored toilet articles to the bathroom.

It was faintly dawn when he was awakened by hearing her speak his name. Her fingertips passed over his forehead lightly.

" Claid dear, please wake up! "

" What is it? " he asked sleepily.

" There's something I want to tell you. Maybe if I tell you this, explain to you, I'll be able to go to sleep. I've been lying there wide awake, thinking about us. I've never thought so clearly in my life."

She was calm, almost judicial, intensely earnest. She sat crosslegged upon the bed, leaning toward him, hands clasped.

"IF you will realize—just take my word for it—that I'm the sort of woman who must be wanted and needed terribly much, it'll be easier for you to understand. Most women are that way. The thing that hurt more than anything I've ever known in my life was that you didn't need me; that you could pass me along so easily."

" But—" he began.

" Please let me finish! And then don't let's talk about it any more. I'm trying to be fearfully honest, Claid! Really! It didn't hurt me much when you hit me. I wouldn't care if you beat me up every day, if only you'd go on loving me and wanting me and needing me. It's the other kind of hurt that hurts most.

" I've never been jealous when you've flirted a little bit with other girls. I knew it didn't mean anything. Maybe I was even a little proud because other girls found you attractive—and you were mine. But I've been jealous of Jack Craighead and you. You've had things together that I couldn't share—all sorts of experiences, parties, business, war, everything.

" And then I came along. I wanted to be the most important thing in your life. I wanted to dominate you, to possess you, to be the only person in the world you had an intimate secret with. It wasn't very fair of me, but that was the way it was. Claid, I'm being just as honest as I know how to be! " she protested.

He nodded and didn't speak.

" From resenting the friendship between you and Jack," she went on, " the next impulse was to come between you. I didn't quite realize what I was doing. Sometimes it's difficult to think clearly when emotions get tangled up. You didn't seem to care what I did with Jack. You acted as if we could have gone around the world together for all you cared. Instead of realizing that it was your faith in both of us, I took it to be lack of interest. I was silly and cruel. I made Jack fall in love with me, and I made myself think I was in love with him, just because I wanted to hurt you. Pretty beastly, isn't it?

" Tonight, when you came out of the hospital, I knew I'd lost. Oh, I knew it before, but I wouldn't admit it. You were the one person that Jack wanted to see. And it meant more to you that Jack was going to get well than that you were losing me. I'd made myself into the thing you called me this afternoon—just a fairly pretty girl of no importance."

" I didn't say that! "

" You thought it. And, besides, I'm talking about things as they seemed to me tonight. I had to make myself of importance, even if it was only the importance of causing a wreck and hurting us both. Instead of that, I succeeded—at least, I think I did—in getting rid of my last bit of dumb headed, selfish pride.

" I've been lying there in bed growing up. I've begun to realize how much more important and beautiful it is to love and be loved than just to be in love, like a schoolgirl. It's the difference between being a girl and a woman. I had to wake you and tell you these things, because I was afraid I might lose courage in the morning."

Her voice broke and her hands came out toward him.

" Oh, Claid—I want to be yours! Always! Please! "

" Yes, dearest. Always! Better snuggle down here beside me."

She snuggled gratefully, with frantic eagerness, and he felt hot tears upon his neck. Tears squeezed up into his eyes, too. The bed was like a huge cradle swinging in space. Discord was over, and presently they slept.

THE END

Why I am a Proh

Picture by John A. Haelen

LIBERTY presents herewith the opening argument of a debate on prohibition. As a representative Dry and one of the most widely known clergymen in America, Dr. Straton was asked to summarize for us his view of the case as he sees it. In next week's issue Pierre S. du Pont, chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. and the General Motors Corporation, will discuss the problem from the anti-prohibition side. It should be explained that neither of these authors saw the statement of the other before writing his own.

PROGRESS is the most inspiring fact of human history. Whether one accepts the Bible revelation of the fall of man and his ascent individually through the transforming power of Christ, or some other theory, nevertheless the development of man from savagery through barbarism to a low form of civilization, and thence to an ever higher degree of material welfare, intellectual enlightenment, and ethical elevation, is the outstanding lesson of the long and splendid story of our race.

This truth, coupled with the other truth of purging through judgment, is the adequate assurance of the final complete redemption of the world.

The underlying principle of this progress is the elimination of the useless and hurtful, that the useful and helpful may have full and unhindered scope for survival and development. Standing upon this principle, every great reform movement of history has won its victories. Upon it tyranny and class privilege were overthrown in the American and French revolutions, and democracy has won her subsequent victories. Upon it slavery was abolished, dueling discontinued, prize fighting outlawed, the lottery stamped out, and the movement for social purity begun. And it was upon this enduring principle that the American legalized liquor traffic was destroyed.

It is seriously proposed now, however, by the Democratic candidate for the Presidency and his followers, to reverse the wheels of progress and plunge America once more back into the clutches of that well known monster, the liquor traffic.

As a warning against this deadly danger, I welcome the opportunity to call the attention of the people to the cost of the liquor traffic to us in the past.

WE cannot overlook the mental anxiety, the disappointed hopes, the blasted ambitions of those who suffer the results, direct or indirect, of drink.

My contention is that for government, in any form, either to license or to dispense liquor is a subversion of the fundamental purpose for which all government exists—namely, the welfare of citizens under the government. The following statements from all parts of the world prove this:

The public welfare is the supreme law.—*Motto on Roman Public Buildings, Gateways, etc.*

All government should be moral in its aim and end.—*Aristotle's Politics.*

Nothing that is morally wrong can be politically right.—*Burke.*

Law is a rule of civic conduct prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong.—*Blackstone.*

No legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation, and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them.—*United States Supreme Court.*

First, the liquor traffic subverts the purpose of all government by destroying the bodies and minds of those who drink.

It is now the deliberate judgment of the greatest scientists of the world—a judgment based upon careful and exact experiments—that alcohol in beverage quantities is a poison to the human system—that it hurts and does not help.

While it is recognized that individuals differ in their susceptibility to alcohol, nevertheless the most enlightened physicians in every community are more and more refusing to pre-

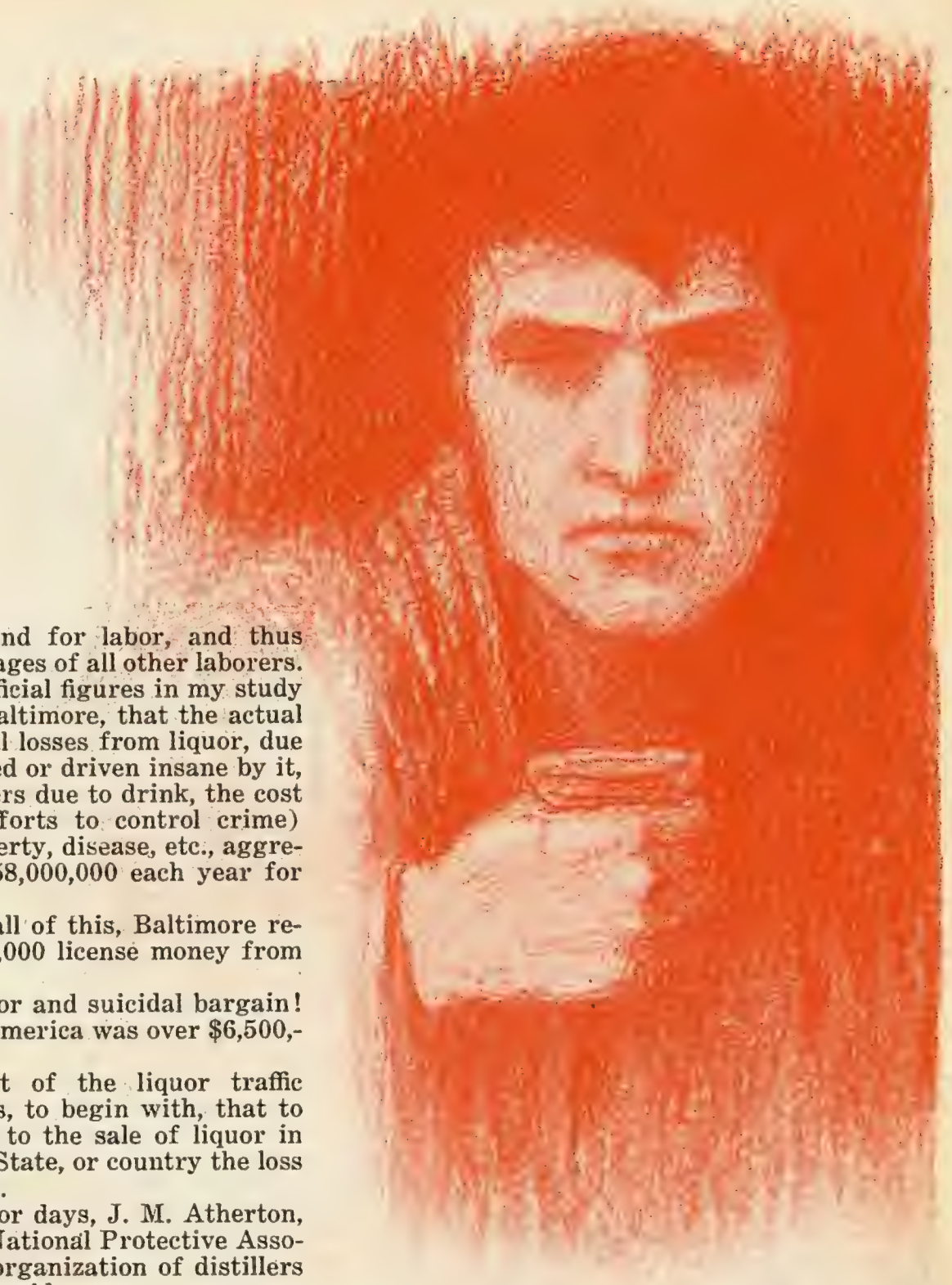
bitionist

A Famous Divine's Reasons for Preaching What He Practices

By

The Rev. John Roach Straton

Pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.



Picture by W. T. Benda

scribe alcoholic drinks. They have learned that alcohol is not a stimulant or food, as the old therapeutics supposed, but an anæsthetic and a poison. This poison caused the actual death in America, in the old liquor days, of 100,000 people each year.

The ruinous effect upon the mind was just as marked.

We cannot overlook, in this connection, the mental anxiety, the disappointed hopes, the blasted ambitions of those who suffer the results, direct and indirect, of drink. Nor can we overlook the domestic discord and unhappiness caused by drink, which is a most fruitful source of all domestic ills, and especially of the divorce evil, as the statistics of divorce prove.

But the specific mental loss through the toleration and legalizing of the liquor traffic is its production of insanity.

The gathered facts of the old liquor days proved that 40 per cent of all insanity in America was traceable, either directly or indirectly, to strong drink.

THE cost of the legalized liquor traffic in the old days was equally as great financially and industrially.

The legalized liquor traffic was never a producer. It was a parasite upon the body of society. It drained the resources of the people and gave not one good thing in return. Every dollar that was spent across the bar of a saloon was a dollar taken from the channels of legitimate trade.

If the $12,000,000 squandered annually in the saloons of Baltimore, in the old days when I lived there and made a study of the evils from liquor in that one city, had been spent for necessary things, it would have boomed every other interest, industry, and trade in the city to an unprecedented extent.

The liquor advocates talk much about the "interests of labor" in connection with the production of liquor, its sale, and so on. All of this is founded on utter economic error.

The following is a table of Baltimore manufacturers for the time of my investigations (from Federal Census Reports of Baltimore Manufacturers, 1905):

	Capital invested	Men employed
Liquor (malt and distilled) ...	$7,486,118	805
Men's clothing	8,946,613	8,555
All manufacturing industries..	148,763,503	65,224
Liquor's proportion of whole..	5%	1.23%

The liquor interests' proportion of the entire capital invested was 5 per cent, but their proportion of the wage earners employed was only 1.23 per cent. This means that if the money invested in the manufacture of strong drink had been invested in other and legitimate industries, it would have employed over four times the number of men which were employed by the liquor interests, and if it had been invested in the manufacture of men's clothing it would have employed ten times as many. Thus the liquor manufacturers, in effect, kept many thousands of laborers out of employment, thereby lessened the demand for labor, and thus tended to reduce the wages of all other laborers.

I found, from the official figures in my study of the conditions in Baltimore, that the actual industrial and financial losses from liquor, due to those who were killed or driven insane by it, lost efficiency in workers due to drink, the cost of crime (and the efforts to control crime) traceable to drink, poverty, disease, etc., aggregated not less than $58,000,000 each year for that one city!

And, in return for all of this, Baltimore received a paltry $1,000,000 license money from her 1,400 saloons.

What a viciously poor and suicidal bargain!

And the cost to all America was over $6,500,000,000 annually.

What was the cost of the liquor traffic morally? It is obvious, to begin with, that to give legal recognition to the sale of liquor in any form costs a city, State, or country the loss of its civic self respect.

Back in the old liquor days, J. M. Atherton, then president of the National Protective Association, the foremost organization of distillers and wholesale dealers, said:

> The true policy for the liquor trade to pursue is to advocate as high a license as they can in justice to themselves afford to pay, because the money thus raised tends to relieve all owners of property from taxation, and keeps the treasuries of the towns and city pretty well filled. This catches the ordinary taxpayer, who cares less for the sentiment in opposition to our business than he does for taxes on his own property.

Any money derived from the sale or handling of liquor, directly or indirectly, by the *government*, as this quotation from President Atherton proves, is in reality a gigantic bribe to buy off the community from interference with the liquor traffic.

It puts the government under obligation to an evil, and therefore is morally wrong from a public standpoint. It intrenches the liquor traffic economically, and gives it an air of value and respectability which it does not inherently possess.

The legalizing of such an evil makes it increasingly difficult to deal with it on its merits, because any proposed changes may affect a new administration, by requiring readjustment in the municipal fiscal system, involving tax rates, appropriations for public improvement, etc. This naturally tends to make the new administration favorable to the traffic, and thus the evil is shielded from its just deserts.

But the worst effects, morally, are directly upon the individual. That the taking of alcohol into the human system is highly injurious to the moral integrity of the individual, and through him to society, cannot longer be questioned, in the light of practical observation as well as of scientific investigation.

The greatest European and American physiologists completed experiments which demonstrated scientifically that oft repeated doses of alcohol directly affect the brain cells, especially the tenderer ones which mark the highest stages of development—not only preventing further progress, but tending to wipe out the progress already made.

DR. McLAUGHLIN gives a good popular statement of the application of these truths to the human family. He says (The Use of Alcohol: A Scientific Study):

> Those functions or characteristics which have been latest acquired during the developmental process of the species are the least firmly fixed in the individual and therefore the easiest lost. Of course, the last functions acquired by man, and those which differentiate him from other species, and which we consider his "finishing touches," so to speak, are the moral sense, judgment, and reason. These, then, are the least firmly fixed, and the first to be lost under the influence of alcohol on the nervous system.
>
> Suppose a man takes a little alcohol. Those functions which have taken hundreds of thousands of years for the species to acquire are temporarily paralyzed, and the person places himself, mentally and morally, into the position of his ancestors of that remote period. In other words, he, scientifically, truly, and indisputably becomes a brute in all but outward appearance. We have, no doubt, called men who were intoxicated "brutes," but probably did not realize how truly we spoke. Here is a perfectly scientific demonstration that that is exactly what they are.
>
> In chronic alcoholism the effects are not so apparent, but are nevertheless real. After one attack of acute alcoholism the drug is partly oxidized and partly eliminated from the system, and leaves no permanent noticeable effects. But let the habit be continued, or let a small quantity be taken with regularity, and irreparable damage is done.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

This process is known in biology and medical science as the "law of dissolution," causing "reversion to lower type." A concrete illustration is given and applied in the following editorial from the Atlanta (Georgia) *Evening Georgian:*

A few days ago John Meade, living in Brooklyn, returned to his home to find his two little daughters cold in death and another child strangled into unconsciousness. On the floor beside them lay their mother in a stupor—all of them the victims of that deep eyed murderer, whisky.

True, it was that mother's hands that tied the cord about the children's necks and launched them into eternity, but who would say it was the mother's instinct that guided them? Were the mother there, would she not have rushed to death itself to loose the cords about the necks of her helpless offspring? Her face and form and physical attributes were there, but the *mother*—where was she? In her place there sat enthroned, and ruled that frail form of clay, the demon drink.

With hellish fury it seized upon its prey. Not content with debauching the soul of a woman, it fastened its claws upon her innocent children and dragged her husband to an ordeal worse than death. And then, after reveling in its bloody wreck of a once happy home, it left the instrument of its crime to regain her reason and view the ruin it had wrought.

Death in mercy, however, came to her relief on the following day and blotted forever from her disordered brain that terrible nightmare.

VOLUMES of stories similar to this could be compiled from the history of each one of our American cities and States. While I am writing this article, the morning papers, August 30, 1928, are put into my hands, carrying the terrible story of that father in Chicago—that bright and beautiful city so cursed by drink—who killed his own son while drunk, showing that even today the liquor which is tolerated through the effort to break down our righteous prohibition laws still makes men into murderers.

How can any patriotic mind or any lover of humanity admit that money secured from liquor is worth this?

Yet it is now seriously proposed by a candidate for the Presidency to bring this evil traffic back in some legalized form. What man who really stops to think and admit the truth about liquor can support such a proposition? Is it anything short of a crime against humanity for government—or any groups of citizens under government—to sell the poison which checks and destroys the higher processes of development by which the moral progress of the race is made?

P. & A. photo

The Rev. John Roach Straton.

All the hullabaloo of the liquor sellers and the liquor drinkers about "personal liberty" is the most puerile poppycock. "Liberty" never has meant license, and the only abiding liberty is liberty under law!

I once heard that noble old Quaker, Jonathan Taylor of Baltimore, sum it up aptly in a hearing before the Maryland Legislature on a liquor bill. He walked over to the main liquor champion, who had ballyhooed about "liberty," put his finger directly under the other man's nose, and, with his venerable gray head shaking and even his Quaker eyes flashing fire, said: "I want you to understand, sir, that your 'liberty' stops where the end of my nose begins!"

Any indulgence in so called liberty which infringes upon the liberty and rights of others is a false and spurious thing. One might as well speak of the right of a rattlesnake or a polecat to "personal liberty" in a community as to speak of allowing an evil so monstrous as the liquor traffic to hide its dastardly and damnable carcass behind the fair form of freedom!

The specious arguments of the leaders of the liquor bund have all been answered again and again, and the answer has been brought down to date by such men as Mr. Ernest H. Cherrington (see *Current History*, August, 1928), Professor Irving Fisher of Yale University (see his book, Prohibition at Its Worst), and other well informed scientific men and efficient economists. Professor Fisher exposes the errors, distortions, and positive falsehoods of the liquor "statistics."

The effort to set up a case for the return of liquor through the claim that government sales in the Dominion of Canada are proving a happy solution of the liquor problem are all foolish and absurdly untrue. I have facts before me, coming from official liquor boards and commissions and other reliable sources in the Dominion of Canada, showing that already, thus early in the experiment in Canada, it is not "government control of liquor," but liquor control of government! The facts prove that the amount of liquor being drunk is rapidly increasing instead of decreasing, and that includes "hard" liquor.

The only abiding liberty is liberty under law!

The number of persons drinking is rapidly increasing, especially among women. Instead of disappearing, bootlegging in the Dominion is not only just as prevalent, but has actually increased since the government went into the liquor business.

Mr. George Mecklenburg, writing in the *Christian Advocate* of July 5, 1928, for example, gives the results of his own first hand observations and investigations in Canada, substantiating my statements above. He and other investigators were astounded at the resultant evils. He quotes from merchants whom he questioned, showing that the overwhelming majority of them—over 80 per cent—are already complaining that their business has fallen off since the government has gone into the liquor business. He quotes one clothing merchant who says, "The government gets the cash; we get the charge accounts."

Through the success of the heroic efforts of the most enlightened elements of our American citizenship for over a period of 100 years of education and agitation, we adopted the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, making this country forever dry territory. By doing that, America became the moral and spiritual leader of the whole world, and toward this country other liquor ridden, drink cursed lands are looking with hope and longing that their own people, through the success of our reform, may be led into the same paths of wisdom, righteousness, and truth.

Those who are now advocating the return of the outlawed liquor traffic in any form seem to have forgotten the true nature and mission of all wise and righteous government.

Neither city, State, nor national government can enter into even a quasi alliance with liquor in any form, and thus protect liquor in its work of destroying the morals and health of the people, without themselves violating the fundamental principles upon which all righteous government is founded.

The object of government, as stated, is to "promote the general welfare," to safeguard the health, morals, prosperity, and security of the people. Our government, therefore, has fulfilled the real mission for which all government exists, by acting upon the truth which modern science and practical experience have discovered concerning the monstrous character of the liquor traffic and withdrawing from the colossal and extensive evil which it once licensed, and setting itself resolutely against it.

If, until the enforcement of law becomes more efficient with the passing years, we have to suffer, even in part, the hideous evils and heavy losses which flow from the liquor traffic in any of its forms, those evils and losses should be charged to that outlawed traffic itself, and none of them to our government, which exists for the purpose of fighting the very evils which it would be partly responsible for if it again gave countenance to the liquor traffic, either by a revival of the licensing system or the yet more monstrous sin of governmental control and sale. *We cannot turn Uncle Sam into a bartender!*

It needs to be clearly remembered that the present violation of the liquor laws has not come *primarily* from those who want to *drink*, but from those who want to *sell* liquor. There has been a cold blooded, calculated, and deliberate conspiracy to bring the liquor laws into disrepute and disfavor by *encouraging their violation*, and if this nefarious scheme is allowed to succeed it will break down respect for all law. Apart, therefore, from the merits of the prohibition reform itself, there is imperative necessity for the vindication of the liquor law for the sake of *all* law and order in this country!

And certainly, if there is to be any change whatsoever in the liquor law, it ought to be made by the friends of those laws and not by their deadliest foes. And any changes must look in the direction of strengthening instead of weakening them in the slightest degree! Both wisdom and righteousness demand that, instead of turning back the wheels of progress, we should press on yet further on its shining pathway.

INSTEAD of surrendering, therefore, to those puny moral degenerates and outlaws, the "bootleggers"—and their stronger but even more harmful allies in the higher walks of society, within the ranks of successful citizens and business men, statesmen, educators, and even, alas, a few preachers—they should *all* be dealt with, from the lowest to the highest, in the most summary, courageous, and thoroughgoing fashion.

We know the facts of the colossal evils from the liquor traffic in any form in this country, and instead of winking at or submitting to the violation of wise and righteous law in the effort to discount and destroy it, every resource and effort of government, if need be, ought to be brought forth to stamp out lawlessness and the liquor evils behind the lawlessness.

If necessary, as Mr. Henry Ford well said, the army and navy ought to be employed to curb these organized lawbreakers, and instead of electing to high office their champions among the ranks of public officials, those public officials themselves ought to be rebuked and retired from positions of public trust by the righteous power of clean and enlightened ballots.

Victor Hugo once said: "Progress is the stride of God," and let me add that God never takes a stride backward!

The worldwide destruction of the liquor traffic is the next essential stride in the further progress of human society, and when victory is won, it will mark the greatest achievement in the long and splendid story of the material, moral, and religious progress of the human race!

Mr. du Pont's article, to appear next week, sets forth the reasons why he, as a private citizen, favors modification of the prohibition act.

Here is America's great family soup!

"A meal in itself"

15 different vegetables in this one soup

SOUP

and the woman who keeps in step

HAVEN'T YOU noticed the remarkable change about soup? You know how few of your friends used to serve soup as a regular food every day. But now, everywhere you go, you expect to see and do see soup on the daily family table.

Well, for that matter, pretty nearly all our eating habits have changed, haven't they? You wouldn't think of supplying your family with many of the dishes you remember as a little girl. You would feel that it was absurd to load the table with the long succession of heavy foods that were then the order of the day.

If you stop to think of it, the change is natural enough. We live differently today. Working hours are shorter. Our homes are better heated—our food requirements have altered. We have learned a lot of new truths about food values and the kinds of food that do us most good under modern conditions. We have learned to depend upon vegetable foods as never before.

SO YOU SEE why soup has sprung into such extraordinary use and popularity. It blends the finest of vegetables, picked at their ripest and best. These are cooked for you in the most scientific way to retain their natural richness—their valuable mineral salts and other healthful qualities.

So soup provides exactly the kind of foods we require today, in a form that is most tempting and invigorating to the appetite. The woman in step with the times makes sure that her family gets soup every day.

ALTHOUGH WE eat less food than our fathers, it is just as necessary as ever to get enough real nourishment to keep us fit and healthy. Our appetites must be kept vigorous and active. Soup is the great conditioner of the appetite. It is liquid and it is eaten hot; its delightful combination of flavors instantly appeals to the sense of taste. As the result, the digestive juices are stimulated in their flow. The pleasure you take in eating a savory, piping-hot soup is a tonic to your appetite, makes you enjoy all your food more and digest it better.

So it's Soup for Health Every Day! How easy it is, too. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on each label. Then all you have to do is to add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes! 12 cents a can.

I bring good news to all who choose
To please their appetite:
My sure appeal is Campbell's meal
For health and real delight!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

More precious than words

That Schoolgirl Complexion — the natural charm that comes from following nature's ways in skin care

WOMEN who have found happiness in the admiration of others, cannot place too high a value on the natural charm that underlies all genuine beauty.

For *natural* attractiveness is what the world seeks today. It is the beauty that men admire universally. Attending it are Youth and Charm—their rightful heritage that women often lose through carelessness or ignorance.

There is no trick to keeping natural charm. Nature's greatest beautifiers have been known and prized for centuries. These famed oils—from the olive and palm trees, scientifically blended in a great complexion soap, Palmolive—are now within reach of all.

A soap made for one purpose only—to guard beauty

These bland cleansing oils soothingly penetrate the pores, remove the accumulations which otherwise would form as blackheads, or, becoming infected, would cause unsightly blemishes.

Nightly cleansing with the rich lather of this famous beauty soap—a soap made for one purpose only, the fostering of good complexions—has brought fresh radiance, has meant *youth retained,* to millions.

Do this at least once daily

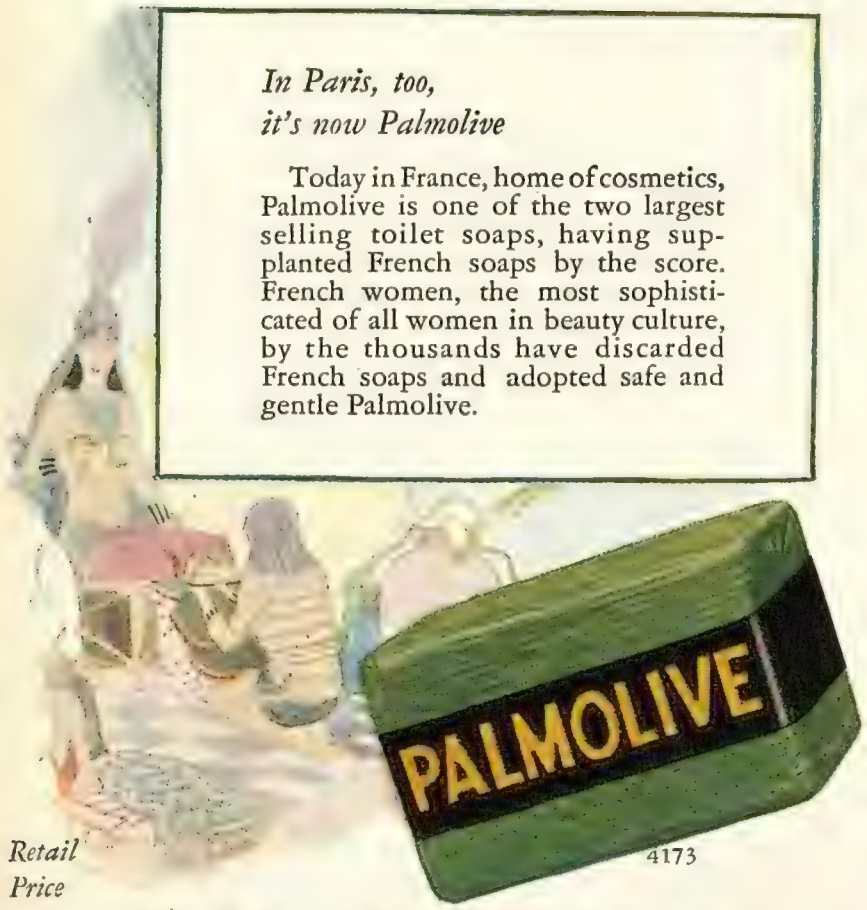
Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin with your two hands. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. Dry by patting with a soft towel—never rub the gentle skin fabric.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish, but never leave them on over night.

And Palmolive costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today, then note the amazing difference one week makes. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

In Paris, too, it's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

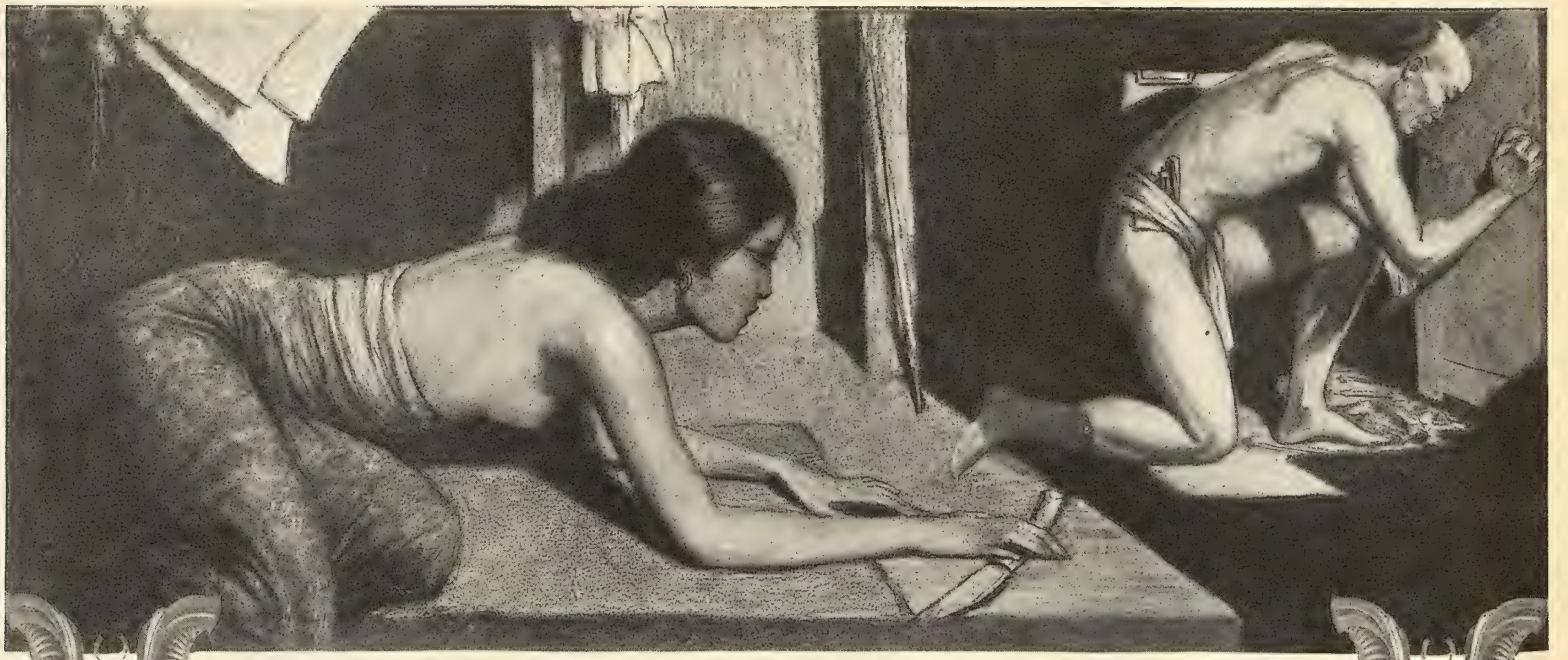


Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over station WEAF and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



His back was turned.... For a fraction of an instant she hesitated and then hurled herself at the knife.

The Frangipani Girl

A Story of Love Triumphant

By

COSMO HAMILTON

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

THE insignificant village of Dobo baked in the midafternoon sun, a merciless tropical sun that seemed to displace the air and fill space with solid heat. No breeze, however faint, stirred the tall coconut palms that lined the water's edge and stood like patient sentinels waiting for the relief that twilight would bring with it. No cloud, however transparent, softened the blinding glare of that stark blue sky. And the sea, reflecting the color of this unblemished arc, looked deeper and more treacherous in its glassy calm.

Under this swelter a dinghy ran up on the beach and Hugh Radcliffe stepped ashore. He ran the sleeve of his white tunic coat across his well cut, perspiring face and ordered his coolies in ripe Malay to bring the two bags of mother of pearl shell up to the godown, quick.

"*Baik, tuan,*" they said.

Through the soft sand he started toward his bungalow with long, slow strides. As he passed the Dutch Packet Company's freight store the wooden building threw out heat like a radiator at him. A nauseating smell of copra and dried fish oozed out of it as well. In the shadow, close to the door, the colored watchman snored stertorously on a square of dirty matting.

At that hour of the day the entire population, white, brown, and yellow, gave themselves up to sleep. Even the birds and animals surrendered to the overpowering temperature and hid themselves away. None of the sounds of life broke the stillness of this Aru Island town. It might have been abandoned by all living things.

But there was one soul in that place who had not slept that afternoon. Mata, the little Bandar girl who kept house for Hugh Radcliffe, knew that his two pearlfishing boats were working in nearby waters and that he would return therefore earlier than usual. She had denied herself the customary after tiffin siesta because it was the first law of her heart and religion to be on hand to look after his comfort whenever he came back. He was always hot and exhausted after his exposure on the sea.

Small, even for a Malay, Mata was eighteen, with skin only a shade darker than the skin of those who are deeply tanned. Her features were fine and regular, and her fawnlike eyes as clear as a charming child's. As exquisite a little person as the wild orchids she so often brought in from the cool shades of the jungle.

She had watched from the bungalow for the return of the motorlaunch, and as soon as it had appeared, a mere speck on the clear horizon, she had changed into a spotless white kobiah with lace on it, a sarong of bright reds and blues and yellows, and slipped her feet into her best spatus, crimson ones. There was a smear of rouge on her mouth, and, as a final touch, she had put a frangipani blossom, heavy with scent of the tropics, in her jet black hair.

With doglike devotion her eyes had followed Hugh eagerly as he stumbled up from the beach, and as he neared the bungalow she scuffled down the stairs to be ready in the living room.

"Hullo, young thing!" he sang out, opening the door. "You're the coolest object I've seen today—and by far the prettiest. Gosh, it's good to get in out of that blasphemous heat."

The girl's eyes sparkled with pleasure. "And you, my poor boy, are cooked like a steak," she said. She whipped the big pith helmet out of his tired hand and dabbed at his forehead with a small, inadequate thing that she called a handkerchief. "Will you have tea or a long, long whisky and soda? The tea is in the pot."

"Which would seem to indicate that the master of the house is all for tea, I take it. All right, then. Tell the boy to lead it in. And be sure there's gallons of it."

She skipped away and gave orders to the house boy. Her voice was soothing and soft.

HUGH was lying loosely in a rattan chair, his long legs stretched out and spread wide apart, when she came back into the room. She took a cigarette from an airtight glass jar, lit it, exhaled two streams of smoke through her nostrils, and slipped it between his lips.

He accepted it with a gesture of thanks and closed his eyes again. The necessity to screw them up in the blazing sun, plus several goes of fever, had drawn more lines about them than would have been on the face of a man of twenty-five who lived in a less trying climate. They made him look considerably older than he was. Yet there was something distinctly boyish and carefree still about him. His skin was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Trying to be herself

but held back by cachexia (run-down condition)

You can't be your real self; you can't get ahead socially or in business if you are all run down and unfit for the day's work or play. Be fit and keep fit by eating yeast! This simple though magic food has brought new powers to millions of weak, sickly folks—men, women and children. Let it do likewise for you!

But instead of ordinary, raw baking yeast, eat Yeast Foam Tablets. They're pure yeast, palatable, non-fermenting—the best yeast for eating. Swallow whole or chew like candy. You'll like them. 5c for the handy packet or 50c for 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[THE FRANGIPANI GIRL Continued from page twenty-one]

burned so dark that it looked as though the tan had gone right through to the bone. Once his hair had been brown, but the sun had bleached it yellow.

As soon as the boy had put the tray on the table and padded soft footed away, she slid her hand on his head.

He opened his eyes at her—blue, straightforward eyes—and gave her a grateful smile.

"Tea is served, tuan," she said. And in her little curtsy there was rather a pathetic mixture of servility and ownership as well as love.

YAWNING and sitting up, Hugh received that excellent drink in a quart size cup. There was a slice of lemon in it. He finished three of them in quick succession and would have had another but for the look of the thing.

"Ah!" he said, sinking back in his chair. "The lion is refreshed. Another cigarette and I'll open that bit of shell."

"No," said Mata. "The shell can wait. First lie down and rest. Always shells can wait."

"Is that an order or a mere suggestion, old dear?"

"An order—from the boss." She loved to play the tyrant.

She endeavored to look extremely severe, but the corners of her mouth twitched.

"Right you are," said Hugh, getting to his feet. "I click my heels to you."

She led him up to his bedroom with her arm about his shoulder, and as he dropped into a long chair the boy came in to undress him. But he was signaled to clear out by Mata and disappeared at once.

"Why send the shaver away?"

"There is nothing for him to do here," she said, and began to unlace his shoes.

"My dear child, how many times have I asked you not to do these things? Menial jobs are for the boys to do. That's why they're in the house. It may be the custom here for women to wait on men, but I can't get used to it, somehow. It makes me feel uneasy and not quite—chivalrous. I'm sorry," he added immediately, seeing that she was hurt. He was the last man on earth ever to wish to do that. "Go ahead, then. Have it your own way."

"The custom, eh?" She was still hurt and there was a tremble on her lips. "Perhaps—" She stopped abruptly.

"Perhaps what?"

"Nothing." She hid her face by going on with her work.

"Never imagine that I'm ungrateful when I sometimes blurt these things. The fag end of civilization clings, wherever one is. You're an awfully good little soul, Mata, and your kindness is like a lighthouse on this beach."

She gave an angelic smile and kissed his foot.

Sitting like a tailor on the bedroom floor, she gazed at him while he slept. Was it possible that this fit and cheery fellow was the man whom she had nursed through a hideous bout of malaria only a year ago? He was wasted, helpless, and on the verge of death when she had volunteered to help her cousin, the head boy, to see what could be done. There was no doctor in the village, and the handful of white men were away on their plantations or out pearling in their boats.

Night after night she had sat beside his bed, moistening his parched mouth with constant spoonfuls of water, soothing him with soft words through his delirium.

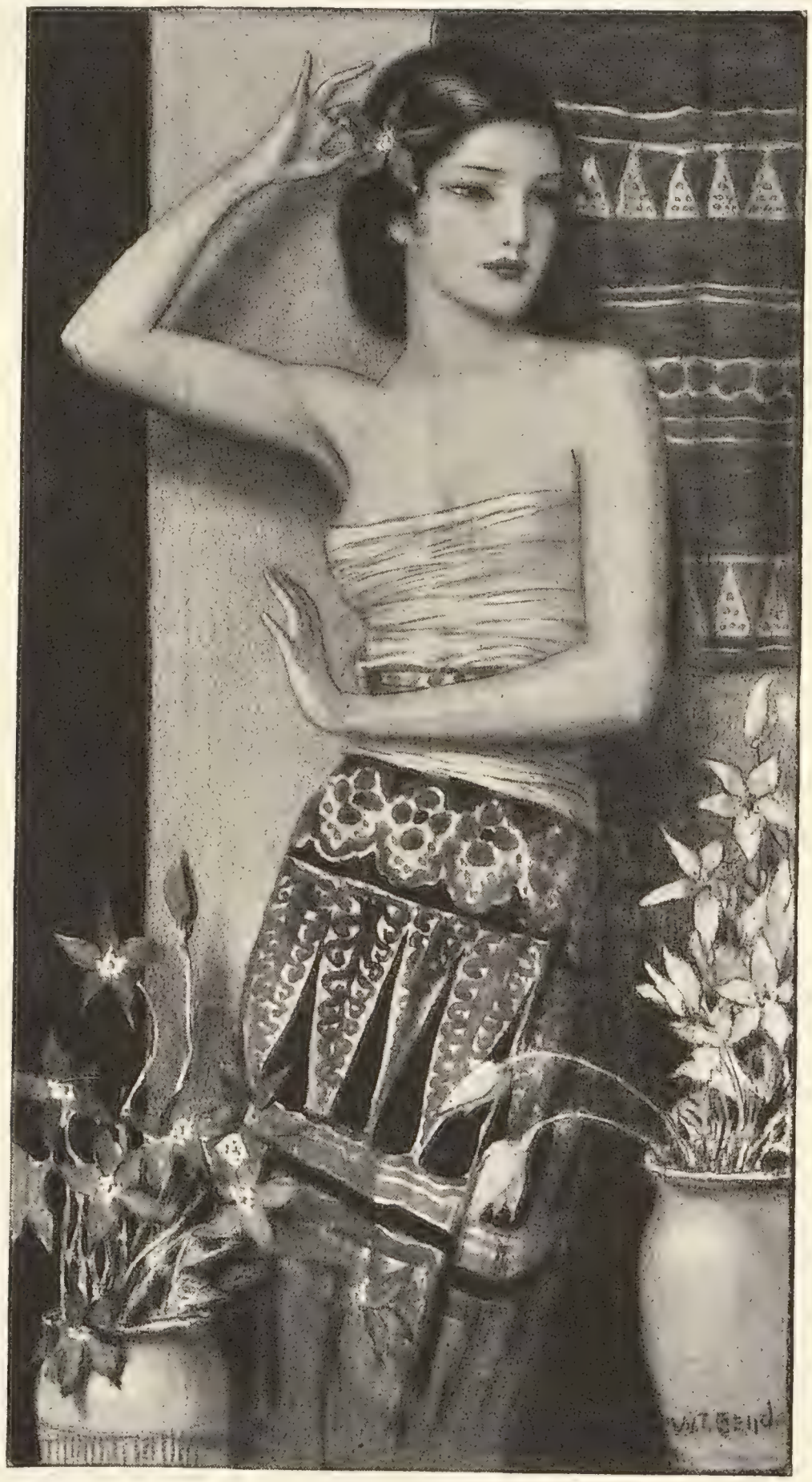
She had asked God to let him get well, again and again, like a chant.

Her prayers and her care, after several dreadful weeks, were rewarded. He slept all through one blessed night without stirring one weak limb. The turning point had come. His skin became cooler and cooler. He grinned and asked for food. She cooked it herself and fed him, while inch by inch he got better and at last sat up.

His attempts to cross the room were a hopeless failure at first. He had to learn the progress method of the human species like the child that he was. She taught him like a mother, but with a wifely love. It is true to say that her devotion had saved him from the grave.

That Mata should have stayed on at the bungalow and become the keeper of the house was perfectly right and natural. There had been no discussion about it. The place adopted and absorbed her, and her love, like the scent of lavender, pervaded every room.

But life is just a stuff to try the soul's strength on, as this girl, like all of us, had to discover, poor dear.



There was a smear of rouge on her mouth, and, as a final touch, she had put a frangipani blossom, heavy with scent of the tropics, in her jet black hair.

BUSINESS took Hugh to Batavia one fine day. Unutterably desolate during his absence, Mata turned the bungalow into a hive of industry before he was due to return, and scrubbed it from top to bottom. The furniture and books were cleaned and rearranged. Even a Dutch wife would have had no fault to find. And as a final thoughtful act Mata ran a series of feathers through Hugh's collection of pipes and polished them on an old silk handkerchief as she had so often seen him do.

She did everything that could be thought of to render the place triumphant.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

The truly quiet automatic refrigerator

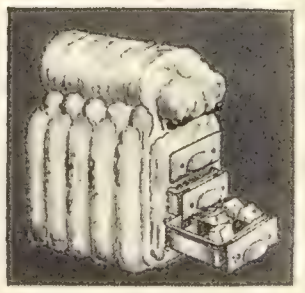
WHAT was the first thing you noticed about the New Frigidaire? Was it the unique beauty of the cabinets? Or the way every convenience has been worked out in the most minute detail? Perhaps you didn't notice, at first, its quiet operation, because you didn't know that the compressor was running. But when you found that it was running, then you too must have been surprised at this new evidence of Frigidaire efficiency . . . this truly quiet automatic refrigerator.

And this quiet operation has been achieved without sacrificing any of Frigidaire's famous surplus power.

The new Frigidaire freezes ice quickly...even in the hottest weather. And it protects foods and safeguards health under all conditions.

This combination of quiet power could *only* be achieved by Frigidaire's almost limitless facilities for research and experiment, and its wide experience over the past 12 years in the production of electric refrigerators for actual service in homes throughout the country.

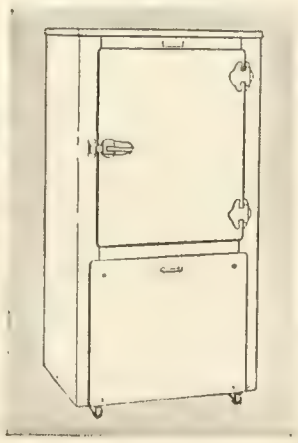
The New Frigidaire is designed and built to provide absolutely dependable refrigeration . . . conveniently. Note the patented *self-sealing* ice trays which give you a fresh supply of crystal ice cubes for every meal and delicious frozen salads and desserts to add variety to your menus.



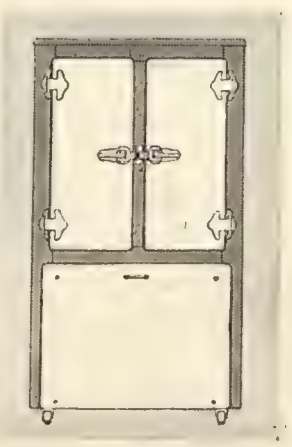
Make your present ice-box a New Frigidaire. Place this frost coil in the ice compartment and a compressor in the basement.

Consider carefully what the New Frigidaire brings to you today... health protection . . . unfailingly; the prevention of food spoilage and waste; plenty of full-size crystal ice cubes . . . a fresh supply for every meal; frozen salads and desserts to add a pleasant new variety to your menus; quiet, trouble-free service for years to come; and all of this at a cost so low that Frigidaire will actually pay for itself.

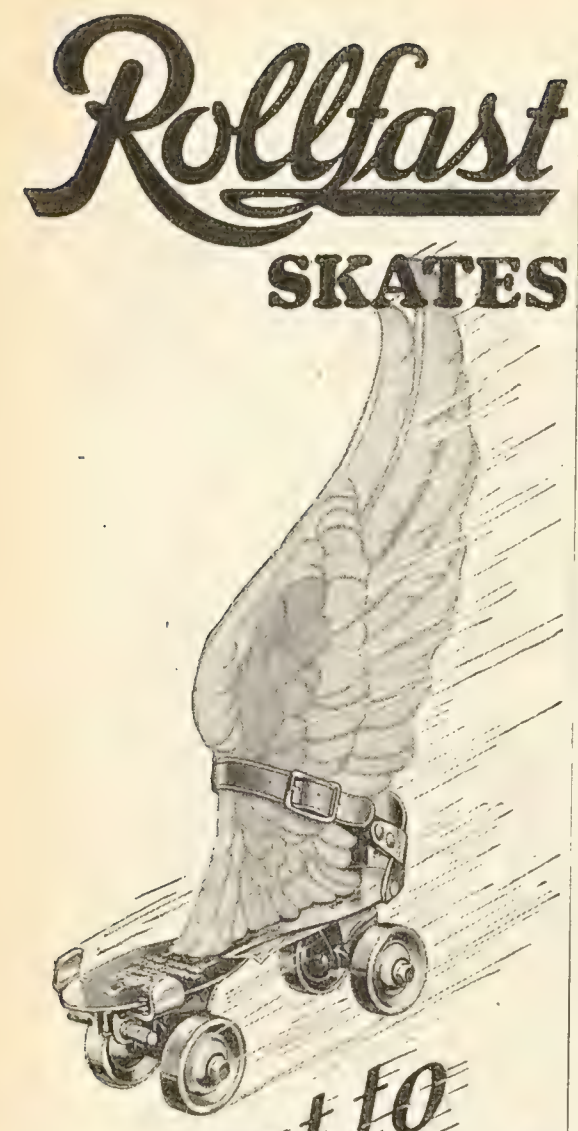
The New Frigidaire is now on display at your dealer's. See it today. Compare it. Value it. And place your order immediately so that you may have Frigidaire in your home within a few days. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.



The New Frigidaire is not only low in first cost, but the operating cost of its quiet, powerful mechanism is extremely small. This model, the D-7-1, makes 42 full-size ice cubes between meals.



Unequalled in beauty and convenience, the New Frigidaire is built for the modern home. This Tu-Tone Frigidaire in white and glacier-gray porcelain enamel, AP-7-2, is incredibly quiet as is every New Frigidaire.



YOU can assure your boy or girl solid, health-building enjoyment for less than the price of a box of cigars or a box of candy by giving a pair of Rollfast Roller Skates.

Rollfasts are the finest, safest and fastest roller skates made today. Skate experts say so.

ROLLFAST BALL BEARING ROLLER SKATES
Built close to the ground like a modern automobile. All parts carefully constructed of steel best suited for their particular purpose.

PATENTED FLEXIBLE REINFORCEMENT
This safety feature permits the skate to give freely. Yet extended to full length, Rollfast Roller Skates never sag or bend.

EASY RUNNING
Rollfasts run on self-contained dust-proof ball bearing wheels, with big ¼" steel balls mounted on rubber-cushioned truck.

NICKEL FINISH
Nickel finish on heel plates, toe plates and high back. Cadmium plated axles, nuts, pins, washers and other working parts.

ADJUSTABLE TO FIT ANY SIZE SHOE
Rollfasts are extensible from 7½ to 10½ inches—can be made to fit young or old.

LOOK FOR THE HANDSOME ROLLFAST BOX
Rollfasts are packed one pair to the box—a handsomely lithographed orange and blue container. Skate key, clock type, wrapped with each pair of Rollfasts.

Rollfast ball bearing roller skates are for sale wherever sporting goods, toys, hardware or bicycles are sold.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Bldg., New York, N. Y.

[THE FRANGIPANI GIRL
Continued from page twenty-two]

At 3 o'clock one afternoon the steamer came through the golden haze like a phantom ship. Mata rushed out and listened to its first faraway signal—a deep note that made her blood tingle. She skipped inside, bathed, and put on a new blue and gold sarong that she had been itching to wear, but had saved for this great occasion. From the long mirror a joyful and excited reflection looked back at her.

By this time the steamer was making its painfully slow way along the narrow channel in the harbor. A score of native *prahus* surrounded her like flies. The engine room bell rang as the electric signal was worked from the bridge. The propeller reversed, churning up a foam of greenish water astern. Once more the bell, and then the anchor crashed into the sea and the chain tore through the hawse pipe with a roar that ceased abruptly as it hit bottom. Hugh was home again.

From upstairs Mata the faithful watched for the steamer's launch that would bring passengers ashore. Would it never come? And then she discerned a prahu with a white clad figure in it being paddled ashore with the usual feverish speed. The blinding glare of the water made it impossible to see who it was. A moment later the prahu scrunched up on the sand and the man in white leaped out. Hugh—and he came toward the bungalow on the run—to her, to her, whose little heart he owned.

"Hullo," he said. "How are you?" And as he faced her in the sitting room he wore a curious air of restraint.

"So lonely—oh, so lonely and lost. But I am happy now." She slipped into his arms and lifted up her face.

WHERE was the usual kiss? He patted her on the shoulder and moved uncomfortably away.

She looked as if he had struck her. "But what is the matter?" There was terror in her voice.

He kept his eyes from hers and fingered one of his pipes. "Nothing at all," he said. "The only thing is that I've got to ask you, right away, to do something for me which I'm afraid you won't understand. And yet I don't know why I should say that. We've always been good pals." He felt that he was blundering for words, although he had rehearsed them all the way from the ship.

"Tell me," she said bravely. "I always understand."

"The fact is—for God's sake, don't think me brutal—some people are coming from the steamer to have a look at this place, and I don't—I'd rather they didn't see you. They come from a country where the customs are different and all that sort of thing." He rubbed the pipe on his sleeve, and it seemed to be a knife.

Mata was too stunned to answer. She turned as cold as ice, and there was a great lump rising slowly to her throat.

"Look here," he said, turning quickly with the deepest sympathy. "I hate to ask you this. But will you be good enough to stay away until the steamer sails tonight? I'll explain all this as soon as we're left alone."

"You have never asked me to do such a thing before." Her voice

"Hullo," he said. "How are you?" And as he faced her he wore a curious air of restraint.

was almost as weak as his had been when she had been his beneficent nurse.

"I know, dear. But it's a little different now."

"Your visitor is a woman?"

He nodded and touched her hand. God! This was a fearful moment to be obliged to undergo. Poor kid—and the worst was to come.

The sun had gone out for Mata. But she steadied herself against the table, smiled and nodded, said, "I'll go round to my cousin's and wait," and went out of the bungalow through the door that was used by the boys. From there she felt her way into what had become a queer and merciless world.

The ship's passengers, dressed in white or khaki, did their sightseeing of the tiny town in twos and threes until sundown. They poked about in the musty smelling bazaars, bought birds of paradise from a shriveled Chinaman with long and pointed nails, and pearls from illicit and furtive dealers who waylaid them in shadowy spots.

With night the lights appeared on the ship and the passengers went aboard. And finally the siren hooted and the steamer went on its way.

Thursday Island was the next port of call, where the same routine would be followed and larger bazaars would smell.

THE last to come ashore, Hugh walked slowly and thoughtfully from the beach to his bungalow. There he told the head boy to give him a whisky and soda and go for Mata at once.

She came. There was nothing in her expression to show the fear in her heart. Her eyes were as bright as ever, and her clothes as fresh and gay. She had never looked so pretty or so kind. Hugh rose as she came in. He had been in civilization and that habit had come back. Besides, here was one to whom deference was due.

"I saw her," she said, with her fingers on the table. "I was looking out of the window when she passed my cousin's house. She is very beautiful. Such hair—like gold. I should like to have such hair."

Hugh swallowed his distress. "I'm afraid the moment has arrived for a serious talk," he said.

"About—?"

"You."

"Oh, good. That's what I like." No white feather for her.

He made a preliminary plunge: "First of all, Mata dear, I want you to know that I haven't forgotten all you've done for me, and that I never shall."

She put his hand to her lips.

"When I started off on this trip I hadn't a notion that it was going to alter my whole life, but it has, and I must tell you why. I met a girl in Batavia who is of my own kind—I mean by that that she's English—and fell in love with her."

"Did you tell her so?"

"Yes. I asked her to be my wife. And we're going to be married as soon as I've saved a bit. I'm getting three more boats, and in a couple of years I hope to have made enough to leave here and go to work in the old country, where, of course, she'll have to live. I couldn't bring her to this fever stricken place."

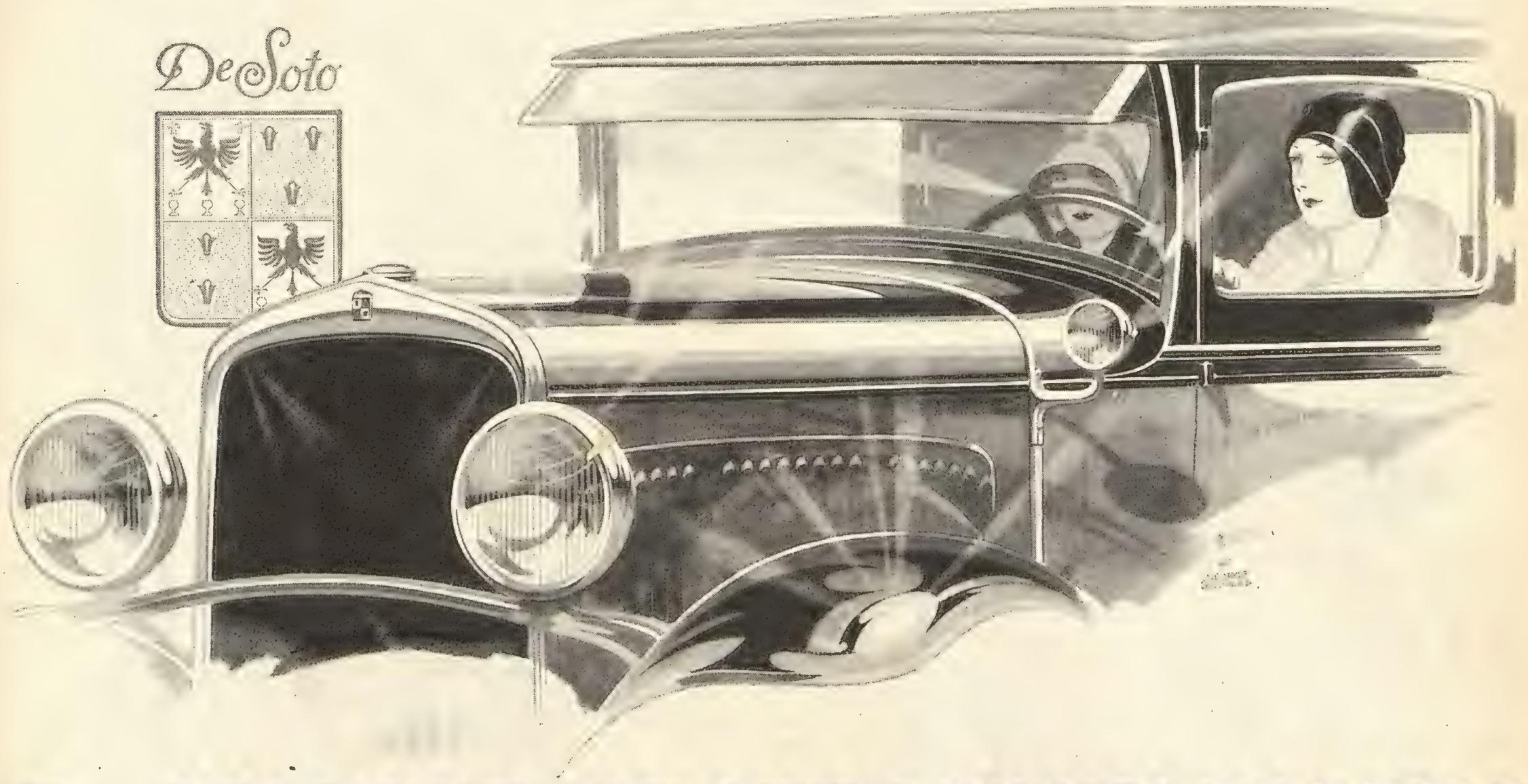
Mata winced at that.

"I suppose I shan't come back. That is, I know I shan't. Dobo

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

DE SOTO SIX

PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER



PIONEER OF NEW HIGH VALUES IN THE FIELD OF LOW PRICED SIXES

Instantly successful because it bears the hall-mark of Chrysler genius in engineering, in beauty of design, in supremacy of performance—and sells at far lower prices than any previous Chrysler-built Six.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION (*Division of Chrysler Corporation*), *Detroit, Michigan*

Menthol-iced lather cools the shave

New! Faster! Creamier!

Here's the new lather that banishes razor heat and friction —Mennen Menthol-iced. An even richer, creamier lather, positively cooled with a dash of peppy menthol that tingles and invigorates the skin with its bracing, tonic touch. It's a new Mennen Shaving Cream, just developed by our laboratories. Quicker in action. Creamier consistency. Greater water holding capacity. A fast worker, too. Dermutation is speeded up, going into action instantly, softening the beard quicker than ever. More and cooler, smoother shaves per blade.

Dermutation, exclusively a Mennen process, softens the horny stiffening in the beard so the razor shaves square and close to the face. Dermutation levels the tiny skin mounds around the hairs, smoothing the way for the razor. No pulling. No nicking. No scraping or flaying. No rawness. Nothing in Mennen to smart or burn. Works in hard, cold water, too.

Revel in the tonic, bracing coolness of Mennen Menthol-iced lather. Ask your druggist for the new Mennen Shaving Cream, Menthol-iced (in the orange-striped carton). Also without menthol in the well-known green-striped carton. Either tube . . 50c.

Your shave is only as good as your lather

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Mennen Talcum for Men

More men daily are getting additional comfort in their shaves by finishing off with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Tones down that after-shave glitter. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Feels good. 25c a tin. Also in stick form—50¢.

[THE FRANGIPANI GIRL
Continued from page twenty-four]

isn't the sort of spot one would come to from choice, you know."

She nodded several times. It was impossible to speak.

"And what I'm trying to work round to, as well as I can, is that, now that things have altered, I'm rather afraid that you oughtn't to stay on here—that is, not in the house. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

It was a painful job.

"Yes. You want to get rid of me."

"No, I don't. I shall love to see you here, and I couldn't do without you. But what I'm bound to say is that it wouldn't be right, as things are, for you to live in the place."

Oh, hell, how brutal it sounded!

Mata nodded again because her heart was floating in tears.

He had another jump to take. "When I strike camp," he said, "I shall be frightfully obliged if you'll please accept this bungalow and the furniture and all the other stuff. It won't be the only mark of my everlasting gratitude. One's burnt in on my soul."

Mata shook her head.

"But why?"

She shook her head again and her hand went up to her mouth.

There was blood on his lower lip. He had bitten at it hard. What could he say to temper the wind to this lamb?

There was a silence filled with sound. In the village the natives were holding a musical fest and the rhythmical beat of tomtoms made a melancholy noise.

AT last Mata mastered herself, took his face between her hands and made him look into her eyes.

"Do you love that woman," she said, "as much as you loved me?"

"Yes, my dear, I do."

"And so you are going to marry a wonderful woman with gold hair, and you want to get rid of Mata without hurting her poor little feelings. You're trying to be nice and kind about it, just as you always are." She laughed—an odd little laugh. "Very well. Mata will go without making any fuss."

"Mata, Mata, my dear."

She withdrew one hand and shook a finger at him. "I'll go away from here tonight and your boys can look after you as they did before you knew me—but on one condition, though."

"Fire away," he said.

"That you let me come and see you—in the daytime, when the boys are about. Or would that be—I'm afraid I don't know the word."

"Yes, of course you must come," he said. "As often as you like. It will be frightfully unfriendly and unforgiving if you never look me up."

She adopted, with her usual keen intelligence, the false lightness of his tone: "I may decide to kill you so that she cannot take you away. And it will be easier for me to drive a *creese* into your heart, so that it cannot beat for her, if I am able to come and go." She laughed at her ghastly joke. "But don't worry. I shall do it when you are sleeping, so that you'll never know."

Hugh didn't laugh. "If you think that's funny, you're wrong," he said. "I never was so eager to live, and murder is as far from your heart as from that of a rose."

"I wonder if it is. I'm a woman too."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and looked gravely at her.

"I'm going now. Good night."

"Good night, Mata. Are you very angry with me?"

"Why be angry?" she said, and put her hands on the arms of his chair and kissed him on the forehead.

"Good night," she said again, turned, and went away with a sort of rush so that he shouldn't see her tears.

. . .

IT may be that there is a good angel whose sacred charge it is to guard and further the fortunes of lovers, or perhaps what happened shortly afterward was just plain luck.

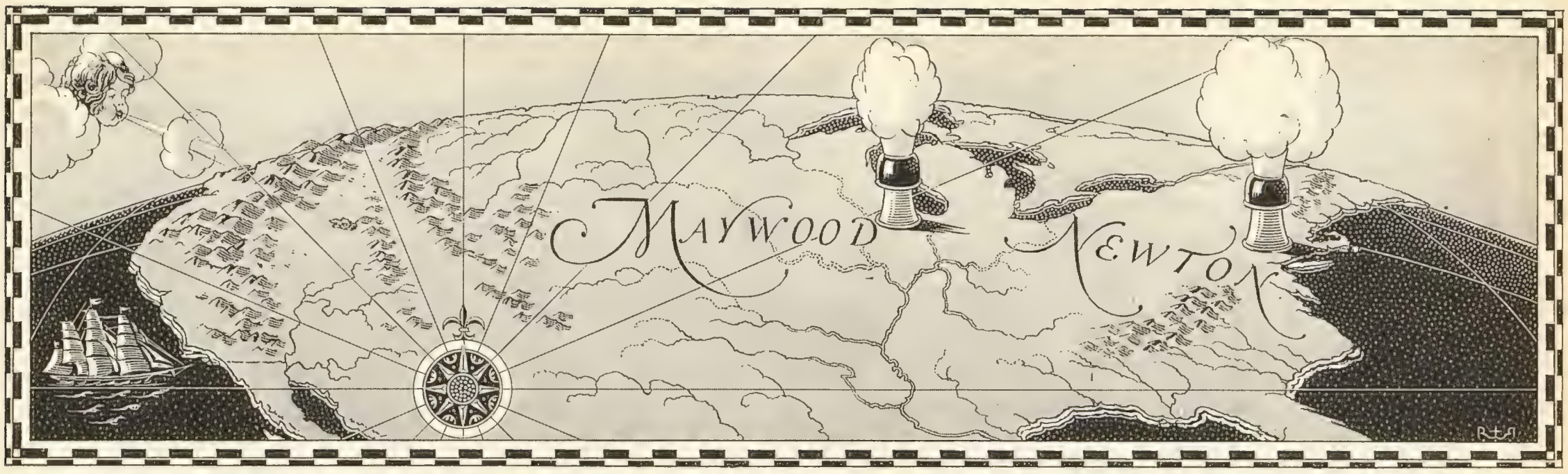
Hugh's boats struck a patch of most unusually "pearly bottom." For more than a week almost every shell that he opened contained one or more of those little things for which civilized women compete. And among them there were four large, perfect stones worth a good round sum, so good and round, in fact, that with this in certain prospect Hugh was able, by the time the patch was worked out and the divers had moved the boats, to start making plans to leave Dobo far behind.

He had spoken to no one but Mata of his enviable find. But a village is like a city and the news was blown about. It created a wave of excitement and many envious thrills.

What was luck to Hugh was misfortune to that poor child. Without these pearls he might have been at least in her sight for probably two more years. Many things, she told herself, could take place in that time: The woman with gold hair might change her mind. She might grow tired of waiting and marry someone else. Or Hugh's feelings might change again. Or he might never be able to make enough money to enable him to marry. The unexpected happens almost every day. But not now, because he was going. He had already sold his boats. The next steamer was to take him away. She would never see him again.

She wandered about the jungle by day or along the hot, flat beach. At night, nervous and having wept her tears, she lay wide eyed

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]



In Maywood, Ill.
—Hard Water

In Newton, Mass.
—Soft Water

IN MAYWOOD, ILLINOIS, *the water is 350 hard. You should lather longer if you are in a hard water region to help your Gillette Blade to do its usual smooth, sure job.*

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS, *is a paradise for men with tough beards. The hardness of the water there is only 26; your shaving brush foams up quickly; your beard is quickly softened and your Gillette Blade slides smooth as velvet over your face.*

Gillette Blades shave smoothly, gently, surely—in 48 states!

YOU know how hard it is to lather with water in Maywood, near Chicago. How easy it is in the soft water of Newton, Massachusetts.

The Gillette Blade never gets the same shaving job twice, even on the same face. Water, weather, nerves, and sleep and soap all set up special shaving *conditions* for your next shave.

Perhaps you can control them all. Perhaps not. One thing you can count on—that when your face is ready, the Gillette Blade will slide along easily, cleanly, swiftly and leave your face refreshed, natural, comfortable.

Gillette puts this dependable "face value" into every blade. Almost half of all Gillette people are skillful inspectors, paid double when they find a single blade that may not do the superb job. And even these people are paid to find mistakes in instruments adjusted to hone and strop to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

The job that a Gillette Blade must do is to *make* an easy, comfortable shave. Whether you hurry or loaf, lather or slap—whether the water is soft or hard, the Gillette Blade must do *its* part *well* for every Gillette user. That means eight men out of ten from Maine to San Diego.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

Gillette

TRADE Gillette MARK

What is the real foe of attractive teeth and mouth health?

Uncleanliness!

. . . thousands never have clean teeth because their dentifrices try to "cure" and fail to clean

You use a dentifrice on your toothbrush to clean your teeth more thoroughly and pleasantly than you can with the brush alone. So, clearly, the most important action of a dentifrice is to clean. Colgate's is made to give you the greatest possible safe cleansing power. It would not clean nearly so well if we tried to make it a medicine or treatment as well as a cleanser . . . And, anyway, your mouth most likely does not need medicines. If it does, you would not want to experiment with a dentifrice claiming curative effects. You would go to your dentist.

Colgate's is made as dentists recommend

Years ago, before Colgate's was brought out, we went to leading dentists and said, "What kind of dentifrice would you like your patients to use? Would you like it medicated, strongly antiseptic or antacid? They answered, "Give us a simple, non-medicated dentifrice that really cleans. Give us as much cleansing power as possible without harm to the teeth. If the dentifrice cleans thoroughly, there is nothing else for it to do."

Constant touch with the latest ideas of the dental profession and continuous research only emphasize the importance of a *clean* mouth. And on the advice of men who know most about mouth care, we continue to make Colgate's the finest dental cleanser that advancing experience can perfect.

The searching, cleansing foam

When you brush with Colgate's you are cleaning your teeth—not doctoring them. The rapidly acting Colgate foam sweeps through your mouth—goes rushing, searching in and out and around teeth and gums—carrying away mucin deposits—polishing enamel glistening smooth—destroying acids that destroy teeth—sweetening all mouth surfaces.

May we send you the free ten-day tube?

A trial of Colgate's quickly shows that cleaning is the important thing in care of the mouth. When your mouth is cleansed the thorough Colgate way, you find medicines and harsh abrasives unnecessary.

We will gladly send with our compliments a tube of Colgate's sufficient for ten days' use. Just return the coupon.

Colgate & Company, Dept. 203 J
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me the booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy," and a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

MORE DENTISTS RECOMMEND COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE
MORE AMERICANS USE COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

[THE FRANGIPANI GIRL Continued from page twenty-six]

in her stifling room, thinking, thinking hard. Was it conceivable that she could live when he had gone away? How could she possess one who loved her no longer except in their mutual death? There was the creese of which she had spoken. Why not kill him with it and turn it on herself? But what would be the use? Even in death he might still love the woman with the golden hair. No. Life is just the stuff to try the soul's strength on.

BUT the night before Hugh was sailing, her strength gave way and she broke. Agony could be borne just so far and no farther. Leaving her cousin's hut, she made up her mind to stifle her pride and plead, to make him see that she loved him as no other woman could. If he wanted a slave she would be one so that she might keep him with her until death came to their door.

But when she peeped in at the window, the contrôleur was sitting with Hugh. A fleshy man with pink skin and eyes that drooped at the corners. Long drinks were on the table. There was all the appearance of their having settled down to many words. Very well, then. She must creep into the house on tiptoe and wait for Hugh in his bedroom, that plain familiar room. Some late caller might disturb them in the parlor.

She crept in through the boys' door and stole quietly upstairs. Moonlight streamed through the windows, casting ghostlike shadows on the floor. Things were much the same as when she had last seen them in those good days. Not so tidy, though. Shaving kit and ivory backed brushes lay about on the bureau as though they had been used in haste.

But there was one thing that was new and had never been there before. It was the photograph of a white woman, in a silver frame. Mata snatched it up and took it to the window and held it in the light of the moon. The woman with the golden hair. "Oh, what a beauty!" she thought. "No wonder Hugh has fallen in love with such a lovely thing. But she shan't have him," she whispered, sobbing. "He belongs to me. Neither she nor anyone else shall take him away."

She put the photograph back on the table and moved about the room, touching never to be forgotten things with very tender hands. On a soft breeze there was the cloying scent of tropical flowers. A native voice crooned a hymnlike melody to the accompaniment of strings. A dog barked. A girl's staccato laughter came from a nearby compound. There was the steady drone of the two men's voices in the room below.

Half an hour went by. It seemed an interminable time. The monotonous sound of those voices was like an opiate. There was a mat in one of the corners. "I'll lie there," she thought, "until that man goes, and think out what to say." Her mind was out of its turmoil. A calm confidence, soothing as a cool hand on a fevered forehead, settled down on her. Hadn't it been said that love is a light from heaven? She shut her eyes and slept, and instantly woke, the blood in her veins turned icy.

A man whose head was shaven so close that the scalp glistened like yellow ivory was looking in at the window. Terror of his evil face paralyzed her throat.

The head rose, a leg appeared over the window sill, and a tall, powerfully built Chinaman stepped cautiously into the room. Without moving from his position he peered about.

The light of the moon showed that he was naked save for a loin cloth, and plastered from head to foot with grease. Mata knew that robbers stripped and greased themselves in those islands, so that in a hand to hand struggle it was just as impossible to hold them as it would be to hold a snake. In one hand he carried a knife with a long burnished blade, and in the other something that she was unable clearly to make out.

THE Chinaman saw her at once, and took a quick step back. Then, obviously to see whether she was sleeping, he moved stealthily toward her like a cat stalking a bird. As he came nearer and nearer she let her lashes fall on her cheeks and feigned the deepest sleep. She knew that if she showed one sign of consciousness or attempted to utter a sound he would slit her throat with his vile knife. He might regard her as harmless if he believed that she was asleep. The reek of his body as he bent over her, listening, almost made her sick.

With peculiar alacrity and deftness he attacked the lock of Hugh's old fashioned safe. The pearls! He was after the pearls! From time to time, as he worked, he turned his narrow eyes toward the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

LIBERTY Is Still Paying $50 Apiece for Cover Ideas

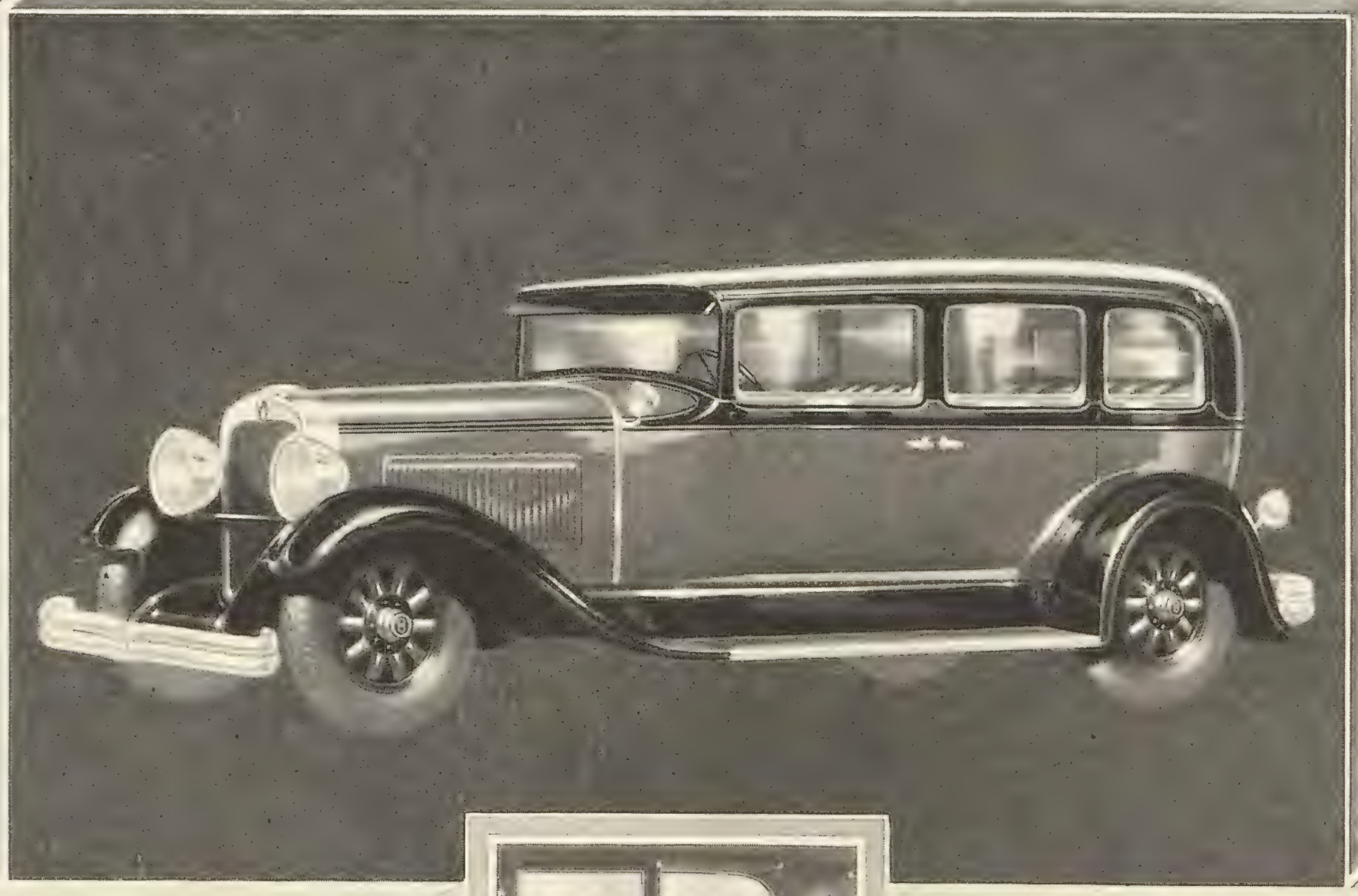
What shall Sandy, Lil, and the baby do next? LIBERTY will pay $50 for every idea accepted by Leslie Thrasher for the continuation of his remarkable series of covers. If your idea provides for a series, $50 will be paid for each one used. Mr. Thrasher will determine who gets credit for the ideas he accepts.

Because of the time it takes to make cover paintings and reproduce them in four colors, the first idea will be used and the first $50 payment announced in the December 8 issue.

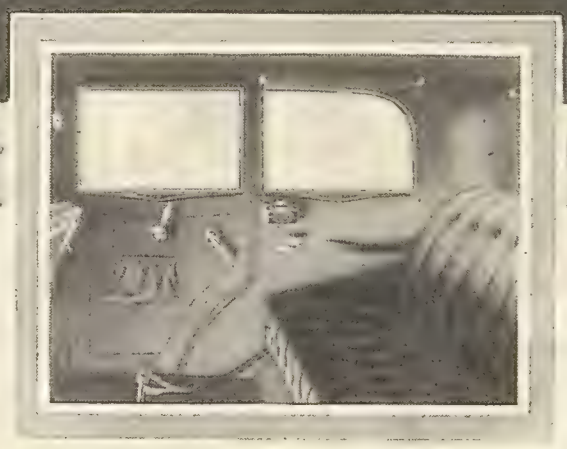
Everyone except employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY is eligible to compete. Address your suggestions to Leslie Thrasher, Cover Contest, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Suggestions may include the actual title of the picture or simply a short description of the LIBERTY cover. No communication will be returned or correspondence entered into relative to this contest.

Get busy now!

THE WORLD HAS A NEW AND FINER MOTOR CAR



"400" Advanced Six
Four Door
Sedan for Five



The Car with the
Twin Ignition
Motor

THE new Nash "400" has stirred up a tremendous amount of enthusiasm all over this American republic.

Nash sales are booming to meet the demand. Month after month new high records are being established.

And here's the reason—this car has style, performance and value that are simply not to be found in other cars at the price.

The charming beauty and modern coachcraft of the new "400" Salon Bodies could fittingly grace motor cars priced thousands higher.

The new Twin Ignition motor, *first of its type in any motor car*, now brings to motoring the same principles of power, speed, stamina and economy that carried Lindbergh over the Atlantic, Goebel over the Pacific, Byrd over the Pole. Their ships were powered by *twin ignition, high compression, valve-in-head* motors!

The "400" is by far the easiest steering car the motor car industry ever has produced.

And the most enjoyable to ride in. Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers and Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication on Advanced Six models are among its many features of luxury and convenience usually found only on very costly cars.

You are missing one of the finest things in motoring, if you have not driven the world's new and finer motor car—the Nash "400".

NASH "400"

Leads the World In Motor Car Value

"Then, gallants, since ev'rything here
you may find
That pleasures the fancy or profits
the mind,
Come all, and take each a full dish
of delight,
And crowd up our Coffee House
every night."
—JAMES MILLER

© 1926, D.-W. Co.

"*The flavor is roasted in!*"

Dining was an art in Colonial times. Coffee houses —the clubs of their day—were to be found in the larger towns. And what good coffee they served! You, too, can serve delicious coffee every time if you will use White House—the coffee with *the flavor roasted in*. Seventy-five years of coffee roasting have shown us just how to capture and preserve all the rich, rare coffee flavor and aroma—the caffeol, which is the very soul of coffee. Try White House and know how *good* a coffee can taste.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY, *Boston, Mass., Chicago, Ill., Portsmouth, Va.*

[THE FRANGIPANI GIRL
Continued from page twenty-eight]

mat in the corner and listened with intense concentration for any suspicious sound. Once the shrill squeak of a house lizard sent all his muscles taut. He gripped the knife that he had placed near his feet and stood like a statue by Rodin illustrating force. And then, with the knife once more near his ugly feet, went on with his work.

By this time the girl had recovered from the shock of seeing the man. Horror and fear still gripped her, but she was able at least to think. She began to consider the possibility of giving an alarm. To call from where she was meant instant death, she knew. The door was shut, the windows out of reach, and the Chinaman so near her that there wasn't the remotest possibility of bolting from the room.

Her brain began to revolve a plan which was swept before a selfish idea that might save the day for her. If the pearls were taken from Hugh how could he marry that woman? It was so comforting an inspiration that it brought a gleam of joy. Had fate turned her way on its stalk through life to patch the split in her heart? All she had to do was to remain quietly where she was. In a few minutes that hideous thief would grab the pearls and be gone. She could then return to her cousin's house and say not a word. It would never be known that she had watched the deed that must keep Hugh there.

And even if she were seen as she left the bungalow, how could she be accused? Special knowledge and the proper tools were required to pick the lock of a safe. She would be a damned little fool to interfere. Let things take their course. It was an ill wind that blew nobody any good.

UP from the room below came Hugh's much loved boyish laughter, and the sound of it with all its reminders cleared her mind of meanness and disloyalty at once. The alternative was sacrifice—the companion of love—and the rescue of the pearls.

The Chinaman, now on his knees, was working with feverish haste. Mata could feel his impatience to finish the job and be gone. It might be a matter of seconds unless he lost his nerve. Oh, God, what was to be done?

All of a sudden, with a gesture of rage, the thief bent forward and peered intently at the lock. His back was turned and the knife behind him. If she could snatch it before he heard her she could run it into his ribs. With trembling hands and thumping temples she raised herself to spring. For a fraction of an instant she hesitated and then hurled herself at the knife.

There was an angry snarl as if some ravenous beast were about to be deprived of its prey, and a scream of pain as the blade flashed and found its way into a breast.

HUGH stood beside his bed, supporting her head with his arm. The contrôleur stood by the door, with white lips. The Chinaman had escaped. The safe was still intact.

"I came up to wait for you . . . I wanted to see you alone. A thief . . . a Chinaman . . ." There was a rush of blood to her lips.

"Oh, my God!" cried Hugh.

"I tried to get his knife . . ."

"Oh, curse those wretched pearls! Why didn't you let him take them and leave me the best of them all?"

He flung his arm across her and wept.

"Make me a promise?" she said.

"Oh, Mata, Mata—what?"

"Love that woman with the golden hair as much as you loved me."

"I can't—I never can." His lips were on her cheek.

The poor little frangipani girl sat up and listened. "Here comes Death," she said; "but this is not good-by." There was a smile of the most exquisite joy in her faithful eyes.

"Mata, Mata!"

He shouted, as though hoping that the power of his voice would give her strength to stay.

She smiled again, and, with her last and most tender effort, put an arm about his neck and kissed him on the mouth.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(*Answers will be found on page 78.*)

1—Which is called the Tar Heel State?

2—Do the letters S O S, used as a distress call, stand for any particular words?

3—For what is the village of Oberammergau, in Bavaria, best known?

4—How many red and how many white stripes in the American flag?

5—What is an iconoclast?

6—What is a de facto government?

7—How many is a baker's dozen?

8—Who has been called The Wizard of Menlo Park?

9—What was the ancient name for China?

10—What do the initials K. C. B. after an Englishman's name stand for?

11—What restriction is placed upon the use of the spitball in organized baseball?

12—What is a timber line?

13—Who purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians in 1626?

14—Who was Paganini?

15—Of what British possession is Wellington the capital?

16—Where do Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey cattle get their names?

17—Who was the German Ambassador to the United States just prior to our war with Germany?

18—What is the Decalogue?

19—Who said "I . . . purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"?

20—According to a Bible narrative, what woman caused Joseph to be thrown into prison?

"Cream of the Crop"

"Toasting frees this cigarette from throat irritation"

William T. Tilden 2nd

William T. Tilden, 2nd
Famous Dramatic Star

"Toasting" definitely does two things—It improves the flavor of the finest tobaccos that are broad in cut—no dust. It removes impurities and irritants. No wonder 20,679 doctors state that Lucky Strikes are less irritating than any other cigarette.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

© 1928 The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

DIXIE in Filmland

Mr. McEvoy Meets His Show Girl Face to Face

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

OF course you know Dixie Dugan, whose slogan was "Look hot but keep cool." Dixie made her début into public life via LIBERTY. Now she is a best seller, aside from being the chief figure in a new film.

I saw the celluloid adaptation of Show Girl with J. P. McEvoy, who wrote the hilarious helterskelter comedy and who (whisper) is going to write a sequel. Mr. McEvoy went into the First National projection room a gay, carefree young fellow. He emerged a broken, distraught author. We saw a silent print of Show Girl, although sound is now being affixed to the version. Indeed, the only sounds in our projection room were those of Mr. McEvoy thrashing about in his chair.

Seriously, however, Show Girl is a pretty good film entertainment as film entertainments go. True, the film powers discarded most of the shrewdly humorous twists Mr. McEvoy gave his yarn of the chorus girl who gets her angel. They added to Dixie's home life and wrote wise-cracking captions of their own, although the original was studded with snappy lines. Even put through the Hollywood grinder, Show Girl has its merits. It would take more than a movie master mind to sink Dixie Dugan, popular successor to Lorelei Lee, the preferred blonde. Alice White gets this surefire rôle.

You'll like Charlie Delaney as Dixie's press agent author, but Lee Moran is not so hot as Kerrigan, the motto salesman. Still, Show Girl is a peppy little picture.

★ ★ ★

Back in 1914 David Wark Griffith filmed The Battle of the Sexes.

In those days The Battle of the Sexes was looked on as something big, pioneering, and fearless. It was one of our first movies with a message. Today, even with 1928 camera trimmings and a newer Griffith, The Battle of the Sexes is not so epochal. Times change.

A realtor millionaire gets into the clutches of a ruthless blonde, who in turn is prompted by a sleek tango blackmailer. Mr. Millionaire doesn't realize the evil of his ways until he believes his daughter is falling into the snares of the blackmailer. Then—and only then—does he see that there cannot be one moral standard for men and another for women. So he goes back to wifie, completely contrite.

Jean Hersholt contributes a really excellent performance of the elderly realtor who tries to respond to the siren call of youth with the aid of an exercising machine. Phyllis Haver is the expensive blonde, and Sally O'Neil is a little over-emotional as the daughter in search of her recreant parent.

★ ★ ★

No longer can royalty hold aloof. Today you will find them at your neighborhood theater, happy to do their bit for the advancement of the talkies. Consider Alfonso XIII, King of Spain, erstwhile enemy of the United States.

Alfonso has just been jelled into Fox Movietone celluloid along with a piquant address—in better than Hollywood English—on the merits of Spain as a haven for tourists. Alfonso relates his own good points as a sport, talks of Spanish motor roads with the enthusiasm of a California realtor, and twirls his mustaches quite like our own Doug Fairbanks.

While I do not rate Alfonso as highly as George Bernard Shaw, I certainly place him miles ahead of the Brox Sisters and sundry other Movietone stars. A genial, merry fellow, this Alfonso, with tons of screen personality. Too bad he is tied up by previous contracts.

★

The Whip, that Drury Lane melodrama of a decade or so ago, is back again on the screen via First National. The Whip is very tantivy, what with fox hunts and all that sort of jolly rot. Dorothy Mackaill is wasted in this phony panorama of nobility and sportsmanship.

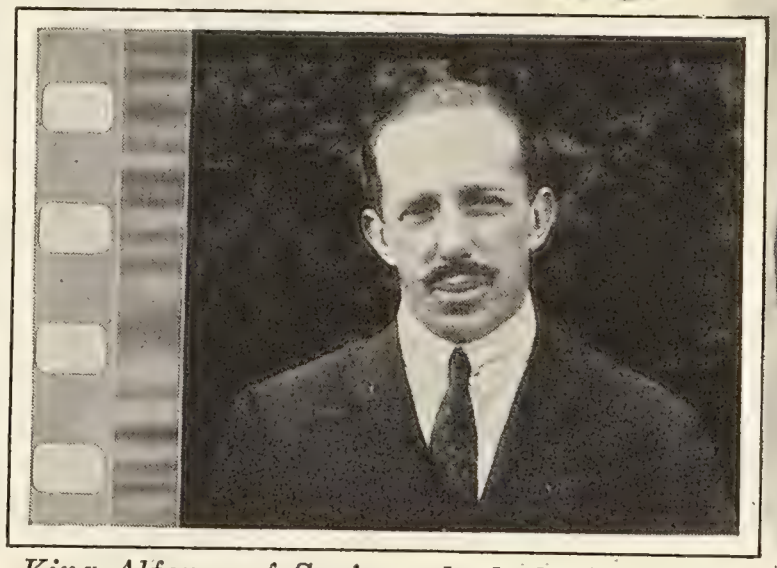
Personalities—

Alice White, who hails from Paterson, New Jersey, entered films as stenog at the Pickford studio at twenty-five dollars a week. Mrs. Pickford fired her for wearing a sleeveless dress. Miss White, then Alva White, promptly went over to the First National studio and made the step from scrip clerk to actress. . . . Charlie Delaney is a New York lad, although he studied at Queen's College, Toronto, Canada. . . . Back in 1917, Phyllis Haver's sisters in surf togs on the Sennett lot were Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, Marie Prevost, and Mae Busch. . . . Fresh from Denmark, Jean Hersholt broke into pictures at old Inceville in 1914 at fifteen dollars a week. Another beginner there was Jack Gilbert.

Do you know that—

If Jack Gilbert leaves Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for United Artists, Nils Asther will succeed him on the M.-G.-M. program? . . . Paramount has purchased the New York newspaper play Gentlemen of the Press? . . . Hollywood has a new simile: As silent as a talkie director?

Phyllis Haver taking a healthy wallop at Don Alvarado in The Battle of the Sexes.



King Alfonso of Spain as he looks jelled into movietone celluloid.

Alice White plays the peppy little Dixie Dugan in Show Girl. Her motto is to look hot but keep cool.

Flying Brands *will not* Ignite a J-M Built-up Asbestos Roof

The unburnable nature of asbestos makes Johns-Manville Felt particularly valuable for roofing industrial plants, office buildings, or any large structures.

Roofing felt is the term applied to the water-proof web which forms the basis of all built-up roofs.

Johns-ManvilleBuilt-upAsbestosRoofs are built up with layer upon layer of ASBESTOS Felt. Over this is laid a covering of smooth roofing asphalt.

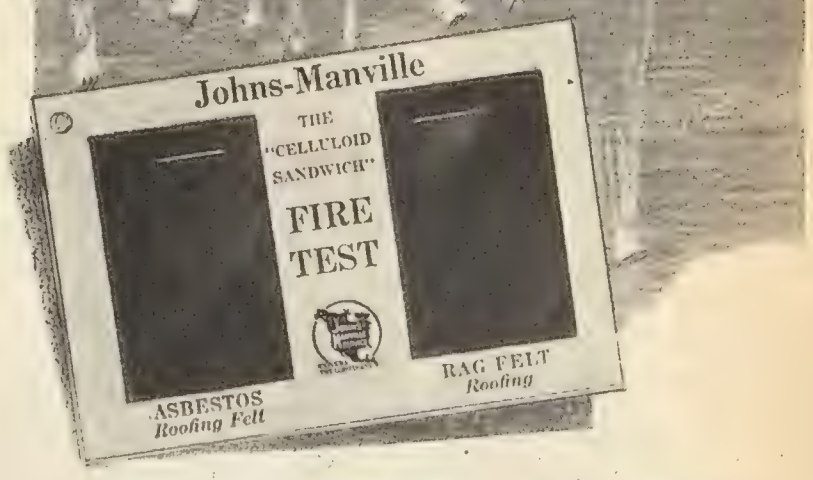
"Roofing Sandwich" Fire Test proves difference

To show graphically the difference between Johns-Manville Asbestos Felt and rag felt we have prepared the "Roofing Sandwich." A piece of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing Felt and one of rag felt are clipped between a card and a sheet of celluloid. A flame is applied. The celluloid flares up in blazing heat. The rag felt is reduced to ash. But the Johns-Manville Asbestos Felt is strong and substantial after the terrific heat of the burning celluloid. Asbestos will not burn.

Let us send you the "Roofing Sandwich." Make this test for yourself. Or ask one of our salesmen to show you the merits of Asbestos Felt.

Will not flow on Slopes

Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs are equally effective on sloping or flat roofs. This material will not flow when heated by sunlight. The surface is clean, smooth and free from gravel or slag. There is nothing to slide into drains or clog downspouts. Many of America's most famous industrial plants have roofed every building constructed for years with Johns-Manville Built-up Asbestos Roofs.



Let the "Roofing Sandwich" Fire Test Show You the Facts

We shall be glad to tell you in person or by letter more about our roofs—who uses them and why. Address: Built-up Roofing Department, Johns-Manville Corporation, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, or San Francisco.

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
New York Chicago Cleveland San Francisco
Branches in all large cities
Canadian Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto

Please send me free of cost the "Roofing Sandwich."

Name.....
Company.....
Address.....

BU-33-10

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

Johns-Manville

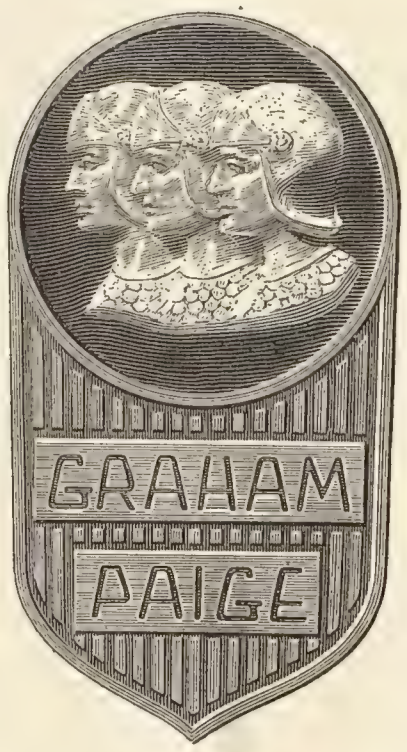
BUILT-UP ASBESTOS ROOFING

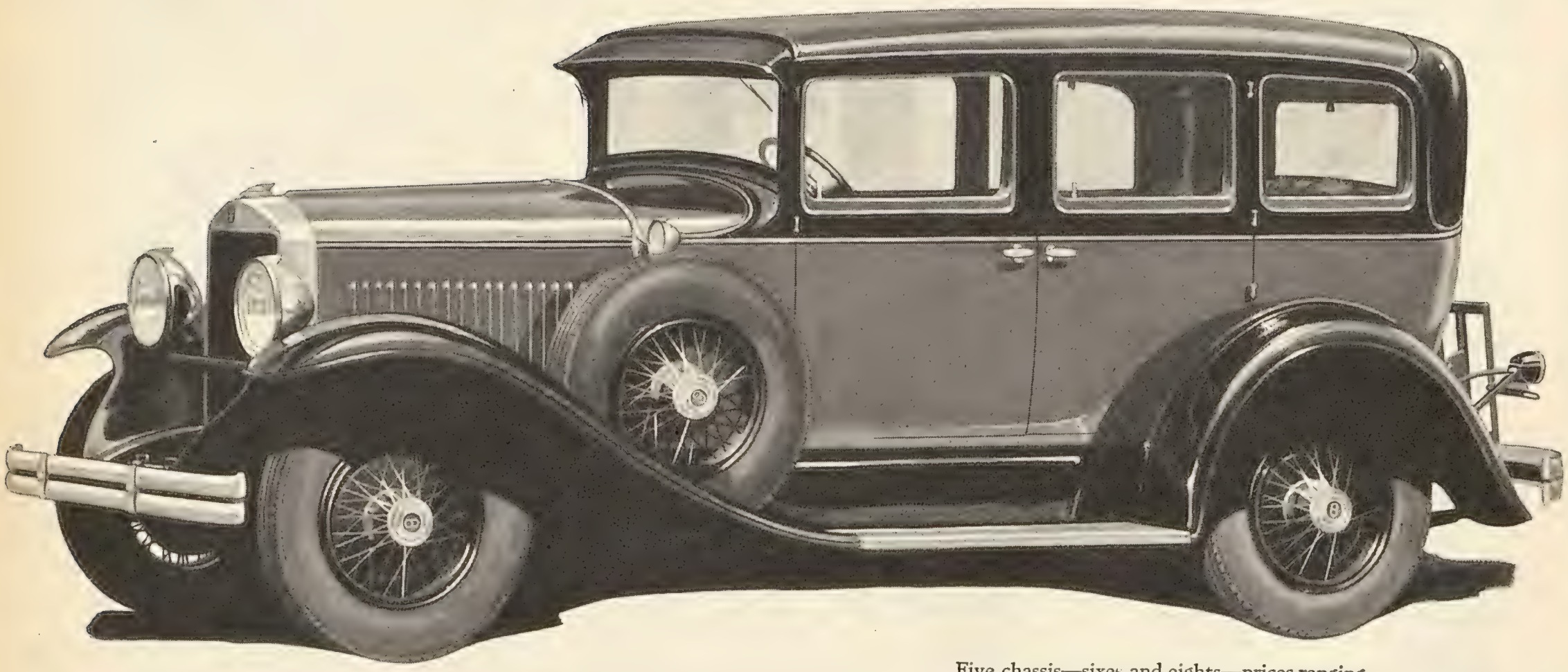
Four Speeds Forward

[Two High Speeds
Standard Gear Shift]

Driving with four speeds forward, you have *two* high speeds instead of one. The gear shift is standard—you start in second, advance to third, and then to fourth. First is a reserve speed, instantly available, but seldom used. Four speeds forward give a new thrill to motoring—which we invite you to enjoy.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham





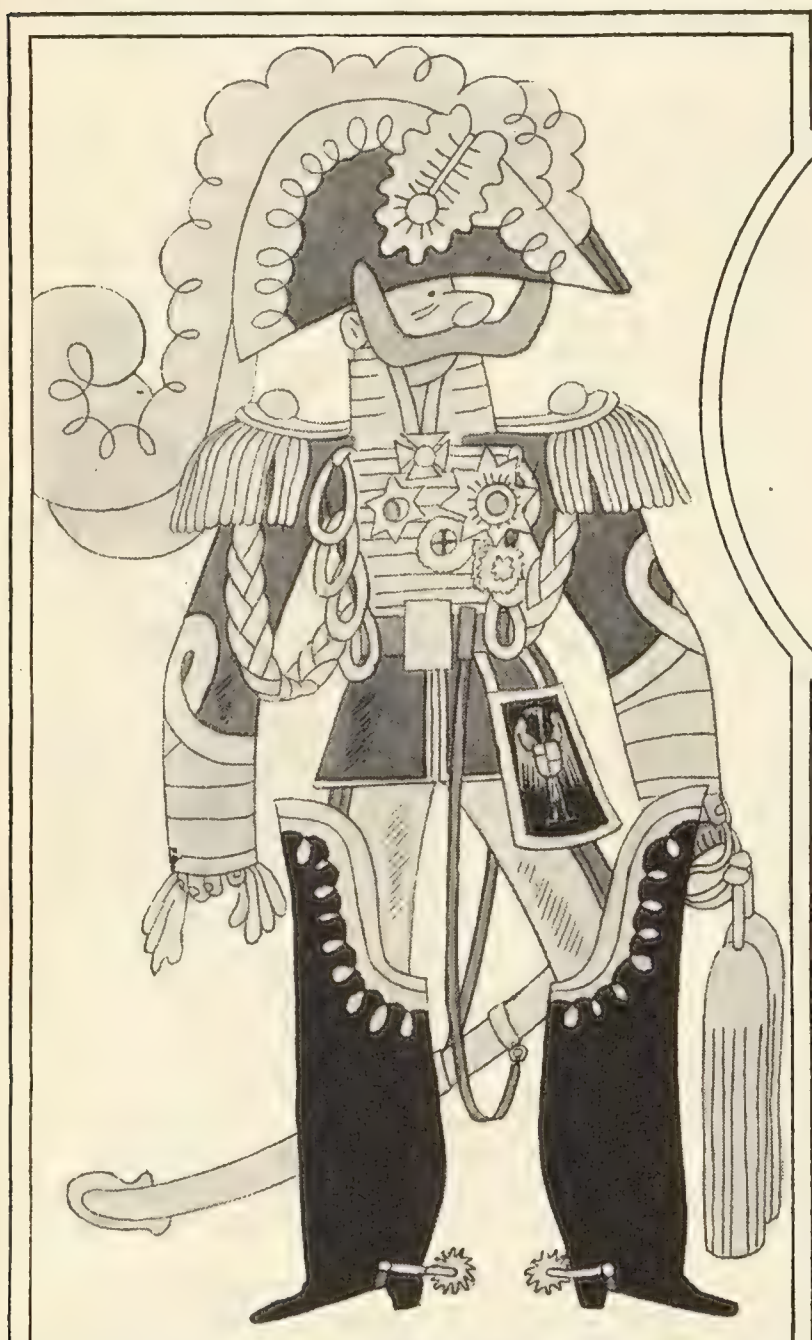
Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 614, 5-passenger Sedan, $1295. (Wire wheels extra). All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

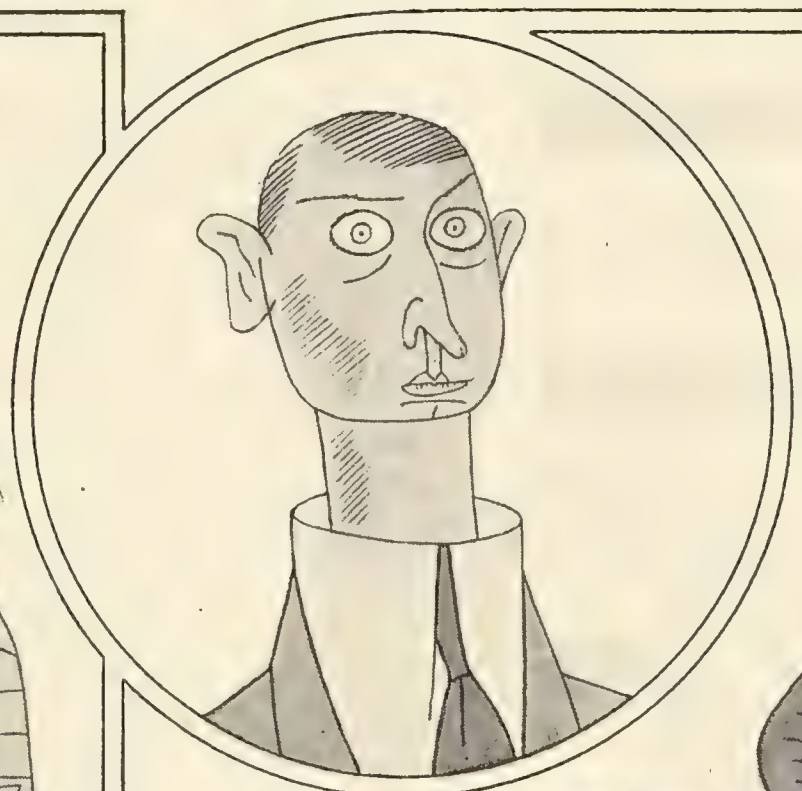
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

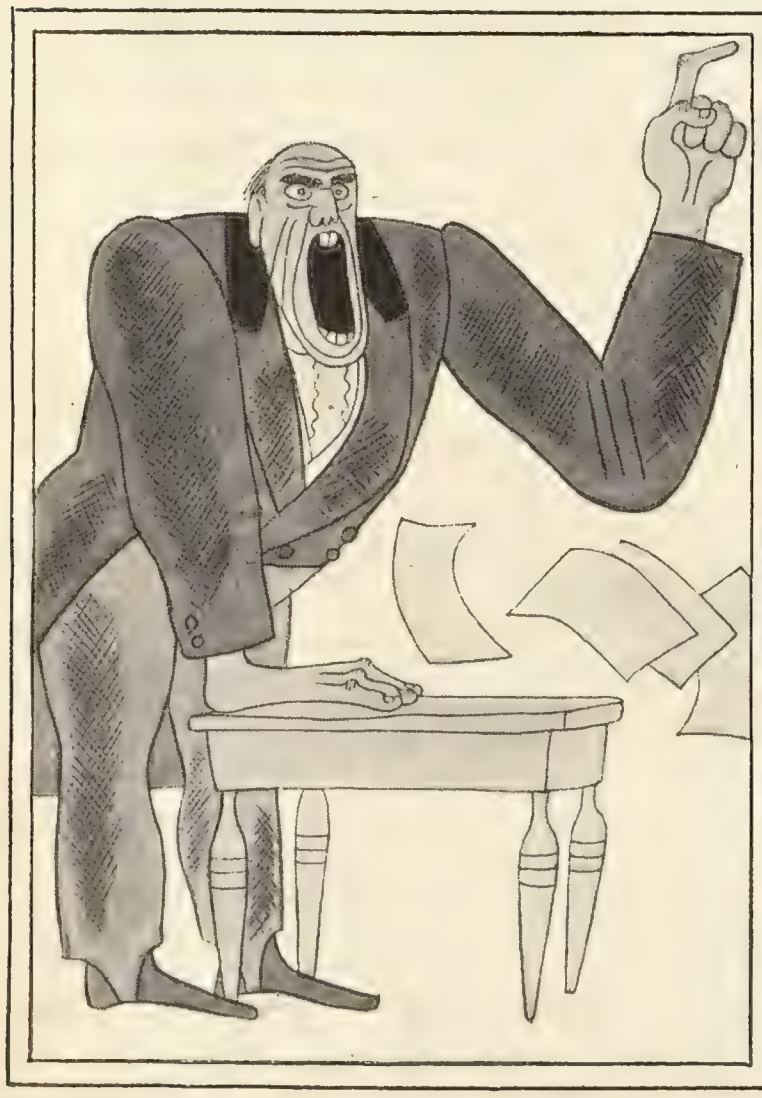


OPTIMISTIC NOTE FOR WORLD PEACE. The fact that nobody, with the exception of a few old fashioned lodge members, has any particular desire to get himself up like this proves that things are better than they used to be.

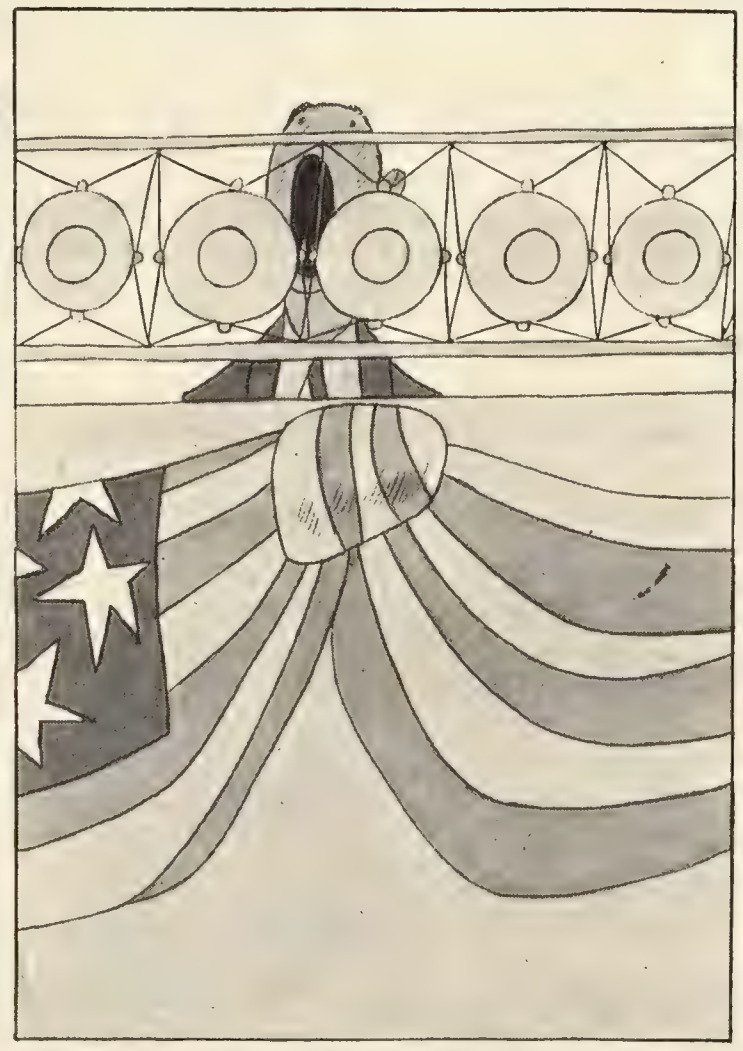


K. APPLEBY JEBS, candidate for Congress, says that, if elected, he will father a Constitutional Amendment drying up the Atlantic Ocean so as to make aërial crossings safe.

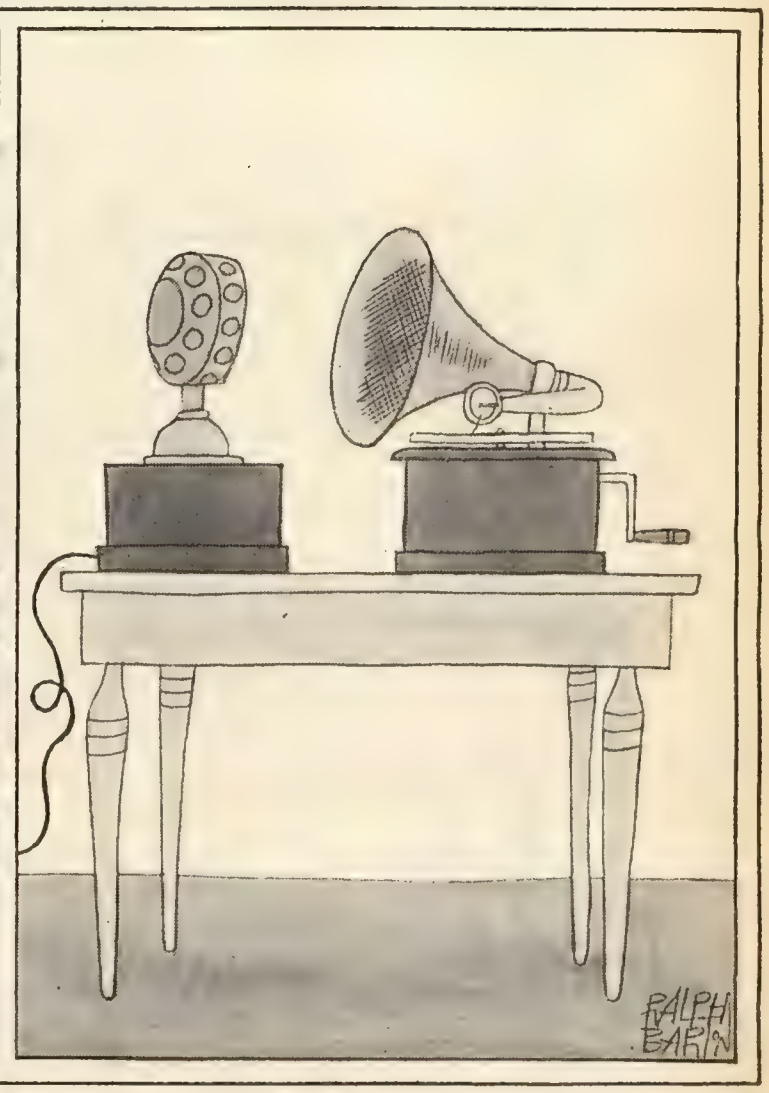
LET US HOPE THAT THE ELECTION WILL SETTLE MOST OF THESE DISPUTES. Snapshot of a scene on almost any street corner. Hi, in the photograph, is in favor of absolute religious tolerance provided it is Protestant tolerance, while Lo is stoutly in favor of religious tolerance provided it is Catholic tolerance.



In the good old days of Daniel Webster: open oratory, openly arrived at.



Today: radio link-up oratory, heard by 120,000,000 people, the human element still persisting.



The campaign of 1952: the good old issues being sent out to the earth, moon, and five planets.

THREE STAGES OF POLITICAL ORATORY

50c

HERE ARE the photomicrographs that tell the story of the "shaver's grouch" and the "shaver's smile"! They are photomicrographs of a very small section of a razor blade edge, taken in the Metallographical Laboratories of Temple University under 1000 diameters magnification. And they are unretouched in any way.

First you see a new blade—straight and true. The second plate looks like a corroded water main, but it's the same blade edge as the one above *after one shave*. Note the teeth cut by the beard—curled toward you at the right and away from you at the left.

Then the Ace Stropper was put to use. The result is shown in the third plate and needs no comment.

The Ace simply straightens out the curved teeth in the most logical way, and irons them back into perfect alignment. Three strokes—three seconds! With no fuss or adjusting of any kind.

Selling for fifty cents, the extra shaves from the first few blades will more than pay for it. At drug, cigar, hardware and department stores with the full Ace guarantee. Or send 50c direct if they can't supply you.

PROTECTED BY AMERICAN PATENT PROTECTION CORPORATION

ACE RAZOR BLADE STROPPER

ACE HARDWARE MANUFACTURING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA OR CHICAGO

MANUFACTURERS OF THE FAMOUS ACE KNIFE SHARPENER

FRESH!

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"OH," Lil gasped, bending forlornly over a lone bottle of Grade A which graced her kitchen doorsill, "he forgot to leave my cream! Murder! Sandy, get up—*quick!*"

"Who's been murdered with a stick?" Uncle Ulysses called sleepily from his sitting room couch. He felt like a 7 A. M. wreck, fire engines having sirened through the street four times during the night.

"Go back to sleep, dear," Lil answered sweetly. "I'll send the dog in to lick your face when Sandy brings the cream."

While the baby started his matinal melody in A flat, Lil minced around the kitchen.

She heard Sandy place his razor upon the bathroom basin, and knew he was admiring his smiling morning face reflected in the triplicate mirror. Intuition told her that his hair resembled a deserted sparrows' nest, his ears stuck out like fish fins, and that he had the meringue decorated facial expression of the winner in a national pie eating contest.

This week's cover picture.

"Hurry up, Sandy!" Lil called. "You have to get cream. I'll drive you to the office because I have to buy drawers for the baby."

"Have you washed yet?" he yelled above the noise of running water. "Come on in. Plenty o' room." And he drew his mouth into a lopsided oval, a circle, and then an inverted jack o' lantern grin.

Lil knew there would be less standing room than during a rush hour New York subway ride, but she did want to brush her ivories.

"I really would like to get washed," she said meekly and squeezed into her bathroom, which was exactly as commodious as four telephone booths. While shaving, Sandy always swung his arms around in a great open spaces manner, boldly planted his feet one yard apart, and made dreadful, deforming faces.

"Don't knock me or I'll slit my throat," he told her rudely. "I don't want my widow to get into the tabloids. I'm hurrying fast as possible so I can get your cream." *Blop-blop-blop!*

"Thank you, dear," Lil murmured, praying he wouldn't decide to kiss her while his face was smeared. "I'll just stand in the tub and brush my teeth. Of course, I'll get my feet wet, but they'll dry in no time." And she started to step cautiously into the tiny bath.

"Don't be so foolish," Sandy said. "Here—plenty o' room." And he donated at least a square foot of space upon the pale blue mat.

"Be careful of the radiator!" she warned him. "Don't get scorched!"

"I'd let you brush your teeth in the basin, dear, only you'd get shaving cream down your throat. Then you'd feel sick."

"Well, I'll only feel dizzy if I bend over the tub, so I'll clean out the medicine chest instead."

"In bare *feet?*" *Blop-blop-blop!*

"Why not, I'd like to know? I'll keep them off the shelves. You'll be finished shaving in two minutes—you've been in here three already—then I'll have this Grecian retreat all to myself."

Lil's medicine chest was a hospital on four legs and three casters.

"Talk about a junk shop—that's this chest," she was saying. "I don't know who musses it up all the time. I'm sure I don't. Uncle U. never pokes around in here, the baby's too small to reach, and—well, there's only one person left who might—"

"I never open that cupboard door, dear, unless I have a cut finger, and you know how seldom that is." *Blop-blop-scratch-scratch-scratch!*

"Well, all I know is that the piles of guest soap are mixed up with the corks and the sponges. The moth balls, ink eradicator, vaseline, bald head tonic, and whooping cough lamp are all higgledy piggledy. And how under the moon did my new atomizer get on top of my new can of wall cleaner paste?"

"Don't get a nervous breakdown," Sandy smiled, first out of the southwest corner of his lathered mouth, then from the northeast. "It would be awful to blame your padded cell upon such trifles."

"Trifles?" she squeaked. "Would it be a trifle if you were bleeding to death, or I had fainted, and the other one administered poisonous liquids by mistake? For the want of a nail the battle was lost. And here are my mustard plasters rolling around with the rubber finger cots and my pink chest liniment. Mercy, mercy, mercy!"

Poor Lil was quite upset. Grimly she rearranged toothache, corn, ear, gout, heartburn, dyspepsia, flat feet, and asthma cures.

"Oh, here's your skeptic pencil," she said malapropishly.

"Oh, here's something worse," he said teasingly. And he held out his gooey, dripping brush, flicking a dab upon his wife's nose.

"Fresh!" she said sweetly. "But don't you dare get any fresher!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Hoover or Smith?)

Johnny Farrell at the finish of his second stroke to the third green in the afternoon round of the play-off of his tie with Bobby Jones for the National Open championship at Olympia Fields, Chicago. The dotted line shows the course of the ball.

I Win the OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP of 1928

A Great Adventure in Golf, as Reported by Its Hero,

JOHNNY FARRELL

EIGHTEEN years ago I began to fondle a golf club. At the age of nine I became the happy heir to a discarded iron, a mongrel sort of implement that had no definite classification. It had come into the possession of Jimmy, my brother, then in the full bloom of caddiehood, and he had generously given it to me when in my piping voice I professed a desire to become a golfer.

It was characteristically magnanimous of Jimmy to yield to my request; for, though I didn't know it then, I realized in a later year that his parting with that club had not been without pain. A golf stick, no matter how poorly contrived, is priceless in the eyes of a bag toter.

But Jimmy went further. He enhanced my budding ambition by planting two tomato cans in a neighboring vacant lot, where in my after school hours I would putter around, coaxing the ball into the improvised cups with growing frequency. Jimmy would coach me in the proper method of handling the iron, although his knowledge of golfing styles was hardly more than rudimentary.

Jimmy's unwavering interest in my welfare throughout the long years of my progress has been invaluable in the molding of my career.

Therefore it was but natural in my big moment of doubt, eighteen years later, when I found despondency creeping upon me as I lay in my room at the Olympia Fields Country Club in suburban Chicago, that Jimmy should jack up my spirits and send me out to catch the fleet Bobby Jones and those others who were imbued with the idea of becoming American Open champion.

I had not fared well in the first rounds. I had been drawn to play with Jones, the popular idol, and the experience had been an unhappy one. It seemed to me afterward that the American public, as represented by those

P. & A. photos

Bobby Jones (left), the loser, congratulating Farrell after the tournament.

thousands who had congregated about us at Olympia Fields, was concerned only with the progress of Jones. My pride was hurt. Readily conceding that Jones was the beau of the public's esteem, I believed that I was entitled to some consideration inasmuch as I had been rated as one of the most dangerous of the entrants.

But from the very outset I sensed that as long as I was fated to be paired with Jones I was to be sorely handicapped physically and psychologically. Officials of the United States Golf Association ushered Jones through the massed crowds to the first tee with a dignity befitting the eminence of this master amateur, and were so careful of his well being that photographers or enthusiastic admirers were not permitted to molest him.

For me, however, there was no such friendly solicitude. Not unwillingly (for I was mindful that, after all, I was a professional) I posed for the cameramen and readily consented to inscribe my name on the score cards of those who were kind enough to want me to.

TO the uninitiated these may seem trivial matters, but to a man about to enter upon a great adventure like the American Open championship, and endeavoring above all else to concentrate his mind on the magnitude of the task ahead, they were disquieting.

Naturally nervous and restive, I was attuned to a high pitch for the impending trial. Like a horse that has been trained for a race, I was mettlesome, with nerves delicately edged.

Jones, to whom had been delegated the honor of playing first because of his amateur standing, pushed his drive to the right of the fairway into the rough, and I followed with one as much out of line but not of such great length.

The swarming gallery swept on beyond my ball and collected solidly around Bobby's. Jones, caught in the human maelstrom, unwittingly played his second shot out of turn, his ball falling into a bunker.

Minutes elapsed before the crowd became aware that I had not been permitted to play

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Yes Sir!

In Cold Weather

She Needs Pure, Clean Oil More Than Ever— you'd better re-cartridge the

PUROLATOR"

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

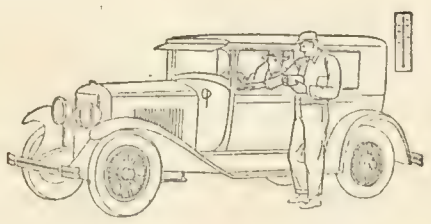
THE fine PUROLATOR with which the manufacturer equipped your car takes all the harmful dirt, grit and foreign matter out of the oil and keeps it away from bearings, pistons and cylinder walls—

Until the PUROLATOR is full. Then it ceases to function—and might as well not be there.

This usually happens after about 8,000 miles of driving.

In cold weather thick, grit-filled oil takes longer than pure, clean oil to become fluid and useful—and there's more motor wear in the *first five minutes* of cold weather running than in *hundreds of miles* of normal driving.

Your garage man will probably suggest that you let him re-cartridge your PUROLATOR before the *real* cold weather sets in. If he does not—*it will pay you to suggest it to him.* It will take him only a few minutes—then you'll be sure of clean oil for another 8,000 miles.



MOTOR IMPROVEMENTS, INC., 353 Frelinghuysen Ave.
Newark, N. J.

Licensed under Sweetland Patents

[I WIN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1928
Continued from page thirty-seven]

again and settled into quietness, impatiently I thought, so anxious were they to be on their way in the wake of their favorite. So I played my second shot from the rough with no great confidence and with hurried stroking.

I found myself thinking that I was an interloper and not entitled to the consideration that was being accorded Jones.

Jones had no time to heed my plight, and in no way was he to blame for the overenthusiasm of his worshipers.

At the fourth hole Bobby executed a long putt successfully, and with whoops of joy the crowd scrambled for the next tee, unmindful of the fact that I had yet to putt out. Now my ball was but four feet from the hole, a putt that in ordinary circumstances I would make with assurance, but with people rushing away from the green in confusion, I missed the hole.

These disturbing occurrences continued throughout the round while I struggled desperately in the attainment of a score of 77. Jones, playing his shots no better than I, but apparently unperturbed by the crowd, was able to eke out a 73.

I was disheartened and discouraged as I went to my room. Food had no enticement for me, and brother Jimmy, too, had no desire to eat. He felt even worse than I. Jimmy deplored the deportment of the spectators, but I reminded him that the gallery in its enthusiasm was merely heedless and unmindful of the discomfiture to which it was subjecting me.

Jimmy had been as thoroughly convinced in his own mind as I had in mine that this was to be the year in which I would play the star rôle in America's most throbbing sports drama. I had enjoyed an unusually gratifying winter season, and in the parlance of the golfing fraternity was considered hot for the Open championship, the word "hot" in this regard being defined as keen.

I believed then, as Jimmy undoubtedly did also, that I had effaced myself as a possibility in the very first round. Truthfully I can say that my expectations were never high again, even in the closing minutes of the tempestuous last round.

While Jimmy and I were moping over the results of my misadventure, Gene Sarazen, my roommate and partner on exhibition tours, came into the room; spunky little Gene whose determination never slumps, whose faith never is a harbor for doubt. Gene had gone wrong in that first round too, but he is a fighter, every ounce of him, and like an Alger hero he never stops trying.

"Forget it," was Gene's characteristic advice. "These championships aren't won in the first round."

Encouraged by Sarazen's words, but still angry with myself for having scored so poorly while playing so well, I went out for the second round with Bobby. I found the Georgian petulant and grumbling over the waywardness of his clubs. He had scored a 73, only two strokes above par for that tricky, intricate No. 4 course, and yet was thoroughly dissatisfied with himself because he hadn't stroked the ball with his habitual deftness and power.

HERE was an insight into the Jones character, a fleeting glance that revealed one reason for the fine success he has made of golf. In the heat of open warfare he had compiled a score that any one of the 150 competitors would have considered worthy of a cheer. Yet here was Jones berating himself.

Fearful of a recurrence of the morning disturbance, I asked Bobby if he would grant me the right to hole out my putts first, regardless of who was nearer the hole. He quickly and considerately acquiesced. The arrangement had the desired effect. I was able to play with more composure and registered a 74. But Jones, too, had improved, and his 71 gave him a total of 144 as against my 151.

That night, needless to say, I was none too cheerful. To be seven shots behind a star performer like Jones was quite sufficient to relegate me to the doldrums. But that wasn't all. In between Bobby and me were a number of other great golfers, each nurturing a hope of victory.

Farrel driving from the ninth tee

But after listening to the sageful voice of Sarazen that night I determined that I still had a chance. There were only sixty-five of us left, all the others having eliminated themselves under the customary ruling of the United States Golf Association.

This necessitated a re-pairing of the players, and I found comfort when I was separated from Jones and his milling partisans. I had to laugh when Gene told me he had been drawn as the victim to Bob's popularity.

"You go out and do your stuff," admonished Gene. "I'll attend to Mr. Jones. I'll lick him this round. That will worry him."

I had been given an early starting time for the third round, which was an asset in the event that I was able to record a brilliant round. That would make the others realize that I was a threat. I produced a satisfying 71, but didn't gain much, for Jones came through with another 73 and still had me trailing five strokes. His total for the three rounds was 217; mine 222.

And between us were four other competitors—the plucky little Henry Ciuci, Bill Leach of Pittsburgh, the redoubtable Walter Hagen, and the unruffled Will Macfarlane, a neighbor of mine from Westchester and conqueror of Jones at Worcester in 1925. I calculated that I had only an outside chance, for even were I to overhaul Jones, I must at the same time place myself beyond those four others. That to me was as remote as a sardine's hope of becoming a whale.

Therefore I went forth for that last mad whirl not sanguine of success, but determined to do my best. With only a score or more of my

P. & A. photo

while Jones (in white) looks on.

well wishers dogging my heels, I continued to play smoothly and reached the turn in 36 where the par is 35. I had erred but once: a hooked drive at the third hole left me with a bad lie and I couldn't escape paying the penalty of a stroke for that wretched effort from the tee.

Now the thought came to me that if I could play the last nine in 34 I would have a chance.

AT the tenth hole my approach flew twenty feet beyond the flag and I went boldly for a birdie three. But the green was slippery, the line of the putt downhill, and my ball, missing the cup, ran below it so far that I missed again coming back, and I had a grisly looking five. But an immaculate pitch to the eleventh green and the holing of a small sized putt rewarded me with a birdie there.

When I arrived at the fourteenth hole even with par, I learned from a roving newspaper man that Jones and those four who had followed him in hot pursuit had burst wide apart.

"They're all cracking," was his cheerful message, and as I was trying to digest the full import of his words I came near cracking too. My chance had come! But even as I welcomed it I virtually tossed it away. However, the Fates would not have it so. For now, with my mind agog with rekindled hope, there came to me a break in luck without which I could not have succeeded.

MY concentration broken by the gladsome tidings, I drove my ball deep into the woods from that fourteenth tee and with a sinking heart believed it to be irretrievably lost. But lo! like an angel from the infinite, it came out of the woods and dropped on to the fairway!

The ball was still 300 yards from the green, but what of that? A sweeping blow with my brassie and it flew 250 yards. A fairish approach, a putt of no great length, and I had a precious par four! That was the turn in fortune's wheel. I finished in 72 for a grand total of 294.

I went into the locker room and indulged in a cooling shower bath, for between that hectic round and the fires of anticipation I was burning up. I feared to ask for news of Jones or any of those others who I knew were fighting to the very end.

Then Sarazen, his face grim, even with the broad grin that now adorned it, came in and shouted:

"You've tied Jones!"

It was inspiring news. And Gene was telling me how Bobby, with a marvelous shot of 160 yards out of a ditch to the eighteenth green, had earned a tie, when a passing caddie volunteered the information:

"There's a guy named Hancock gonna win."

"Hancock?" I said and looked at Sarazen.

Out there at the seventeenth we found young Roland Hancock, a North Carolina professional only two years out of the amateur ranks, needing only two fives to win America's greatest golf prize. He had come up seemingly from nowhere with a round as brilliant as any during the championship—brilliant until that catastrophic seventeenth.

Then, hemmed in on all sides by jostling spectators who in their frenzy tried to encourage him with a verbal bombardment of "You're the next champion! You're the next champion!" Hancock, being human, broke down. His nerves playing leapfrog, Hancock couldn't make those clubs carry him on because his muscles were receiving only broken messages from his brain.

I was sorry I came out to watch

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beard Tough... Skin Tender? *Forget it, Men!*

Whiskers come off quick and smooth when beards are softened small-bubble way. No razor-pull, sting, or smart. Read how this new-type lather takes razor-pull out of shaving. See our no-cost offer in coupon below.

"Yas... Boss! Small bubbles sure get whiskers off quick. That's what most of my gentlemen ask for."

DOES the above headline surprise you? Are you one of those men who believe that shaving, at best, must always be uncomfortable . . . that razor-pull, sting and smart can never be completely done away with?

If so, you'll find lots of good news in this advertisement. It's the story of a new, quick way to get your whiskers off. A way that's faster . . . cleaner . . . smoother than any you've ever known before.

You'll discover the difference the minute you try it. You'll see it in your mirror. Instantly your face feels serene and comfortable . . . delightfully fresh and clean.

How it works

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening.

Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture at the base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

Good-by, Razor-Pull

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that surrounds each tiny hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd close around each whisker . . . soaking it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down to the base . . . ready for the razor.

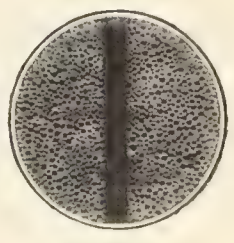
Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. You've never known such comfort in all your shaving days.

You be the judge . . . for seven days.

We'll gladly send a seven-day trial tube to any fair-minded man. Also a sample of After Shave . . . our new-type lotion that men buy eagerly today.

Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

Colgate & Co., Dept. 503-J FREE OFFER MEN!
595 Fifth Ave., New York

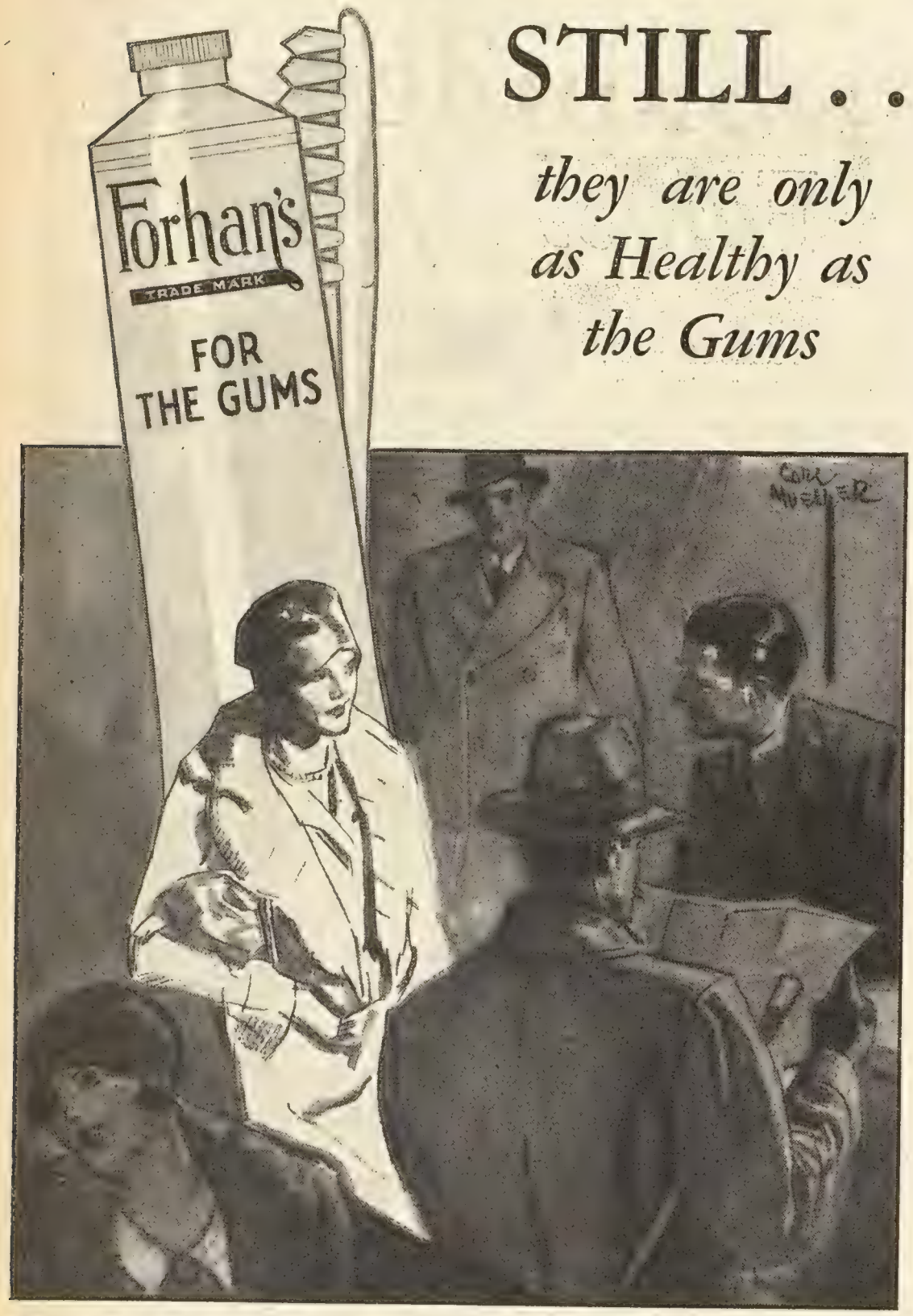
Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's After Shave.

Name_____

Address_____

Teeth may be whiter STILL . .

they are only as Healthy as the Gums



YOU may be in danger, even though your mirror reveals teeth of flashing whiteness.

Dread Pyorrhea, ignoring the teeth and attacking the gums, swoops down on the unwary. And as a penalty for neglect, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, surrender precious health to this foe.

Take this precaution: See your dentist twice each year. And morning and night, every day, use the dentifrice that keeps teeth clean, and restores them to their natural whiteness without the use of harsh abrasives and also helps keep gums firm and healthy—the best safeguard against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

Forhan's for the Gums is designed for the job. Get into the good habit of using this dentifrice morning and night. Brush your teeth and massage your gums daily with Forhan's, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. In tubes, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

[I WIN THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1928
Continued from page thirty-nine]

him. I wanted to win and wanted it badly, but the sight of Hancock futilely trying to steady himself in that scrambling mob took the zest from my partial victory.

I CONFRONTED that play-off with Jones strangely calm. I had risen to the top so unexpectedly that in a superstitious way I believed I was destined to win. That night I went to Bobby's room to congratulate him on his great fight, and he greeted me in so friendly a manner that I told him I knew we were going to have a pleasant play-off.

Though I was very tired I knew I shouldn't go to bed early for fear of waking next morning sleep logy. So I retired at 11 and arose at 7. I ate only lightly at breakfast and went to church.

Before time for the momentous play-off, slated for 10:30, I hit a few balls and tingled in the knowledge that my swing was as smooth and as rhythmic as ever it had been. Sarazen took me aside and told me to get tough.

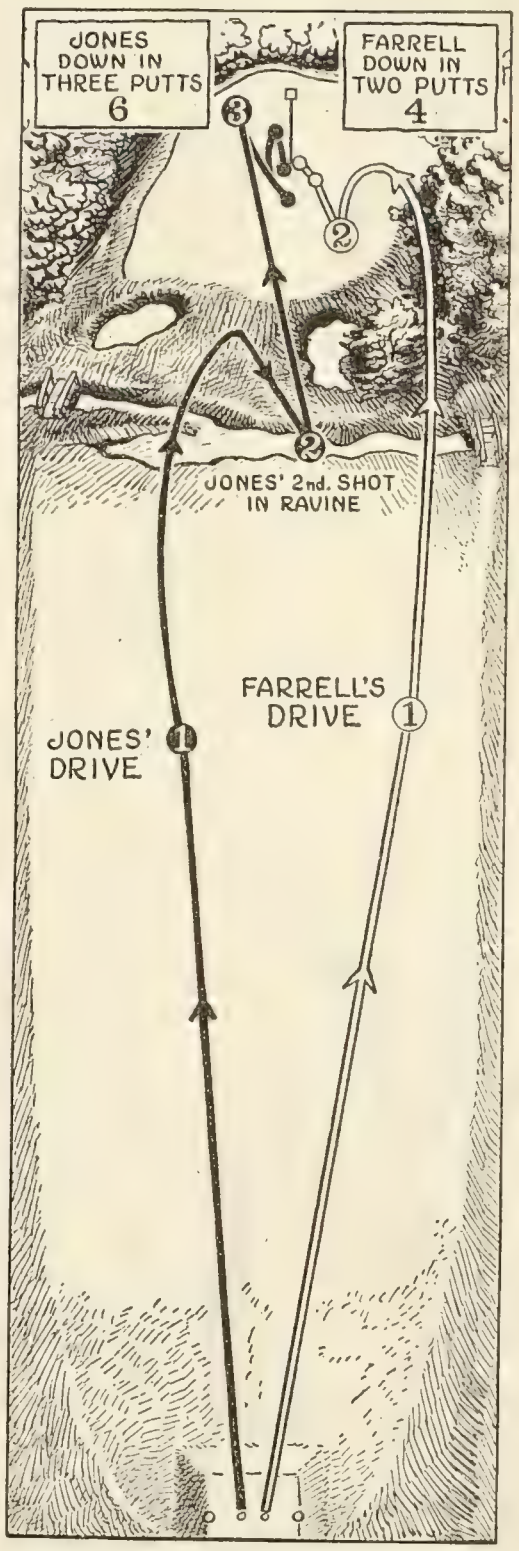
"You can't beat Jones with a smile," he warned. "You've got to fight him. Get tough and let him see that you're tough."

I took Gene's advice seriously. I had to win this championship not only for the gold and glory it would bring me, but also for the purpose of dispelling a belief that Johnny Farrell lacked what is vulgarly known as guts. I had won any number of tournaments not of national importance; but in the major championship I had invariably failed when the fighting became hot. It was humiliating.

I knew that I had as much courage as anyone, and yet when things looked bright for me my game had the habit of going wrong. Some of the more kindly critics said I was shy on stamina. Well, I must show these nonbelievers.

Therefore I accepted Gene's advice and made myself tough. I erased the smile from my face, tightened my lips, and went forth to battle. I played my finest golf of the tournament during those first eighteen holes, scoring a 70 and building up a three stroke lead over Bobby.

A remarkable thing had taken place during this first phase of our thirty-six hole battle. The gallery, which from the start had been strongly pro-Jones, as I could testify from my experiences during those rounds of Thursday and Friday, now was arrayed on my side. Toward the end of the round, when I got real hot and scored four consecutive birdies, it seemed to me that the people always had been with me.



How Farrell made his four on the famous third hole at Olympia Fields against Jones' six. He was on the green in two and down in two putts. Jones' second shot struck the side of the slope leading up to the green and rolled back into a ravine. His recovery shot went eighteen feet past the pin, and he took three putts to get down.

What a fighter is Jones! I thought I had him groggy after that first round, but in the afternoon he stunned me by drawing even with me at the third hole.

This sudden turning of the tide was mostly my own fault. After that streak of the forenoon it was natural that I should have a slight letdown.

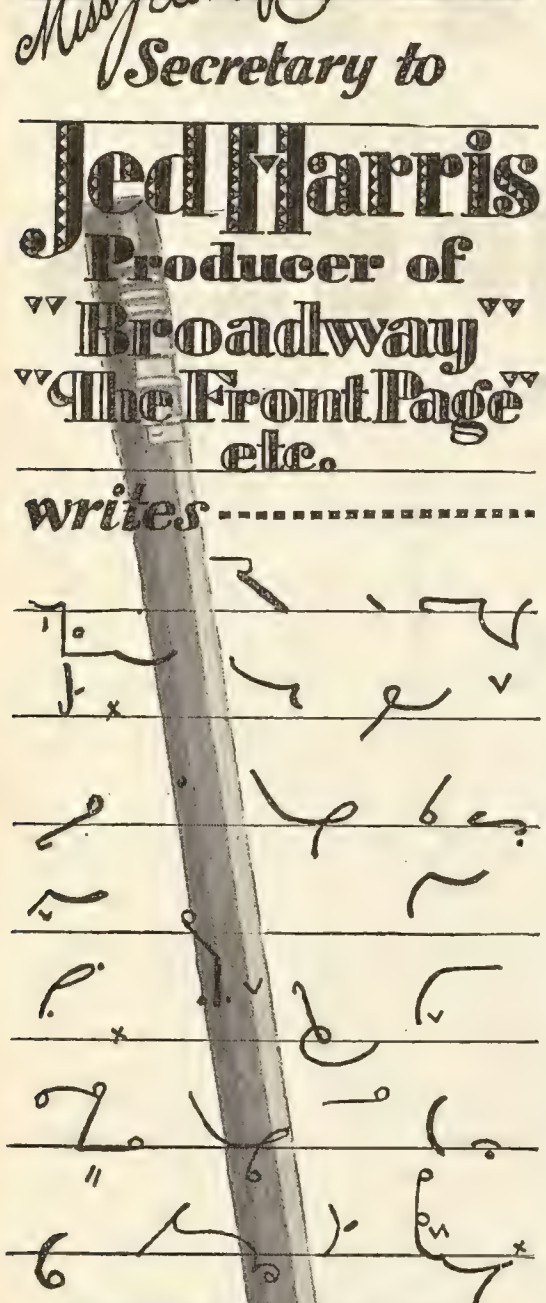
MY drive from the first tee landed on a mound guarding a trap, and after I reached the green with my third effort I missed the easiest kind of a putt. As a consequence I lost two of my precious three strokes. Again at the next hole I failed to get a wee putt to fall, and Jones tied the score by making a magnificent shot from the rough to the green.

I was dismayed over the loss of those three strokes, but two of them came bounding back to me at the very next hole. This third hole is perhaps the finest at Olympia Fields. Its green is small and elevated and framed in woodland. Scenically it is beautiful, no doubt, but to the golfer in the fairway squinting at it from a distance of 170 yards it is terrifying in its aspect. Trees indent the fairway at the right and, though my drive had been straight and powerful, my view of the green was partly obscured.

However, I scaled the trees with a No. 3 iron and saw my ball drop on to the green ten feet from the opening. It was the finest shot I

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Miss Jean Barkow
Secretary to
Jed Harris
Producer of
"Broadway"
"The Front Page"
etc.
writes



The Pitman Shorthand above, written with a SEMI-HEX *Pencil, when translated reads:*

Note taking cannot be too carefully done. For that reason I use a pencil which is clean writing, speedy and long lasting. I personally like SEMI-HEX PENCILS because they meet these requirements so satisfyingly. —*Jean Barkow*

Send 10c for "Points and Tips" (containing many helpful hints) and two SEMI-HEX *Pencils.*

SEMI-HEX
GENERAL PENCIL COMPANY
Jersey City, New Jersey

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

had yet played. Jones hit a good one too, but it was a bit weak. His ball struck the embankment to the green and rolled back into a ravine. He made a fair recovery, but missed two putts, and a six resulted, while I tallied a four.

Thereafter the battle was terrifically hot. Jones played savagely. He had grown sullen. His hair was rumpled and sweat poured from him. We hardly spoke to each other.

He caught me again at the seventh and tossed me two strokes at the ninth. Two shots ahead and only nine to play! I felt sure now that Jones wouldn't reach me again. But he not only did that, but passed me at the twelfth when I banged my approach over the green into casual water.

It was a cruel blow. Doubts began to assail me. This man Jones must be invincible. Walking to the next tee, the short thirteenth, Sarazen said, "Get tough."

I did. Jones had played to the green, a fair shot, but the crowd went into ecstasies when I dropped a mashie niblick shot two feet from the opening and tied the score with a two. We halved the next two holes. We had now played 105 holes since Thursday morning and were again in deadlock.

"Something's got to happen soon," said Bobby to me as we watched the crowd being marshaled into orderliness before we drove off for the sixteenth, a short hole.

"Well, I hope it doesn't happen to me," I replied, and then we ragged each other good naturedly.

Bobby was right. Something did happen. My ball landed twelve feet short of the cup. Bobby hit his a little too strongly and it rolled just beyond the green, no more than twenty-five feet from the flag. It looked like a simple shot back. But his ball lay in medium tall grass in what we call a puffy lie, the hardest of any to judge accurately. Bobby underplayed it, his ball advancing only four or five feet, and he scored a four while I holed out in three. That proved to be the winning stroke.

JONES played desperately to regain that lost stroke, and though he finished magnificently with birdies at both the seventeenth and eighteenth holes, I was fortunate in being able to match the brilliancy of his play.

At the seventeenth, where I approached from the rough dead to the cup—that is, close enough to be assured of holing out with a single putt—it looked as though I were about to increase my margin of advantage, for Bobby was some thirty-five feet from the cup. However, Bobby caused a sensation by making the putt and carrying the fight to the home green, where we each tallied a birdie.

I had won my first American Open championship!

Three girls kissed me before I realized my good fortune. It had been a wonderful fight, won from a wonderful fighter!

Bobby Jones, a magnificent competitor! He has my everlasting admiration and esteem.

THE END

The Great American Breakfast

Colonial Waffle Iron No. 255—$8.00
Has colored handles with cord to match. Heavy cast aluminum 7-inch grids, beautiful nickel finish. No grease, no smoke, no odor. Non-leaking, interlocking grooves.

Fluffy Waffles
Fragrant Coffee

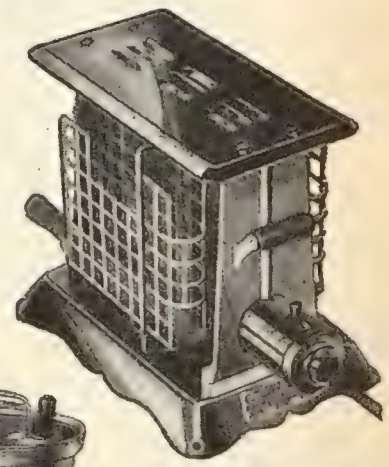
Made at the Table This New WHITE CROSS Way!

NO need to call anyone to this breakfast! Great big golden-brown waffles—crisp and crunchy—spread with strained honey or maple syrup. And with them a pot of rich fragrant coffee—what more could one ask? Especially when they are both made in a minute or two right at the breakfast table, this new electric way!

And so inexpensive! Now you can buy the genuine White-Cross Waffle Iron shown above —No. 255—for only $8.00. Finished in gleaming nickel, with colored handles and cord to match, it glorifies any breakfast table. You simply pour in the batter—no greasing necessary—therefore no smoke, no odor. Both sides cook evenly at the same time—no turning—every waffle is crisp, light and fluffy. Other White-Cross Waffle Irons $6.80 to $10.00.

In your neighborhood you'll find a high grade dealer featuring White-Cross Electric Conveniences. Visit him—he's a good man to know. He'll give you the highest quality at the very lowest price. Be sure to look for the Blue and Gold tag that is on every genuine White-Cross device—you might as well have the best.

No. 291—Copper Coffee Percolator
Something new! A highly artistic percolator, finished in lustrous nickel, highly polished on solid copper. Heat-proof glass top and ebonized handles. 6-cup size, $7.50. No. 292—8-cup, $8.50.



No. 229—Reversible Toaster
Toasts two extra large slices at the same time without handling. No springs or hinges. Cushioned legs prevent scratching table. $5.00.

NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS
3214-3248 W. Lake St., Chicago
WHITE CROSS

Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada

No. 990—Electric Corn Popper
Fresh, crisp, delicious corn popped quickly and cleanly. Wonderful for fall evenings and the holiday season. Only $2.50.

No. 154—Waffle Iron
Makes full size waffles without grease or smoke. Purest aluminum grid. Finished in shining nickel. $6.80.

ALL MUSIC owes a debt to these revolutionary Sonora instruments

THE SONORA

The Melodon unlocks strangely beautiful new realms of music. It utters the Song .... the Dance .... a Symphony with new clarity and warmer brilliance. From its throat pours music .... the clearest music in the world .... for the Melodon brings to your home the final perfection in purity of tone!

SONORA MELODON WITH RADIO

Model A-40. A new Sonora Melodon that comes in combination with Sonora Radio. This Melodon has the pure tone of the new Sonora creations—the perfect reproduction that only the Melodon gives. Not only does it give you astoundingly beautiful music from records, but it starts and stops without presetting. It is also designed for use with long playing records such as Sonora will soon announce. The Radio, termed a "six tube set" actually employs nine tubes, including the long life high voltage Sonora tubes. It is far in advance scientifically—this is the Radio type of the future. (Available for various types of household current.)

THE New Sonora Melodon is an almost magical musical instrument. It reproduces by electricity the sweetness of every instrument . . . the true timbre of the human voice. There is no range that is slurred, no shading that is slighted. Superb rendition of every nuance is given you, every overtone is at last magnificently alive.

THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF THE SONORA MELODON

The Melodon revises radically your ideas of electrical reproduction. It gives you a new conception of the beauty that lies hidden in a phonograph record.

There was . . . last month . . . a notable gathering in the Audition Chamber of the Sonora Building in New York. Musicians, artists, financiers were there, engineers and scientists, men and women internationally known, lovers of music, patrons of the arts. A curtain rose and a hush fell . . . then came the first glorious notes of the Melodon. There was a little ruffle of surprise . . . a hush of rapt attention . . . and a deep silence as the last notes of the music died away . . . and, at the end, the storming applause of these people who know music, heralded the coming of a new king.

Now we are working day and night to fill the orders, for wherever the Melodon has been heard (with or without radio) the story is the same—the demonstration of its superiorities promptly finds it a place in the homes of those who know good music best.

SONORA PERFECTS THE RADIO

—combines it with The Melodon or offers it alone

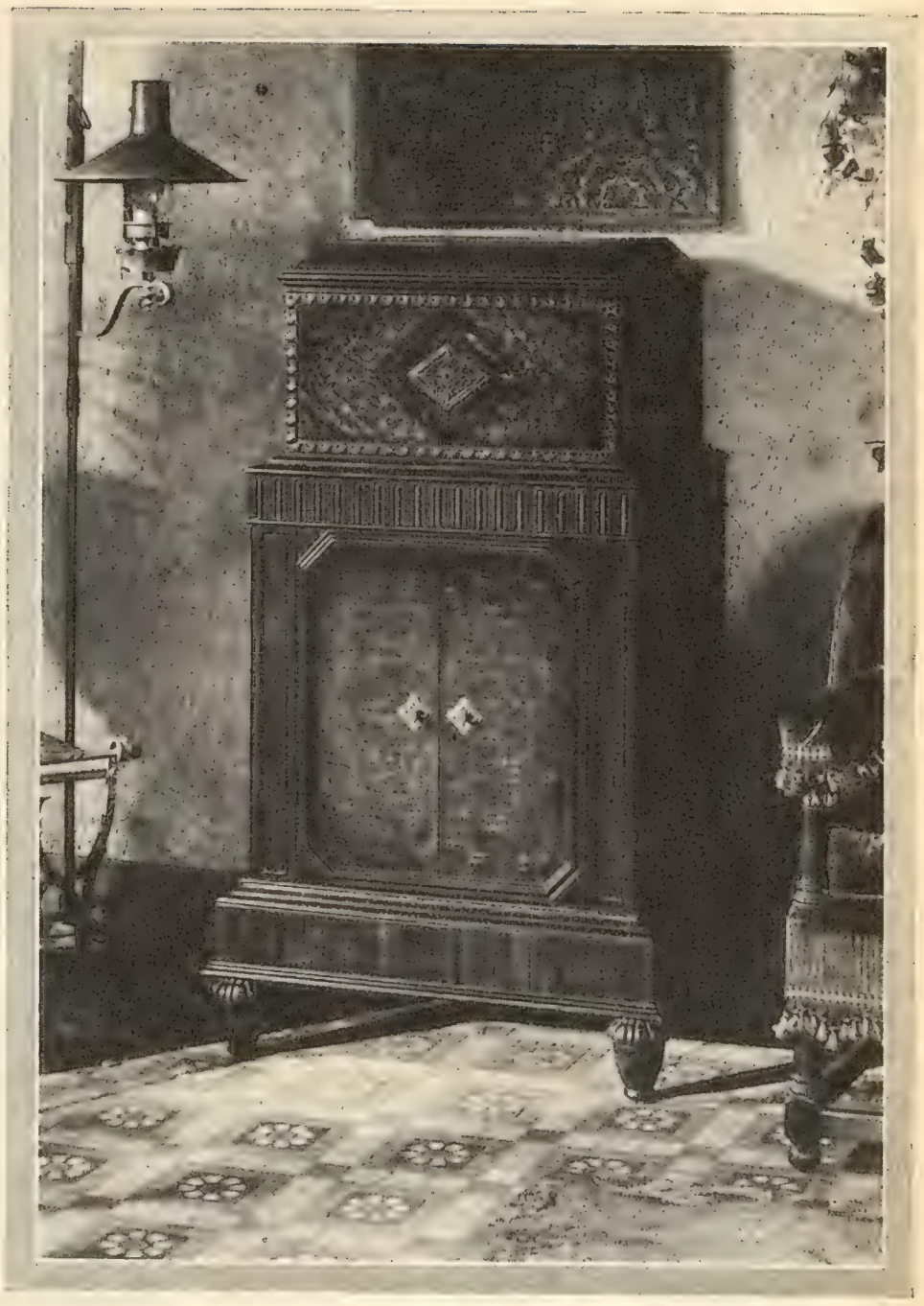
You may have a Sonora Radio by its own perfect self. Or you may enjoy its beauties in combination with the Melodon. For Sonora spans the field

Sonora

THE MELODON, THE MELODON WITH RADIO . . .

YOUR EAR will tell how vastly they differ from all the rest . . .

NEW MELODON



of radio and recorded music and its new Radios are as distinct and certain an advance in the electrical science, as the Melodon is over all electrical reproduction.

With Sonora Radio you have for the first time the sense that the radio has emerged as a true musical instrument. Gone is the consciousness of mechanism and method. With Sonora Radio you hear aerial music in its purest and most lovely phase.

For Sonora has dared to pioneer in radio, designing first a musical receiver and then engineering out of the way those compromises with musical perfection which have handicapped radio in the past.

Specifically, it employs a new Sonora long-life tube of 15 volts, designed especially for its set. It does not use the low voltage tubes familiar to the public. Through Melodonic reproduction, sweetness and musical virtuosity appear for the first time in any radio instrument.

HEAR THESE NEW MARVELS THE MOMENT THEY REACH YOUR CITY

As you read this first news of these great developments, Sonoras are being dispatched to every city in the land. Hear them as soon as you can. They are a musical sensation. Their coming is so important, their advance so great, that even waiting a week or two for delivery will repay you in the end. But hear them, by all means hear them.

And when you do, you will be amazed to know that you may have all their perfections, all their great advantages at so little an expenditure.

And when you sit and listen to these new Sonoras, no other instruments will ever seem the same.

Write for a descriptive booklet of these revolutionary new Sonora instruments to the Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc., Dept. L, The Sonora Building, 50 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

THE MAGNIFICENT SONORA MELODON

Model A-20. The glorious Melodon, of full electric operation, for those who desire the perfection of record playing instruments. Until you hear the Melodon, you do not know the beauty which lies hidden in a phonograph record. And you may use it, if you wish, as the perfect speaker for the separate radio set. All Melodons play all records to perfection, and are also designed to reproduce the new "long-playing" Sonora records soon to be issued. The new automatic "start-stop" device too, is one of its new marvels. (Available for various types of household current.)

THE SONORA RADIO

Model A-36. This superb radio is the last word in beauty of music and beauty of cabinet. It is a 7 tube set (but, paradoxically, employs 11 tubes). It, too, employs the high-voltage, long life Sonora tubes and the Melodonic Speaker principle. With the coming of the new Sonora Radios, you may now class the radio as a true musical instrument. (Available for various types of household current.)

SONORA RADIOS, THE MELODONIC SPEAKER AND SONORA PHONOGRAPHS

A Story of Desert Sands and the Heart of a Woman

Delirium claimed her. She knelt long unmoved while

A SAGA of the

By BEATRICE

COXEN got the order from the Old Man himself, but he later admitted that if it had been necessary to choose between executing that order and resigning his job as shovel man for the O'Keefe Construction Company, he'd have chosen the latter course without a moment's hesitation.

As it happened, he enjoyed the celebrated American industrial privilege known as "passing the buck." So he passed the order along to Harraday, corral boss, whose task it rightfully was. Harraday boasted of being as hard-boiled as they come, but he promptly demurred.

"Do your dirty work yourself. Why, gee whiz, man, I packed that poor old duffer all over the Mohave Desert. He saved my life once, down in Salton Sink, when I got lost. I'd as lief poison my grandmother and swipe her dime bank. Nix. Just count me out. Old Man's in earnest this time, is he?"

"Well, he says he is. He's sore, all right. He's worked out a neat little table to show how much time is wasted annually scouring the sagebrush to bring the old boy back. Says he's either got to be killed outright or left to the desert next time he pulls out. I'd a darn sight rather drill him than see him get down somewheres and die of thirst."

"So would I," Harraday agreed. "Reckon Ted would do it?"

"Malcolm? Fat chance! He's softer about the old devil than we are. I wouldn't even want to ask him. He's glum as the dickens these days. Ever since his wife come out unexpected from Los Angeles."

"She don't seem to take to camp life any too friendly, does she?" Harraday suggested encouragingly.

Coxen remembered gossip he had heard from time to time in the past few weeks. He said guardedly:

"Well, how could she? Used all her life to being petted and pampered and spoiled. She never was up against the real thing before, and it don't go down good. Poor old Malcolm! He's just about queered his chances as an engineer, I'm afraid."

"The Old Man's missus told Mrs. McFadden that Ted was afraid to bring her out here in the first place because he knew she couldn't stand it," Harraday offered. "But she up and come anyway—without advance notice. Now she's here she's too stubborn to admit she made a mistake and go back, and too soft to buckle down to brass tacks and face it. So she takes it out in pulling a long face and making poor old Ted wish he'd never been born. She's yellow, in other words. And he's the whitest man that ever walked. Ain't it the limit? The bigger they are the harder they fall for the sawdust doll babies. It'll split—"

Coxen whistled softly in warning as he caught sight of the tall man strolling toward them in the dusk. They waited silently.

"How come the artillery, Sam?" the newcomer queried.

Coxen looked unfamiliarly down at the 30-30 in the crotch of his arm, as if he had just discovered its presence there.

"This? Oh, I was just totin' it over to Phil, here. He's got a little hostlin' job to tend to, pretty soon."

"Like heck I have!" Harraday retorted. "You mean the Old Man mapped out a little huntin' party for you."

Malcolm raised his eyebrows. "Don't tell me old Marcus has been condemned again."

"To be shot at sundown for gross insubordination and desertion," Coxen admitted reluctantly. "But I'm darned if I'll be executioner." He dumped the gun to the ground and rolled a cigarette to hide his feelings.

"I don't blame you," Malcolm agreed. He turned round and presently managed to pick out of the gathering darkness the lank, shaggy, indolent figure of Marcus, patiently trying to rid himself of his shackles a few rods away in the corral.

"He'll keep it up, dod blast it, till he gets out somehow," Harraday complained bitterly. "Then he'll graze clean over that pinnacle and down into the valley before morning. I admit the ornery old fool deserves to die. He's plumb full of fifty-seven varieties of devil and a rotten sense of humor. There never was a corral built that would keep him in, or a set of hobbles made to hold him. But I'd as soon put a bullet in my own hide as in his lazy old carcass. I don't know what it is about him—"

"Personality," Malcolm laughed. "He's mellowed with age and experience till he's subtle as a Hindu mystic. It'd be a crime to kill him."

"At that, you can't exactly blame the Old Man," Coxen pointed out. "The brute needs three nursemaids and a chaperon. He's useless—"

"I know it," Ted admitted thoughtfully; "still—"

"Just the way I feel about it," Harraday put in hastily. "I could no more kill the old boy in cold blood than—"

"I've got to take a look-see along the ridge for a few days," Ted interrupted, "starting tomorrow. The Old Man thinks we can run a branch straight across to the main line and avoid that ninety mile detour. I might load Marcus up and take him along till the Old Man cools off. I suppose we're a fine bunch of sentimentalists, but, somehow—"

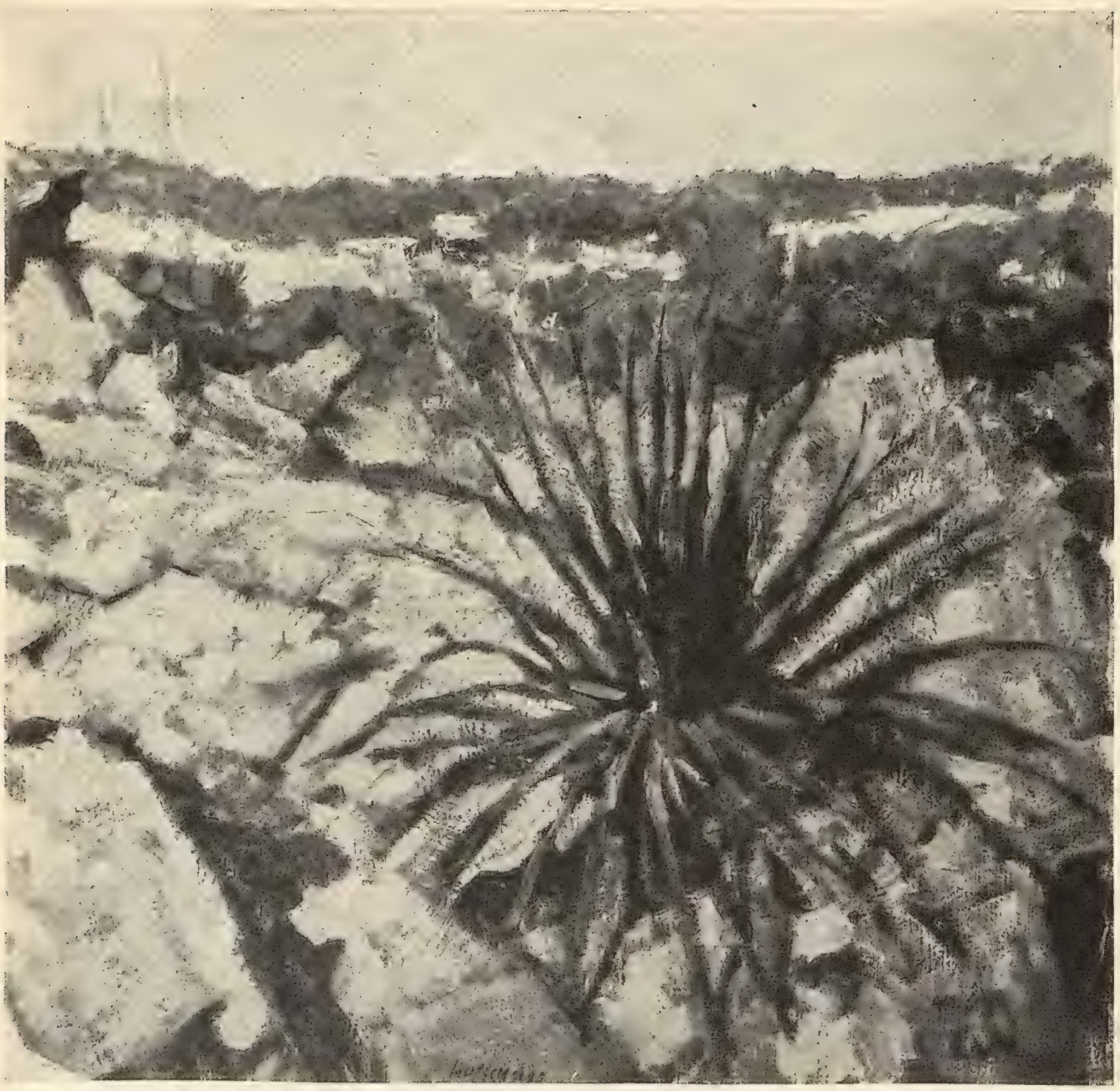
"Just what I think," Coxen agreed, making no effort to hide his relief. Marcus continued placidly to crop, just distinguishable in the twilight. If he sensed that death had momentarily paused at his ear and reconsidered even as the fatal whisper shaped itself in the blue desert evening, he gave no sign. He looked like some venerable desert sage who has arrived by meditation and silence at the explanation for all things and is therefore pained at none of them.

Ted Malcolm laughed suddenly. "I'd like to know who gave him that classical handle. Whoever it was, he must have known his Aurelius. I wish I could take 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' with the same calm detachment."

THE men sauntered back toward the collection of tents and tarpaper shacks flung carelessly down beside a water hole on the right of way of the railroad now building. Coxen waited till Harraday joined the gang at the smithy; then he ventured tactfully to Malcolm:

"Everything going O. K., Ted?"

There was a noticeable wait before the an-



the sun wheeled endlessly on his course, his malignant will unabated.

Wastelands

Pictures by
FRANK B. HOFFMAN

HARMON

swer, which, when it came, told exactly the opposite of what it seemed to say.

"Sure. Everything's fine. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. Thought you looked worried, somehow." There was no reply to this. As the younger man stopped to strike a match for his pipe, Coxen studied the gaunt face in the momentary yellow flare. It was stubbly and unkempt and set in unhappy lines.

"This cursed heat!" Coxen said at random. "It was a hundred and twenty down in that pit today. Suppose your wife feels it, does she?"

"Naturally. She's not used to it yet," Ted admitted shortly.

"And won't be," Coxen told himself grimly. "She ain't the kind that cares to get used to what she doesn't like. She's the kind that drums her miseries in a man's ears till he loses heart and makes a mess of a life work."

Aloud he was sympathetic. When Malcolm paused at the door of his own shack and hospitably murmured: "Come in a bit?" he pleaded weariness and thought he'd go to bed.

He had a glimpse, through the open door, of Ila Malcolm at the pine table, a magazine before her, her slender arms limply supporting the fair head. He recognized the very quality of the wan, patient smile she gave her husband, having seen it often on the heat pale faces of women in one construction camp or another, set down like this one in some bleak waste to mark the inexorable tide of human progress.

He knew just how few women there are strong enough in their love to follow their builder husbands to the end through loneliness and privation and cruel physical discomfort. Ila Malcolm, he believed, was not of their heroic breed.

"I give her six weeks, altogether," he conceded generously. "Then Ted'll either quit his job or she'll quit Ted."

MALCOLM, stricken as usual by the pitiful droop of the childish face lifted to his, and irritated in proportion with his sense of responsibility for her, tossed his hat at a nail and sank into the only other chair the shack afforded, a homemade work of art.

He regarded the girl compassionately out of tired eyes. She looked mutely back. He had an obstinate conviction that she knew very well just what a heartrending picture she made in her frailty, her wistful dejection.

He was beginning to suspect that every look she gave him, every smile, every gesture, was part of a cunningly designed campaign to undo him. Her very physical exquisiteness, in the face of odds, was becoming irritating. She looked like a pathetic flower in her delicate chiffon. She looked a little ridiculous, too, out here. He wished she wouldn't tog herself out as if for a garden party when the other women in camp stuck to plain, serviceable stuff.

Her determination seemed to be not to conform, not to adjust herself to conditions she could not change, but to create such an impression of superiority over her surroundings as to condemn him of inhuman indifference to her suffering. She seemed to want to identify herself as a dutiful wife compelled to endure unspeakable torment that his selfish ambitions might be gratified. It made him feel like an utter monster.

Yet he loved her more than anything in the world. Suddenly all his suspicions were swallowed up by the fear that she might fall ill out here, miles from help; that some disaster might overtake her. He knew the potentialities of the desert. He got up in the grip of that icy dread and hurried round the table to clutch her hard in his arms.

"Honey," he murmured pleadingly—"honey, I can't stand to see you suffer. Couldn't you be happier in town?"

She surrendered to the ecstasy of his pity, crying silently against his shoulder.

"As long as you must be in horrible places like this, I'll stay beside you," she assured him, a little ring of steel in the adoring promise.

His heart sank. It seemed to him that she was telling him as plainly as she dared that sooner or later he was going to have to decide which of them he meant to sacrifice—his wife or his ambition. There was no offer to compromise. She loathed the desert.

She began to talk of their Laughlin Park home in Los Angeles, a yearning break in her voice. "It's hard to believe that the broom's in flower now, isn't it, dear? And can't you just see the wistaria spilling shade all over the patio? How silly it seems to waste one's time here when there are such heavenly places!"

Waste one's time! He drew a long, exasperated breath, but hung on to himself. He tried again to tell her what it meant to him, this project, what it meant to both of them. "Think of it, honey, all this burned, barren, desolate waste blooming like our own garden at home! Can't you see it? Can't you see acres of fig trees where those volcanic boulders lie? Can't you see olive groves, walnuts, citrus trees, sweetening this marvelous air with their blossoms? Can't you see homes and cities and paved streets and—progress?"

She thought a moment, like a pretty child, but decided she couldn't quite vision it. He led her to the window and swung it wide.

"Look, sweetheart," he pleaded.

Obediently she looked. She saw low hills like purple hounds loping endlessly on against the sky. She saw a nursling moon that clung, as if terrified, to the skirts of a great cumulous mass of cloud. She saw the tall cactus trees gaunt and ghostly against the night, like an army of hanged men. She heard the wind rise in a desolate, macabre wail and begin to run like a thing pursued helter-skelter among the hills.

She shuddered in nameless apprehension. "Oh, it's terrible! It's the loneliest sight in the world. It frightens me."

"It's beautiful," he objected. "I love it as it is. In a way, I hate to see it disturbed. But the day's coming when this waste will be another Imperial Valley. The earth's rich with all the ingredients necessary for production. All the desert needs is water, railroads, capital, and people with vision and courage. I'm proud to be in the van of such progress. The age of the pioneer isn't past. I like to think of *us* as pioneers, honey, farsighted and brave. I'm proud to feel that I surveyed these thousands of idle acres. I'll be prouder still when they

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pocket Ben

The Westclox watch

$1.50

THE same careful workmanship and precision standards that make all Westclox dependable are applied to building this universally popular watch.

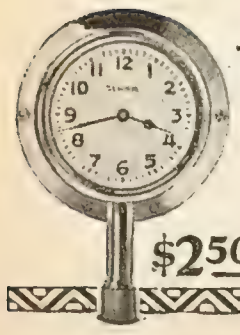
Reliability, sturdiness and good looks make Pocket Ben a world wide favorite. Sold everywhere.

Built by the makers of
Big Ben and other Westclox

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY

La Salle, Illinois



New Westclox Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield

$2.50

[A SAGA OF THE WASTELANDS]
Continued from page forty-five

burst out in flower and fruit. And so will you be—then. Honey, if I had to give it up, quit with my work undone—"

She caught the note of despair in his voice and responded instantly. With her arms about him she told him she could not possibly be more proud of her big, handsome, wonderful husband then than she now was. Hardly comforted, he pressed his cheek against hers. She winced away from his stubble of harsh beard, stealing a quick glance to see whether he had noticed her shrinking. He sighed heavily.

Almost as if in self justification, she cried disconsolately:

"Oh, if it just weren't for the dirt and the sordidness and these horrible sandstorms! And Joe's cooking. Ugh! And these horrid, crawly little lizards all over everything. And the snakes. And the terrible heat. And the loneliness."

He smiled indulgently. "In short, if it weren't for the desert you could be perfectly happy, couldn't you?" He was careful not to let her see his hurt, his rankling resentment, his suspicions. "Well, you'll be happier for a few days, anyway. We leave in the morning, you know. There's a fine camp spot on the side of the mountain. Clump of real trees—live oaks. And a spring, with green grass, watercress even. You'll imagine you're back in Laughlin Park, honey. Think you can get up bright and early and toss flapjacks for me? I'll have to teach you how to use a Dutch oven."

Her discontented face brightened, as it always did at the suggestion of something new. Seeing the brightening, he added warningly:

"Of course, you know we'll have to walk. The Old Man won't provide riding animals for any of us. But we'll have Marcus to carry our pack. Poor old boy, he nearly got his again today. Old Man orders him shot regularly, you know, every time he pulls stakes and beats it for the sticks, in fact. But nobody's got the heart to obey orders. There's a kind of tradition about him—superstition, almost. Somebody found him years ago beside a dead prospector down in Death Valley. They'd got to their water hole a little too late for one of 'em. By rights, Marcus should have stayed dead, too. But not Marcus. He got up and has been going ever since, though the experience left him a little turned. The Old Man's as soft about him as anybody. But he—"

Ila scoffed. "Fancy being soft about a flea bitten old burro!"

Malcolm considered her thoughtfully for a moment. "I suppose it does look silly to an outsider, at that. But wait till you know Marcus better. There's something about him— Of course, he's a nuisance. Must be nearly thirty years old. Solemn as an Indian padre to look at, and jammed full of raw, schoolboy tricks. I'll probably spend about half my time rescuing him from death by thirst; but I wouldn't—"

"He sounds perfectly insufferable to me," Ila declared flatly. "I fail to see how he could endear himself to anyone."

Her husband resolutely suppressed another of his inexplicable impulses and concluded patiently: "Well, I suppose you can't. Just the same, there's not a man in camp who'd voluntarily harm a hair on his grizzled old pate. I don't pretend to know why. Another of the unsolved mysteries of the Mohave, I suppose. Once the desert sets its stamp on you you're bound to be a little different, a little strange, even to yourself sometimes."

"You know he's an utter nuisance, but you'd rather see me prostrated than risk his worthless old hide," she stormed.

THEY were favored with a rare day of coolness for their start. Ila donned an impractical but modish sports outfit of silk and linen, and they got under way only an hour or so late, Marcus somnolently bearing their tent and bedding and what provisions they were likely to need. They covered the miles fairly easily at first, but toward evening it became necessary for Ted to take on his own shoulders some pounds of the heavy pack that Ila might occupy the space thus made on the burro's back.

There were dark circles under the blue eyes, and the pretty mouth drooped with genuine exhaustion. Torn by compassion, Ted murmured unguardedly, "Oh, sweetheart, if you'd only stayed in—"

Heat and weariness had nagged too long at the stubbornly repressed temper. She flared out suddenly, beside herself: "Well, why don't you go on and finish it? I know what you mean. I know I'm a burden on you. I know I should have stayed in Los Angeles and eaten my heart out in loneliness. I suppose—"

He groaned distractedly and she burst into penitent tears, leaning across from Marcus to put her head on her husband's shoulder.

"There, there, honey," he consoled wearily. "You're all in. Don't cry. Brace up. You'll get used to it in a few days."

The stiff smile she gave him through unbecoming tears seemed to promise patience, if not the high, fine courage he could have wished.

The days passed. She duly learned the intricacies of the Dutch oven and he professed to be overwhelmed by her culinary skill, though the flapjacks were unmistakably singed and the baking powder bread had to be divested of its thick overcoat of cinder before it could be eaten. She bore with burned fingers and smoke stung eyes more heroically than he realized, since vanity at first compelled her to hide their ravages from her husband.

Then, as she saw her lovely, petal pink hands slowly coarsening, her delicate skin chapped and sore, she ceased to conceal her feelings. She left off trying to keep her hair dressed. Her light sports

clothes soiled quickly over the embers of pitch pine with which she cooked, but in the sluggishness of misery that possessed her she found it increasingly easy to remember that the first law of the desert is and has always been: Save the water. Her childlike mouth took on a perpetual ill humored quirk. She found the pranks of the paradoxical Marcus, at first amusing, now utterly intolerable.

"You'll have to do something about that beast," she scolded shrilly. "I've lugged that old log

out of camp a dozen times today. He drags it right back just to madden me. Why don't you tie him to a stake?"

"There's so little for the poor old duffer to eat, honey," Ted explained soothingly. "If I picket him fast he'll have to be moved every hour or so. He stays close to camp because of the grass, but just as sure as I turn him loose he'll disappear. Hobbles won't hold him."

Her gorge had taken to rising unaccountably with every mention of the beast. "I suppose it doesn't matter that he drives me frantic," she said stiffly, "so he has enough to eat!"

Her husband looked at her fixedly for a moment, then the angry retort died on his tongue. She looked so piteously childish and unwashed. He quietly picked up the pole to which the animal was hitched and led him well beyond the outskirts of the camp. Even his silence, to the overwrought girl, was rebuke. Her chin quivered. The hot tears came.

WHEN, that evening, Marcus inquisitively nosed his way back to the makeshift cupboard nailed to the trunk of a tree and overturned the flour sack, she screamed that she'd had just about enough of the pest. He'd either be turned out of camp or—

"But, honey," Ted protested, too patiently, "you know I keep him here so I can watch him. I can't spend precious hours hunting the desert for him. And I'm not going to let him die out there. I know he's—"

"You know he's an utter nuisance, but you'd rather see me prostrated than risk his worthless old hide," she stormed, scooping angrily at the mound of flour with a mixing spoon.

HIS thin face set suddenly in a hard, unfamiliar mask. Without a word he got up from his supper, limped across to the unabashed animal, and unfastened the halter. Marcus hopped over his late impediment, lifting his long ears one at a time inquiringly. Then he hobbled painfully off, gratefully cropping as he went.

Somewhat ashamed of herself, Ila dusted flour from her hands and murmured: "I'll watch so he doesn't leave, Ted. And —I'm sorry. But, oh, honey, it's— it's so awful!" Her tears started again.

He took her in his arms and silently agreed that it was — for both of them.

Morning showed no trace of Marcus. Ted finally returned from a preliminary search, looking very grave and showing all too plainly his effort not to seem accusing.

"I'm afraid he's really gone, honey. Hobbled close like that he can't manage very well. He might—"

"Oh, he'll be all right," she said coldly. "He'll be back before we get ready to leave. If he isn't we can just leave our stuff here and have the boys come after it in the flivver."

He gave her a searching, incredulous look. "They might find travel pretty hard without a road, you know. Anyway, that's not the important thing. I don't intend to let that poor old chap die of thirst if I can help it. He may get down some place in a draw where I'd never be able to find him in a century of search. If he weren't hobbled like that it wouldn't be so bad. I wish to heaven—"

Ila's mouth went grim. She was making her customary painful attempt to bake flapjacks on the inverted lid of the Dutch oven over an open fire, and the morning air was already polluted by the smell of scorched dough. A blister on her finger was no aid to emotional control. Her blundering incompetency aggravated Malcolm's already overstrained temper.

"Oh, sit down, puss, and let me show you how to bake flapjacks," he said impatiently. If there was a cadence of inherent masculine superiority in his voice he was unaware of it. Nor was he quite prepared for the explosive haste with which she relinquished the pancake turner.

"Oh, all right; if you don't care for my pancakes, bake them yourself," she snapped haughtily. For

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

PAT a little Fougère Royale Lotion on your face and in ten seconds you knock ten years off your appearance. It's just as though you spent a heavy half hour with your favorite barber—*minus* the time and expense. Gone are the haggard lines of fatigue, the old papery feel of a sleep-parched skin, the dead sag of flabby, tired muscles.

And in their stead a pick-up that soothes, cools and smooths with the tingling vigor of an icy needle shower. Facial muscles show they're alive. Wrinkles run to cover. Your whole outlook changes under its freshening, revivifying power.

It's styptic, too. Bleeding stops, nicks heal when Fougère Royale's the doctor. Once you use it you forget that you forgot new blades for that scraping hoe—your razor.

Use it with its twin — Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. It's as non-caustic and non-irritating as hand and brain can produce—a cool-headed referee between your beard and razor. Mildly perfumed with that great outdoor fragrance—Fougère Royale (Royal Fern)—it's a fond farewell to all smarting and after-shaving burn.

Try both at our expense. Just mail the coupon below for generous samples of these HOUBIGANT philanthropies.

Fougère Royale
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal
After-Shaving Lotion

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. B 14
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Moore's Writing Pens
with the famous
MANIFLEX POINT

Pearlcraft and all popular colors and models. Write for booklet and name of local dealer.

ALL indestructible Moore's Pens unconditionally GUARANTEED

THE WRITING POINT!

In every particular, Moore's lead the best. In workmanship, finish, material, colors, etc. Moore's are in fact and by reputation the finest—and outstanding above everything else is the MANIFLEX POINT—the vital part of a Pen—the WRITING POINT.

Moore's Writing Pens are more than Fountain Pens—they are Writing Pens.

THE MOORE PEN CO. BOSTON, MASS.

NOCKABOUT
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKETS

AT no extra cost, you can now get a knit jacket with reinforced sleeves.

Just ask your dealer for a Nockabout Knit Jacket—the only kind with the new reinforced sleeves. Extra thickness where wear is hardest. If you are hard on elbows, you'll like this idea.

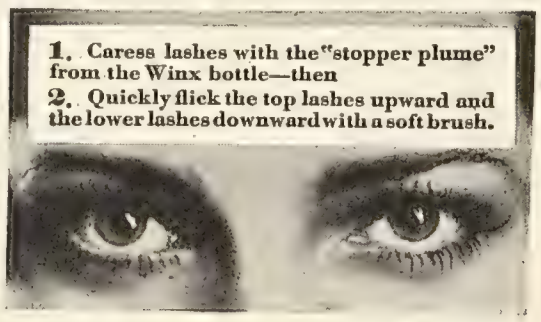
By all means, have your dealer show you the new Nockabouts and learn why these new and better knit jackets are favorites with so many men at work, at camp, on the campus, or camping around home. Sold at popular prices.

At your dealer's or write us for illustrated folder

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL
345 Broadway Dept. L New York

EYES
are so beautiful when you do this

A TWINKLING...that's all. And eyes are more beautiful than ever before. It is the precious gift of waterproof Winx. Without a hint of artificiality Liquid Winx dressing works its magic. It makes lashes darker, shadowy and luxuriant, and so makes the eyes seem larger, more expressive and bewitching. Just 2 quick steps:



Lovely, lustrous, steadfast beauty, that neither a tear, a cinder nor a day in bathing can dim, adorns the eyes! Liquid Winx, the originator of the mode, is waterproof. Also it is harmless, safe, and so easy to apply. There are two shades — black or brown. Price, complete, 75c. Sold everywhere.

Ross Company, 234 West 18th Street
New York City, New York

WINX

Send 12c for generous Winx Sample

[A SAGA OF THE WASTELANDS]
Continued from page forty-seven

the fraction of an instant—that infinitesimal margin of safety before all quarrels—he was tempted to burst into loud laughter, so ridiculous did they both appear in the eyes of his innate humor.

But his sense of heaped up ills was too much for him. Instead of laughing, he jabbed savagely at a smoking cake, and, failing safely to turn it, saw it spread over griddle and fire in a sticky plaster. She would not have been feminine if she had not snickered triumphantly, with a deep, sick feeling at what she was doing, a throb of maternal tenderness for his ludicrous chagrin.

Disaster might yet have been averted but for the genuinely enraged glare he gave her before he kicked the oven lid into the fire and abandoned the job.

"I WISH to heaven I'd never seen the Mohave Desert!" she screamed suddenly, her eyes flashing out weeks of repression and pain.

Tense with strain, he broke. "You don't wish it any harder than I do. And just bear in mind that you're not here on my invitation, either."

She stared for a moment unbelievingly before she sobbed, "Why, Ted Malcolm, how dare you say a thing like that?"

"Because it happens to be true. You wouldn't stay in Los Angeles, where you could be comfortable. You had—"

"I knew it, I knew it!" she wailed, stumbling blindly about among pots and pans. "I knew all the time you'd stopped loving me. I knew you didn't want me.

"I've been in the way all the time. You don't care for anything in the world but your job. You worry more about that darned old mule than you do about me. I wish I were dead!"

"Oh, don't be an ass," he advised icily, for the first time deaf to the confident, ingratiating appeal of the loved voice. "You're so rotten spoiled you've got it in your head you can order the universe to suit your whims. You've just about done it, all your life. You've never even made a pretense of helping me, though I told you before we were married what you'd have to expect.

"You deliberately came out here to torment me into resigning the job I've worked years to get. In Los Angeles you drove me frantic with your complaining letters. You've never in your life considered any human being but yourself. You can turn a faithful old animal out into the desert to die of thirst and never bat an eye. You're like all your idle, parasitic friends—selfish, soft, cowardly, and unkind. You never—"

He suddenly caught himself up in abject horror of the things he heard himself saying without being able to help it. With a perfectly spontaneous and unconscious oath he whirled round, grabbed up his hat and a gulp of scalding coffee, and plunged off down the draw, leaving Ila seated on the edge of her bed, small hands clenched into furious hard little fists.

SHE was speechless from shock for a moment. Then, as the full significance of the quarrel burst on her, she whimpered incredulously:

"Why, he—he actually *cursed* at me. He did, he did!" Sobs convulsed her and she buried her face in the bedclothes, gasping. Then she drew herself up in a flare of wild anger. "All right. I'll show him! I guess if he doesn't want me I can go. I don't have to stay here. If that's the way he feels about me I'd better go. If that's what he really thinks of me—"

She collapsed again. But presently she got wearily to her feet, and, without a backward look at their comfortable little camp, set her blurred eyes in the direction of headquarters.

She had neither water nor food. Her head was unprotected from the tropic sun already hours high in the coppery sky. Heartbreak carried her far before she realized her weariness. It was midafternoon before it even occurred to her that perhaps she had been a little overconfident of her ability to remember landmarks. Now that she stopped really to observe, she discovered that there were no landmarks, save piebald hills on two sides of her, all very much alike. The mesquite bushes, the tall cacti, the sage and greasewood were identical whichever way she turned. And water seeking animals might have traced the faint path she followed.

She was too ignorant to be frightened yet, though the discovery that she was very thirsty gave her some misgivings. She continued to drag herself wearily forward, occasionally muttering, "I'll show him!" Somewhere toward the north and east lay the village on the water hole, and there she would commandeer the camp car and Joe and carry her incurable hurt back to the green solace of Laughlin Park.

She sobbed deep in her parched throat and stumbled blindly on. The sun became unmerciful toward evening. She knew now, too, that it was no trail she followed, for the scattered hoofprints finally disappeared. The hills began to dance and race beside her through the hot blur of the sky. Once she put out a distracted hand to stop them. The realization that she was not quite aware of her motions, that her mind was finding it hard to center on realities, shocked her into a pause.

"I've got to rest a bit," she said

aloud. And she threw herself down full length in the inadequate shade of a mesquite thorn, concentrating practically on relaxation. Thirst, aggravated now by fear, was insistent. But she still believed that she must find, just over the next rim, the outlines of the tarpaper shacks on the horizon.

Half an hour later she stumbled to her feet. The desert swam with her in great brown, hot waves, like a boiling tide running in. The one absorbing content of her fevered mind now was water. The gently undulating acres of gray and brown suggested the Pacific on a raw day, grim, quiet, unwarmed, lonely, and immense. She put the thought away from her, but was seized instantly by another, more agonizing:

"I wonder if I can be lost?"

After a while she discovered that she was running at top speed and calling loudly for help. She tried to get hold of herself. Somewhere in her mind drummed the imperative warning that madness kills more people on the desert than does thirst. But hysteria clawed too deep. And she had never before been thrown on her own resources. They were not sufficient. She ran on for some time, like a squirrel on a treadmill, getting nowhere, screaming as she ran. Then she stumbled, plunged headlong, remained where she fell.

Some hours later she found the stars overhead, and the moon, now nearly full grown, and a cold wind tugging at her hair like a disembodied hand. She pulled herself to her feet and struck out, with no sense of direction, no object at all, save to get away from where she was. Her thirst had abated somewhat. She was encouraged. But the molten sun came over the mountains to find her hopelessly adrift among unfamiliar heaps of scoria, the piled up ravages of some colossal unwitnessed catastrophe.

SHE suddenly lost her head completely and began to mouth furious blasphemies. "Curse God and die," she panted. "Curse God and die!" Once, stumbling across a rock, she heard a dry, mechanical rattle and saw at her feet a corrupt, writhing object that reached out at her a venomous, darting head. She whirled and ran shrieking in horror in the opposite direction, slapping down with frantic hands to tear off imaginary coils.

She fell again and was long still. The sun crawled his inexorable way up the burning sky, hesitating at noon as if to increase the intolerable blaze. The girl stirred and dragged her aching body to her knees, caught out at nothing, steadied herself, lifted her discolored face to the blank, cloudless skies and muttered a pitiful petition. Somehow she got to her feet and staggered on.

"I ought to be seeing a mirage pretty soon," she choked. "Folks who die on the desert of thirst always do. Then they go insane and die. I hope I haven't long to wait."

She strove to concentrate her burned eyes on the shimmering waste, to find there the visionary oases of rippling water, with reeds blowing in the wind.

It was again midafternoon before her eyes found what they sought — not a silvery strip of marsh, but a strange, dark blot on the yellow, as if some pocket in the volcanic crater had filled with rain water against this very extremity.

It was so unlike the thing she expected that she found it necessary to resist the delirious hope that it might not be a mirage at all, but actual water. If it were only mud, yet moist enough to slake the cracked lips and swollen tongue, she might live and struggle on.

OVERCOME by eagerness she fell to the earth again, almost unable to face the agony of knowing. Dragging and flogging herself the yards that intervened, she approached the brown, still object. Her head pitched forward. Her hands went out. Her numb fingers fell upon a responsive mass.

With a mighty effort she pulled herself back from unconsciousness. There was some kind of mute, feeble struggle going on in the brown heap before her. Her eyes focused on the spot, and into their vision floated the incredible apparition of Marcus, hunched up, gaunt, pitiful, looking up at her with his patient, comprehending eyes, as though all this had happened to him many times before and he was not to be disconcerted.

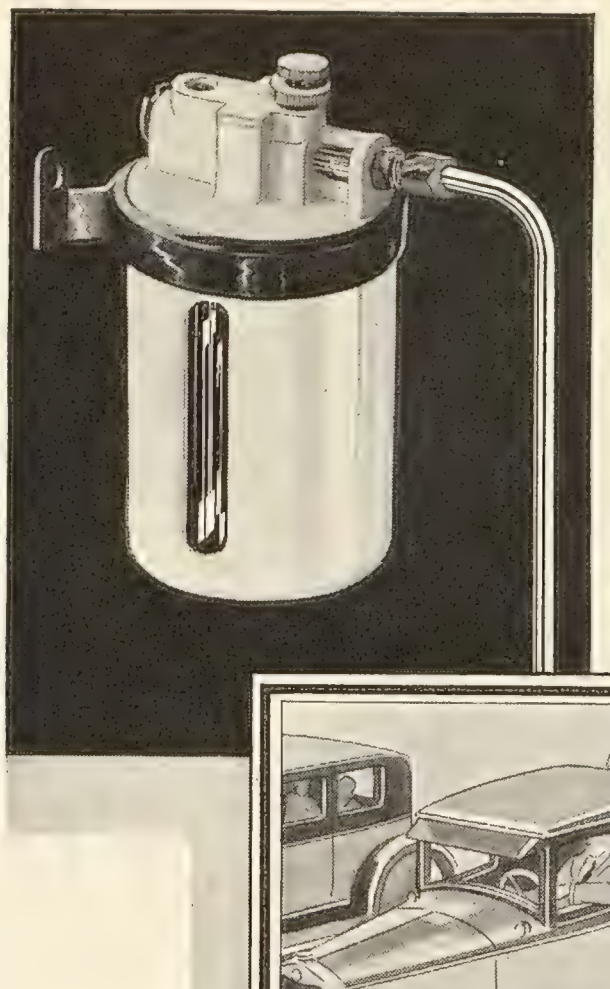
"Oh, you poor thing!" she gasped. "You poor, poor thing!"

Then she took in the fact that there was something odd about his legs, as though there were three of them where there should have been but two, and one where there should have been another. Her groping hands felt round, discovered that one hind foot was thrust through the tight hobble rope on the forefeet. He had tripped and been thrown, and his legs were pared to the bone from his frantic efforts to free himself.

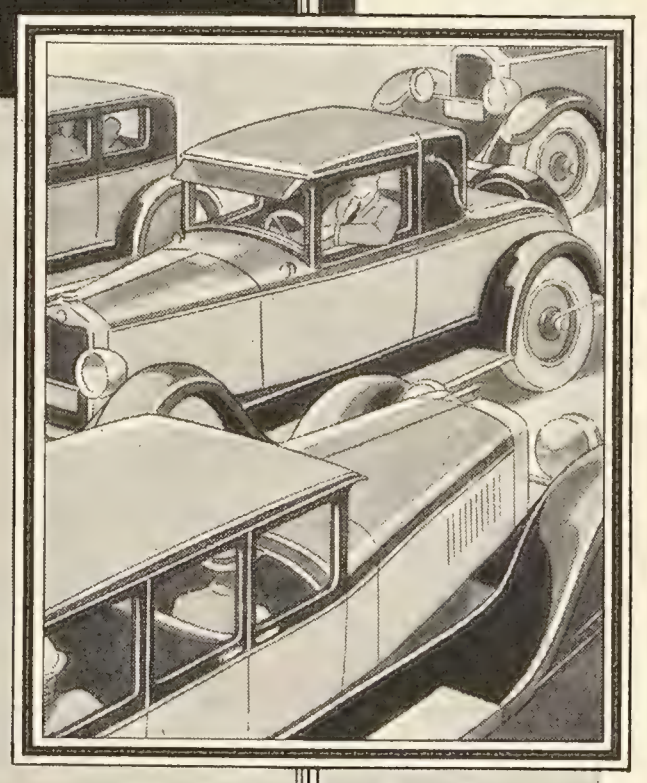
"And I did it!" she moaned. "I did it!"

With a sick sob she fell upon the tortured animal, clawing at his fetters, patting his bony old head

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



More Power
Quicker Pick-up
Rhythmic Smoothness



...because it puts Lubrication where you've never had adequate Lubrication before

THE Decro-oiler puts a fine spray of special penetrating Decro-oil far up into combustion chambers of motors through the intake manifold. There this oil—the original green oil for combustion chamber lubrication—penetrates around the pistons, rings and valves, giving a perfect bond of lubrication and sealing them for maximum compression.

Lazy motors need the Decro-oiler to give them quick pick-up, steady power and a rhythmic smoothness of operation that makes motoring a pleasure. Hard-to-start motors need it to put them into action at the first step on the starter.

Immediately you install the Decro-oiler you notice a big difference in performance. And more important still is the economy it effects—for the Decro-oiler not only gets the best out of any motor, but it renders carbon inactive and eliminates stickiness in valves—thereby saving frequent repair bills, tie-ups, and annoyances.

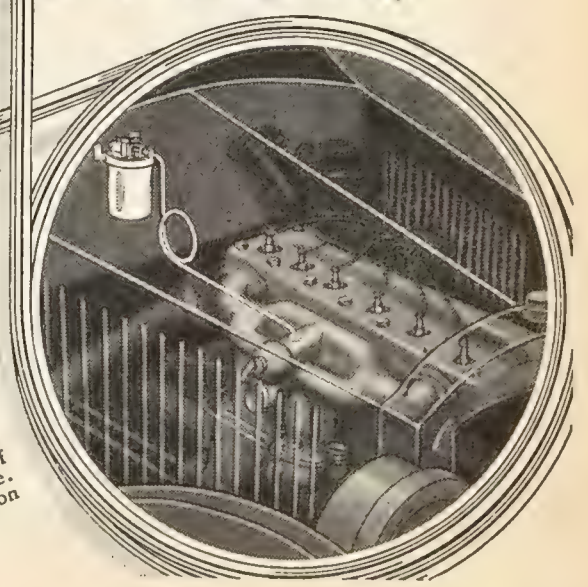
You, yourself, or your service man can install a Decro-oiler in a few moments. In carton with sufficient Decro-oil for approximately 500 miles, $8.50.

DECROW AUTOMOTIVE SPECIALTIES, INC.
Lockport - - - - - - - - New York

DECRO OILER

and most important

The Decro-oiler renders carbon inactive
Eliminates stickiness in valves
Saves money on repairs



The Decro-oiler attaches to intake manifold of motor as shown here. Easily installed on all motors.

Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

When you smile, it's your teeth that people notice. Keep them white and glistening—and be proud to let your smile reveal that pearly sparkle. And Dentyne, so firm and smooth and delicious, is the chewing gum especially made to keep teeth polished white and make your smile more charming.

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

[A SAGA OF THE WASTELANDS]
Continued from page forty-nine

encouragingly, her own agony forgotten in pity for this dumb, uncomplaining crucifixion. The rope yielded at last to her strong little teeth. The stiff legs stretched out straight. With an almost human sigh of grateful relief, the skeletal beast drew himself together and lunged shakily upright. He took an experimental step or two on his lamed legs. Then, with a satisfied shake of his shaggy head, he struck off. Ila followed, knowing herself to be less competent than the animal to find a way out of their inferno.

Again and again she fell. Delirium claimed her and she ran singing before the plodding Marcus, or knelt long unmoving while the sun wheeled endlessly on his course, his malignant will unabated. It was not until afterward that it occurred to her to wonder why, from these lapses, she returned always to find the motionless beast standing near with bent head and gently blinking eyes, or why he resumed his weary, unfaltering pace the instant she got to her feet and moved.

She came to him finally and tried to mount, knowing her strength about gone. She could not lift herself the few feet necessary. So she clutched at his wispy mane and held fast, stumbling, falling, getting up again, never losing hold on her ancient cicerone though the earth faded finally from her vision and thenceforth she neither saw nor felt, but continued to move like an automaton.

Presently even this ceased. She knew that she had fallen for the last time. She knew that never again would she lift hand or foot; that outraged nature had at last claimed her due; and that Ted would never so much as know where her small bones whitened under the desert sun. How petty seemed that old quarrel now, in the face of death!

HER black lips moved and formed his dear name in farewell:

"Ted! Oh, Ted, darling!"

A hand lifted her prone head. A choking voice said gently:

"Just a drop more, sweetheart. You mustn't take too much, you know. It's terribly dangerous."

The drop slid between her lips. Out of the convulsion of her mind emerged a conscious thought. She opened her eyes and saw above her the white, drawn face of her husband and, still farther above, the blessed cool leaves of the live oaks rustling. A minute movement showed her the small brown tent, the homemade cupboards, the lid of the Dutch oven still half submerged in the cold embers of their breakfast fire.

"Why," she whispered incredulously, "I didn't die. I'm home!"

Her husband put his head against her and sobbed aloud.

"Ila, Ila, I thought I'd lost you. I thought I'd killed you. Oh, my blessed, my blessed. It was a miracle—no less. A miracle!"

She smiled in recollection.

"Wasn't it merely Marcus?"

"He brought you in. I'd been scouring the desert for you since yesterday noon. Then I thought maybe you were hiding some place, punishing me for my atrocious behavior—I needed it, darling—so I came back at sundown, hoping to find you here. And Marcus was just digging his feet into the sands of the draw down there. He was about done. You had both hands fixed in a death grip in his mane. I could hardly pry you loose.

"God knows how many miles the poor old devil had been hauling you across that smoking pan. He looks almost as awful as you do. Oh, sweetheart, I've had my lesson. What's a profession, after all? I was a selfish brute, honey. I didn't know, till I thought I'd lost you. We'll quit and get out of this purgatory. I can get into something else. Anything else. You're all I want, all I need, ever, ever, my sweet!"

SHE was silent a moment, considering this. Then she lifted herself on an elbow, laughing a little as she saw her emaciated arm.

"As it happens, we're not going to do anything of the sort," she said quietly. He raised his head swiftly to question her, to remonstrate. But she motioned him still, and went on, between long pauses for thought:

"The strange part of it is that all my horror of the desert's gone. I lost it out there, somewhere. I don't want to leave it, Ted. I honestly don't. After what it's taught me? Hardly! You're the only person in the world, Ted, who ever had the nerve to tell me the truth about myself. Dad never would. Mother might have, if she'd lived. Why, I marvel you stood for me six weeks.

"I actually did come out from Los for the sole purpose of forcing you to resign. I thought you'd get so sick of seeing me suffer you'd be only too glad to throw up your job. It doesn't seem possible, honey, I could have been that sort of person. I never even considered what your work meant to you. I never gave a thought to that poor beast till I found him out there, dying. Then—"

She drew a shuddering breath and closed her eyes for a moment. They had shadows in them that Malcolm didn't like. All the round, childish, provocative outlines of her had gone. She was thin and grave and altered. He drew her close convulsively, as he saw how doubly dear she was, how doubly beautiful. She went on, thoughtfully:

"Something's happened inside me. I don't know what. I'm all changed. You said that once the desert puts its stamp on you you're never quite the same. I can understand that now. . . . I've the feeling I want to stick till you've beaten the desert. I want to watch the wastes bloom, with you. Besides, there's something—grand—indescribable—about it, just as it

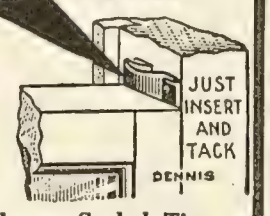
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

SAVE COAL—
STOP DRAFTS—
KEEP HEAT IN—

EASY TO APPLY

with DENNIS
ONE PIECE-DOUBLE CUSHION
WEATHER STRIP

O SPRING BRONZE O



Easily Installed Without Removing Sash or Doors

No muss, no trouble, no tools needed. Strip, nails and directions come in handy sets.

Self Adjusting—Always Sealed Tite

Patented "S" fold gives double spring action. Stops cold air leaks. Makes snug weatherproof seal conforming to all warping, shrinkage and expansion of sash and doors. Spring bronze lasts forever.

Accept no substitutes. Get the genuine DENNIS strip with the "S" fold from your dealer. Or, if he can't supply you we will ship direct, postpaid, with full directions.

Sample Offer

W. J. DENNIS & CO.
2110-20 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.
Send.....Sample Window Sets at $1.75 each
Send.....Sample Door Sets at $2.00 each
I am enclosing my Check ☐ Money Order ☐
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
My Dealer's Name.....

In Next Week's LIBERTY—

Clarence Darrow

The famous criminal lawyer and student of psychology contributes a gripping story of intolerance

THE BLACK SHEEP

ALSO

Another short story by

Beatrice Grimshaw

A fascinating tale of the South Seas called

The House of the Hatter

FACTS ABOUT ASTHMA

Statistics show that attacks can be completely relieved in thirty minutes in at least two out of four people who have Asthma, by taking Bi-Respin tablets at the first sign of an attack. Another one of these four people will be benefited a great deal though not completely relieved. You have three good chances out of four. Send $2.00 for one package *under strict guarantee* of money back if results do not satisfy *you*. Address Bi-Respin, Dept. L-11, 41 East 42nd St., New York City.

SIDE LINE

Sold to Rated Trade Only

For use in their own building. Sold from Pocket Portfolio: 30 day trial when requested. Removes stoppages from waste pipes. Give full information about yourself in first letter. Replies confidential.

J. E. Kennedy Corp., Dept. 8G, 79 Madison Ave., N.Y.

DANDRUFF

AND FALLING HAIR

Millions use Lucky Tiger for scalp troubles and Whyte-Fox for skin ailments. Both sold under Money-Back Guarantee. Barbers or druggists

LUCKY TIGER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

is. Why, now it's over, I wouldn't have missed it for the world. It's like being initiated into some beautiful mystery— Where is he, Ted? What have you done with him?"

She twisted in his arms until her eyes came into line with the gray old fellow dreaming in the shade of the oaks, his heavy lids drooping, his ears wagging reflectively, his gaunt ribs showing through his patchwork sides.

"Honey," she said suddenly, "he's all but human. He knows more than any of us. He knows everything. He's as mysterious as the desert itself. I had the crazy feeling out there that he was the desert come to life. I talked to him constantly and, you know, I'd swear he answered me."

Marcus continued to drowse, honorable fatigue in every line of him. He had a preposterously scholarly appearance, all at once. He suggested some ancient, book-wise old philosopher, resting from his labors. But he shook himself presently, a forerunner of his chronic restlessness, and began to busy himself discreetly with the hobbles on his bruised forelegs, throwing drowsy, nonchalant glances at the two who watched.

Ila's eyes filled. "I'd just like to see anybody shoot him!" she cried hotly. "After this, he's my very own private property. I'll keep him hitched to the bedpost for safety. It's silly, isn't it, dear? But, you know, there's something—"

"There is," said Malcolm, with conviction. "I always have contended that there's something downright supernatural about the old scarecrow."

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

The Ballad of the Boat

By RICHARD GARNETT

[This poem has passed in American books of selections as having been written by an unknown "R. Garrett," this being mainly the consequence of an error in editing the little book called Sea and Shore, some twenty years ago. It now, however, appears as the work of a man dear to many Americans, Dr. Richard Garnett, late of the British Museum.]

THE stream was smooth as glass.
We said: "Arise, and let's away."
The Siren sang beside the boat that
in the rushes lay,
And spread the sail and strong the
oar, we gayly took our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crost?
When shall we find the bay?

The broadening flood swells slowly
out o'er cattle dotted plains;
The stream is strong and turbulent,
and dark with heavy rains;
The laborer looks up to see our
shallop speed away.
When shall the sandy bar be crost?
When shall we find the bay?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds;
the sun, superbly large,
Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke,
sinks flaming at their marge;
The waves are bright with mirrored
light as jacinths on our way.
When shall the sandy bar be crost?
When shall we find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and
now no more we see
The spreading river's either bank,
and surging distantly
There booms a sudden thunder as of
breakers far away;
Now shall the sandy bar be crost, now
shall we find the bay!

The seagull shrieks high overhead,
and dimly to our sight
The moonlit crests of foaming waves
gleam towering through the
night.
We'll steal upon the mermaid soon,
and start her from her lay,
When once the sandy bar is crost and
we are in the bay.

What rises white and awful as a
shroud enfolded ghost?
What roar of rampant tumult bursts
in clangor on the coast?
Pull back! pull back! The raging
flood sweeps every oar away.
O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O
boat, is this the bay?

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Don't We Know It!

Dickie had been punished and tears were still in evidence. "Why are you so naughty, Dickie?" mother asked. After a moment's thought Dickie gave his answer: "Well, I guess 'cause it's so easy."—Mrs. D. A. Parker, 5459 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Every Equestrian Will Agree

After his first horseback ride at his uncle's farm, a little boy was asked how he liked it. He replied: "The horse wasn't much good. It was rough riding even on good roads."—John C. Randolph, 212 Graham Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

NOW.. A Sandwich Toaster for the *Home!*

DAINTY, golden brown toasted sandwiches . . . piping hot . . . more appetizing and delicious than any you ever tasted . . . made in only 20 seconds with the new HOSTESS Sandwich Toaster.

No longer need you toast bread separately, putting in the "filler" while the toast cools and hardens. Make up your sandwiches hours beforehand . . . toast them right at the table when ready to serve. Place *complete sandwich* in the HOSTESS . . . in 20 seconds it will be perfectly toasted from top and bottom . . . piping hot clear through . . . with all the luscious flavor and aroma sealed in!

This Toasting Method is Called "Dixie Style"

1 Spread top and bottom of sandwich with melted butter.

2 Place *complete* sandwich in the HOSTESS Toaster

3 In 20 seconds, perfect sandwich toasted in real "Dixie Style."

The HOSTESS is an all-purpose toaster. Self-adjustable for any thickness. Makes perfect, dry toast as well as "Dixie Style" 2-deck and 3-deck sandwiches. The HOSTESS is the *only* toaster, to our knowledge, which makes crisp, wafer-thin Melba toast.

Beautifully finished with handle in red, black, or green. Durably made. Tested and approved by "Good Housekeeping Institute." Price, $10 complete with cord and on-off switch plug. If your Light Company, electrical dealer, or department store cannot supply you, send $10 direct to factory under FREE trial and satisfaction guaranteed offer. Or, pay postman the full purchase price plus postage on delivery. Use the HOSTESS Sandwich Toaster five days . . . if not thoroughly satisfied, return and your money will be refunded immediately.

***The* ALL RITE COMPANY**

Manufacturers of "All Rite" Electric Light Lunch Equipment now used by thousands of soda fountains, tea rooms, and sandwich shops throughout the country

RUSHVILLE, INDIANA

HOSTESS Sandwich Toaster

☐ Enclosed is $10. Send HOSTESS at once.
☐ Send me a HOSTESS. Will pay postman.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

☐ *Jobbers* ☐ *Dealers:* Check here and mail for complete information.

Vox

Mr. Smith and the Religious Issue

DREXEL HILL, PA.—I have read with some amusement—and considerably more pity—a number of letters published in Vox Pop which were written by both Catholics and Protestants, regarding the coming presidential election. Don't you think that an effort should be made to secure letters from persons of the Mohammedan, the Jewish, and the Buddhist faiths, setting forth their opinions regarding the matter?

Then, to season the mess, we could have a hash of comment from all of the different denominations of the Protestant faith, and a final seasoning of atheism.

It is all so damned *un-American*, so stupidly foolish, so utterly and completely asinine. What in h— has membership in any church to do with a man's capabilities as President of the United States?

Religion is entirely a matter of personal opinion. To the minds of a great number of people there is no positive proof of the truth or falsity of any religion. Your guess is as good as mine and mine as good as the other fellow's.

We may all be right in a measure and to a degree, or we may all be eternally and completely wrong. Who knows? Some claim to know, but in so doing they prove but one thing—that is their own ignorance.

There is one thing, however, that every American fit to cast a ballot should know. That is tolerance. A voter should be big enough mentally to gauge a man according to his ability, his honesty, and his integrity, regardless of his church affiliations or lack of them.

To prevent some of our Christian women and men—so signed—from

assuming that this, of necessity, must be written by a Catholic, permit me to say that I am not a Catholic, and that I do not intend to vote for Governor Smith.

The only reason that I am not voting for him is that I consider Hoover better fitted for the job.—*H. G. Lambert.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Religious issue? Why not? Do the Protestants and freethinkers want a man in the White House who believes there is a greater power and a greater human in Rome than the President of the United States himself?—*J. W.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why all the arguments about Al and his religious views? You know just as well as I do he can never be elected, and to back up the above statement I offer odds of fifteen to one, on any amount your readers wish to put up, that *if* Al is elected, four months after he takes office 98 per cent of our factories will be shut down. This means in the entire United States.—*Dim Bulb.*

P. S. Just 'cause I like you am going to give you a tip: Don't put up any of your own money because, just four months after the President takes office, comes the FOURTH OF JULY. — *Getting brighter.*

Just Among "Us Hooverites"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I did think Smith had a fighting chance until I heard him speak. To put a man like him in argument against the learned diplomats and ambassadors of foreign countries and have him say: "Dis is de foist time I ever spoke in dis hall" would turn our U. S. A. into a joke and make us the laughing stock of the world.—*H. Julian.*

GETTYSBURG, PA.—I am taking a vacation after playing in theaters through the South, and when you see Hoover's name flashed on the screen they go mad.

When Smith's face is exposed, a few Catholics, who have strength enough after a crab salad on Friday, get together and applaud, but there is no comparison.

If the theatergoing folks' votes count, I know Hoover is in.—*A Comedian.*

CHICAGO, ILL. — The clear seeing, straight talking and clean acting Democrats are giving us Hooverites no trouble. 'Cause why? 'Cause they fight fair.

But what's giving us awful cramps in our suppressed fists are the Dumb-o-crats and the Damn-o-crats.—*Jud.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The same amount of thinking goes on under Al's brown derby when it's on Al's head and when it's lying on a table.—*Baptist.*

Get the Girl, Bill; We'll Keep Time

HOBOKEN, N. J.—I see that a Vox Popper signing himself "Bill" of Frankfort, Kentucky, said: "I challenge Irene Kuhn or any other woman—big, little, old, or young—to leave the bathtub the same time I do and be ready to appear in public by the time that I am."

Of all the nerve! That dizzy bozo must have seen a salad dressing and thought he could do it as fast. He's 100 per cent cuckoo, because I could leave the tub at the *exact* moment he did and be dressed just as soon, or sooner. And so could thousands of other girls.

Tell him to get a girl and a timekeeper and try a race.—*Miss D. S.*

O. K.—Glad You Mentioned It

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. — Reading LIBERTY the other day, I got as far as Question Five in your "Twenty Questions": "Where is the Dead Sea?"

Now, why dig that up? There are so many live questions. Why raise a storm over that?

For my part, I wave it aside. May it rest in peace.—*Uncontroversial.*

One Way and Another—

WORCESTER, MASS.—Permit me, as a foreigner, to congratulate you on your editorials. They are certainly to the point and do not mince matters.

The one on the Kellogg Treaty is just what we feel about it in realistic Europe. "Outlaw war." . . . All applesauce, as you Americans say. There will always be wars as long as two persons are left. Probably these last two will also quarrel as to who is finally to hold the earth.

And how Nature must laugh at us bipeds!—*D. M. S.*

—Our Editorials Seem—

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—In regard to your editorial, "The 18th and 19th Amendments." I usually enjoy and agree with your editorials, but this one made me feel like fighting.

So that is what you men think of the women today! We are merely unnecessary pests, or else a necessary evil. Which? Would like to ask who gave women the vote. Did we do it ourselves? Certainly not. It was our husbands, fathers, brothers, sweethearts. Now they are squealing about it.

Why? They figured we had no minds of our own, would vote just as they wanted us to, thereby strengthening their own votes. Alas! The majority of us pests have minds of our own and vote as we see best.

I have always said and still say that, if the question of woman suffrage had been voted on by women alone, and every woman in the country had been forced to vote, the measure would have been defeated by a large majority.—*Mrs. S. W. S. (One of the dominating sex.)*

—to Stir Up a Lot of—

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In your editorial, "The 18th and 19th Amendments," why didn't you add: "Woman has invaded man's barber shop and forced the barbers to turn from stories concerning traveling salesmen to bedtime stories?"—*G. C. Custer.*

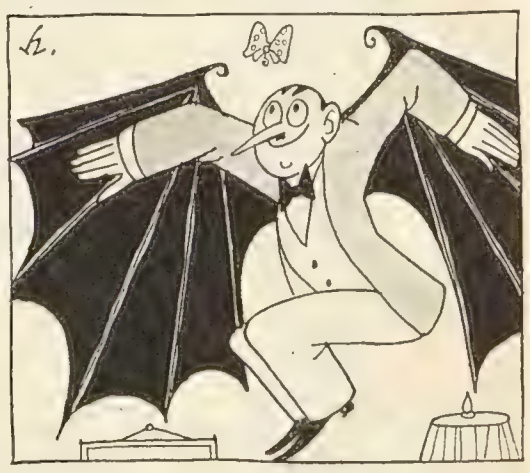
—Heavy Thinking

AUGUSTA, GA.—Re your editorial, "The 18th and 19th Amendments," you say, "This editorial was written by a man," and it may be true, but it don't sound like it. It sounds like it was written by a mule's papa.—*M. C. Jay.*

You'll Be All Right in a Day or Two, Jack

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Puck," by Paul Annixter! What an unusual story! I never guessed, before reading it, that I'd be capable of sympathizing with a bat.

But after finishing it, I not only felt like a bat, but like a bat in love.



I had to hold on to myself to keep from flapping my arms and darting after a fat moth that was flying around in the room, with my mouth wide open. Annixter made moths, gnats, and mosquitoes seem like the best food on earth.—*Jack R.*

The High Hat in Football

DULUTH, MINN.—In Knute Rockne's article, "The Football Rebellion," in your September 29 issue, he made a statement about certain people trying to put the American

Pop

coach on the same level as the coach in England and Canada.

I don't know anything about English coaches (excepting those they hitch horses to), but I would like to mention the name of Frank Shaghnessy. "Shag" has been McGill University's football coach for a number of years and is probably the best known coach we have ever had in Canada. He has hosts of friends, runs the football team absolutely, and I have yet to hear of anyone high hatting him socially.

Go on up to Canada, Knute! I am sure our best people will be glad to see you.—*Earl S. Dunham.*

His Name Is Legion

BALTIMORE, MD.—I've been trying to read LIBERTY for several years now, but I give up. It can't be done. It is absolutely the dumbest and rottenest of its kind.

I often wondered how a magazine could be so terrible, but some time back, when you published pictures of the "staff," you answered the question. I don't see how those birds *live* with such faces.

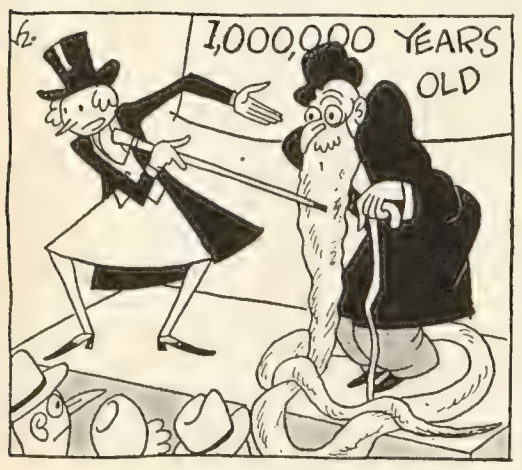
What is the writer's name who writes those letters for Vox Pop praising your magazine?—*James S. Scoggins.*

Consider It Denounced

PITTSBURGH, PA.—This Vox Pop is getting way beyond its original meaning, and I, for one, denounce its existence in your pages unless it really gets back to comments on your stories and writers. But now it is a page for hatred, bigotry, and damnation.—*O. Billingaley.*

A Long Life for Mr. Evans

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Please print this letter for the benefit of that



Vox Pop prophet, Paul G. Evans, who predicted the "dying out" of the Roman Catholic Church.

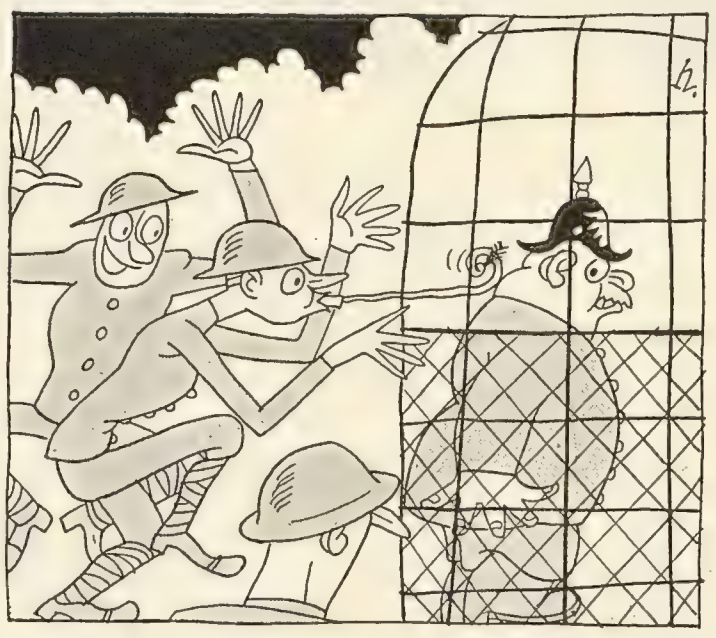
If Paul had to live until the Catholic Church ceased, I'm afraid we'd have to exhibit the poor old man with his yards of flowing beard thusly:

"Come and See the Man Aged 1,000,000 Years—and Still Alive."—*Mary M. Smith.*

Love Note from Canada

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.—When are you going to cut out this war stuff? You, as newspaper men (if you have taken the trouble to find out the actual facts) know that "War Bugs" is the bunk. The majority of the American army in France never saw an "angry German" unless he was in a cage at the compound behind the lines.

I'll admit they had a large number



of killed, wounded, and missing after "The Big Parade" and other trying engagements on the Hollywood front. Like the Chinese, they did not fight on wet days and they carried umbrellas with them to keep their tin hats from rusting.

Quietly smother Charles MacArthur.—*Robert J. Craig.*

Sisley Was Also in the 149th F. A. They Saw a Lot

EDGEWOOD, PA.—I have been thoroughly enjoying the series of articles, "War Bugs." Occasionally Mr. MacArthur has made statements which have appeared to me as somewhat exaggerated, but so far I have been unable to find just cause to brand him as a liar. However, I have caught the illustrator, Raymond Sisley, in an error so gross that now I am beginning to doubt the veracity of his companion in crime, Mr. MacArthur.

Where, I ask, did the illustrator get his model for the "mooley" cow with *horns* in the September 22 issue?—*A Texan off his range.*

For Mr. Chambers

RICHMOND, IND.—You are certainly destined to have a bull market after printing Mr. Robert W. Chambers' admirable serial, "The Happy Parrot." It has all the earmarks of a masterpiece.—*C. C. Banks.*

Against Us

KANKAKEE, ILL.—"LIBERTY—A Weekly for Everybody"! ! How do you get that way? Do you mean to infer by that that all the reading public favors the hard swearing, hard drinking, rum running, wife trading classes that you favor in your stories? —*E. H. W.*

Religion and Prohibition: the Democratic View

CLEVELAND, OHIO—When the World War started, every man (with an inch of red blood in him) enlisted. They were not asked whether they were Jews or Gentiles. Defending the nation was the all-important thing. There were exemptions, as in all wars. Take notice, now, that I do *not* say *all*, but I do state that *many* Quakers were exempted, due to their religious beliefs.

Then, how can Mr. Hoover place his hand on the Bible and honestly swear to defend and protect these United States? How can he do it without proving false either to his Quaker religion or to our nation?—*Pamela K.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I think a Catholic administration would be good for these United States, if for nothing more than to awaken, if possible, the ignorant to the fact that the hypothesis of a Catholic President being under subjection to a Roman pontiff is a fallacy.

As for Al's platform—whether wet or dry, it is at least *honest.* We know what we can expect.

I am a daughter of one who made a countrywide campaign for prohibition (God forgive her!), and were she alive during this era, I know she would grieve because of the disaster its enforcement (?) has caused the nation.

I have seen the drunkenness of pre-prohibition days and I have honesty enough to admit that none of it was half so bad as the crime and vice actuated by the drunkenness of prohibition. —*B. R. D.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am a mother whose first thought is for my children. Surely there are other mothers who see the menace in prohibition. When they say prohibition is not an issue in this election, I say it is most important because it deals with the children of the nation. At every dance, prom, or gathering of young folks, the bottle is the honored guest. We have had eight years of Republican "enforcement" and we of Philadelphia know the results.

I am sure mothers of big boys and girls will give Mr. Smith a chance. He has promised either enforcement or making the buying of liquor honest and legal.—*Modern Mother.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I have noticed quite a large number of letters in Vox Pop in regard to prohibition, so called.

Now, Mr. Editor, don't you know that if every person who has broken the Eighteenth Amendment — by drinking, making, or possessing intoxicating liquor or beer containing more than one-half of 1 per cent alcohol—should vote for Al Smith, after November 6 the newspapers would say that Mr. Hoover also ran? —*Observer.*

And Some Further Words for Al

SENATH, MO.—

When the Republicans quit their straddling
And the Democrats go to sleep
And a milch cow goes to saddling
And feathers grow on sheep;

When hogs don't wallow in puddles
And it comes a big frost in June
And cotton grows on swartweeds
And a girl can whistle a tune;

When the stars quit twinkling entirely
And the moon has turned to green cheese
And we all go skating in August
And snow is up to our knees;

When all of these things have happened,
Which of course they never shall,
Then your G. O. P. candidate Herbert
Can beat our Democrat Al.

—*A. M. Allen.*

BOSTON, MASS.—Those nitwits who claim that Al Smith has no business experience just burn me up. Listen to this! Al gets out like a business man and sells his stuff to the country, and it's been hard work

selling stuff to people who have been told that your goods are terrible.

In spite of this, Al has sold it to them, and made them like it.

As a contrast to him, Herb stands by, letting Mabel sign up the political ministers of the country to do his whispering campaigning for him. —*A Merry Cannoneer.*

A Second to THINK

Illinois 13, Chicago 6, in 1925—The Cost of a Single Misplay

A Football Reminiscence by

WALTER ECKERSALL

KEEPING cool under the most trying circumstances is a corollary to quick and correct thinking on the gridiron.

No matter how irritating are the circumstances, the player upon whose decision the fate of a play depends must never let himself get exasperated.

Games have often been lost because of the hasty act of a player, just as they have been won by cool headed decisions made in just as short a length of time as the mistake.

On a bleak rainy day in November, 1925, the football teams of Illinois and Chicago clashed in the mammoth stadium at Champaign, Illinois. Conditions were unfavorable for open play and accurate handling of the ball. Successful execution of the forward pass was out of the question, and the possibility of long, squirming runs through a broken field was minimized by the uncertain footing of the gridiron.

It was the annual homecoming struggle for Illinois. Its alumni braved the elements expecting to see their captain and hero, Harold (Red) Grange, run wild against a team which has been Illinois' athletic rival for more than thirty years. Coach Robert Zuppke of Illinois was eager for Grange to cut a few capers before the vast assemblage, while Coach A. A. Stagg of Chicago was just as insistent that Grange should not step over the cross marks for any great distance.

Fred Henderson, a tackle, led the maroon clad warriors into battle. In addition to the rain, a cold wind blew from the north. This placed the eleven defending the south goal at a serious disadvantage. It was practically impossible to punt the oval any distance against such a wind. In fact, the kickers were fortunate to get their attempts away, regardless of how far the ball was booted into enemy territory. In this respect, however, Earl Britton of Illinois had a decided advantage over the Maroon punters, who were unable to handle the passes from their center, let alone boot the ball out of danger.

A strange twist of fate placed Chicago in a position to score early in the second period. Most of those 69,000 fans who stood in the drizzling rain groaned when Captain Grange fumbled and McCarty recovered the ball for Chicago on the Illinois eighteen yard line. It was Red's final appearance on his own gridiron, but during the course of the struggle he lost more ground than he gained.

On the first play following the recovery of Grange's fumble, McCarty broke loose through his right tackle and ran to the Illinois three yard line. On a second attempt he gained two yards and on the third went over the Orange and Blue goal line for the first score of the game. Chicago's attempt to score the extra point by a forward pass failed.

Britton kicked off for Illinois to Kernwein, who was stopped on his thirty-three yard line. Chicago could not gain and Kernwein dropped back to punt on his third down. The ball slipped through his hands and he fell on it on his nineteen yard line. Kernwein again dropped back to punt on his fourth down, but fumbled again. He dropped on the oval, but it went to Illinois on the Maroon ten yard marker.

The redoubtable Grange lost ground on two attempts. Daugherity, the Illinois fullback, made up what his captain had lost and a forward pass was grounded. The ball then reverted to Chicago on its nine yard line. The Maroons had shown an excellent piece of defensive work, which, unfortunately for them, went for naught.

On the second play, Graham Kernwein, the Chicago back who had been unable to handle the passes from his center, dropped back to kick. Then came the play during which Kernwein had but a second to think. The Maroon kicker stood back of his goal line. He fumbled the pass, and as the ball rested on the ground Kernwein deliberately kicked it, despite the rule forbidding such a play. The ball went out of bounds on Chicago's two yard line.

Illinois then had its choice of two penalties: It could take a safety and two points because of Kernwein's intentional kicking of a loose ball. Or, as the other alternative, it could take the ball where it went out of bounds. Illinois chose the latter, and on two attempts Earl Britton punctured the Maroon line for a touchdown. Earl's attempted place kick was blocked and the half ended with the score tied. Each team had scored six points.

ILLINOIS scored its winning touchdown in the third quarter when Rouse, the Chicago back (not the 1927 captain), had one of his punts blocked by Reitsch and Kassel. The ball rolled into the end zone, where D'Ambrosio fell on it for an Illinois touchdown. The goal was kicked, and the final score of that struggle was 13 to 6. But the really decisive play of that game was Kernwein's error in trying to kick a ball on the ground.

A fraction of a second after he had booted that loose ball, Kernwein knew he had done wrong. In the heat of the battle and discouraged by his former efforts to boot the oval out of danger, he momentarily lost control of his mental faculties and committed a foul which practically gave Illinois its first touchdown.

How Fullback Joesting of Minnesota used his second to think in the Minnesota-Notre Dame battle of 1927 will be described by Mr. Eckersall in next week's Liberty.

Underwood photo

Red Grange, whom Chicago stopped in 1925.

Fred Henderson, who led the Maroon team.

A diagram showing how Kernwein kicked a ball he had fumbled despite the rule forbidding such a play.

Austin McCarty, who played a great game against Illinois.

P. & A. photo

Graham Kernwein, the Chicago back whose hasty act in kicking a loose ball paved the way for the first Illinois touchdown.

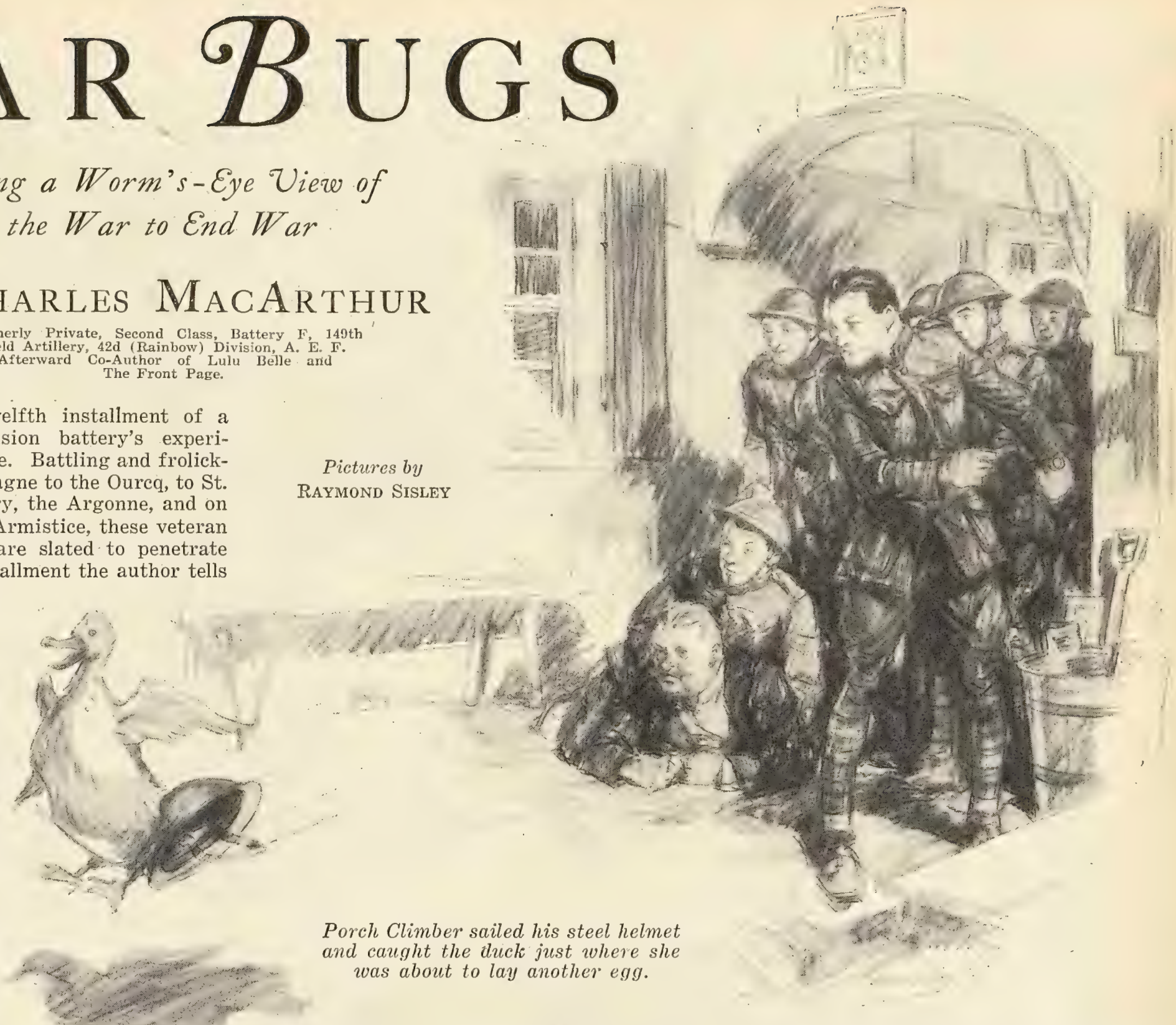
WAR BUGS

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By CHARLES MACARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle and The Front Page.

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY



Porch Climber sailed his steel helmet and caught the duck just where she was about to lay another egg.

THIS is the twelfth installment of a Rainbow Division battery's experiences in France. Battling and frolicking along from Champagne to the Ourcq, to St. Mihiel, Château-Thierry, the Argonne, and on through Sedan to the Armistice, these veteran cannoneers find they are slated to penetrate Germany. In this installment the author tells what occurred as they cross Belgium and proceed toward the Rhine.

THE LIBERATORS

YOU would think that the Rainbow Division, punch drunk from nine months of battle, toothless from hard tack, humpbacked from 900,000 kilometers in sawtoothed army boots—you would think that such star spangled veterans would be entitled to passage on the first boat leaving France after November 11.

And again you would have another think coming. Big, strong men were needed in Germany. We got the job. Yet the United States Army was a great big human institution in those days. Before we shoved off, General Pershing made us a present: 200 horses—lousy horses. We thought we knew all about horses, but these goats were something else again.

They must have escaped from a reform school. All of them were trained to roll in the mud the minute they were groomed, bite on the slightest provocation, and kick expertly with four heels.

Every night they gathered at the picket line and thought up stinking tricks to play on us the next day. Beating did no good. They fought right back; and a kick in the pants when one is as skinny as we were is no laughing matter.

Just to make the joke complete, somebody else opened a deaf and dumb asylum at the same time and shipped us the inmates—chiefly officers.

We had more officers than men as it was, and when this new set of gold bricks pushed their pansy pans over the muddy horizon two days after the Armistice, the general feeling was, "Why live?" All the new officers looked like animal crackers. The new men were worse. They should have been in bottles in a medical school.

Moreover, they ate like ostriches and crashed the mess line five or six times a meal, which meant that *we* did without. It was hard to catch them bacon bumming, because they all looked alike. And when we did catch them, argument was useless. None of them spoke English. The only practical solution was to bust them freely on all occasions; in which matter the innocent suffered with the guilty—but we ate.

Quite naturally, the captain turned the battery over to the new officers. That gave him more time to confer with the major on the 1919 chances of the St. Louis Cardinals and how best to make us toe the mark. Lieutenant Waters sought to create a reign of terror by growing a mustache just like the Kaiser's. The rest of the officers took to walking fast and waving their arms, which demonstrated to the new lieutenants that they were efficient fellows.

Not to be outdone, the green Ikes scattered all over the place like Rhode Island Reds trying to cover their inexperience by talking loud. Most of these new arrivals with shoulder bars had been drafted four months before, in contrast to our year and a half of hallowed service. We laid for these babies loud and hard.

Our favorite diversion was to mistake them for enlisted men and bawl hell out of them for their sloppy appearance. When they explained—those among them who spoke English—that they were officers, we were incredulous, then very apologetic. But, like all jokes, it was overworked. "Hey, you sloppy so-and-so! Take that rubber out of your neck!" was yelled at so many mail order officers that they waited on the captain one day and complained.

Conversation with our new BUDDIES (through interpreters) made the Armistice seem more amazing than ever. They were hot off the firing line, they had been slinging barrages for nearly two weeks, and many of them still had no idea of the simplest functions of artillery. They didn't know, for instance, that shells were fused before they were fired, or that the deviation of a hair on the sight bubble might kill Americans instead of Germans. Or anything else. Well, thank God, *we* hadn't been ahead of them.

ACCOMPANIED by these hail fellows, all wet, we took a deep breath and started on the long, long trail to Germany; close on the heels of the retreating roundheads. Incidentally, fellow citizens, what soldiers those Germans were! Theoretically, they were beaten to death; yet the only trace of their home run was an occasional neat pile of burning refuse beside the road.

Remarkable, because the path of every American division we had followed was knee deep in rifles, picture books, phonograph records, water color outfits, and blankets. It was not pleasant to think that the groggy Germans were still as disciplined as the order of their retreat indicated. Boys *that* neat are just as apt to sock as keep on going.

For the first week after the Armistice we slogged south over frozen ruts, the cold rain beating through our paper raincoats. (There is *one* manufacturer that will fry in hell.) At night we flopped in sleety woods.

Everybody was cross. We would much rather have gone home than on, and those kiss the pillow replacements were getting on our nerves.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

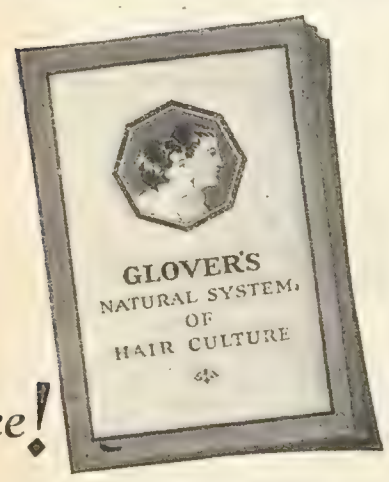
GLOVER'S

...used with the Natural System of Hair Culture...

brings hair health

DON'T give up hope of a head of thick, lustrous hair—turn to Glover's. Its medical formula cannot be improved for stimulating new hair growth. And used with the system explained in our new booklet it offers even quicker and more positive results. Write for this booklet. Then ask your druggist for a bottle of—

GLOVER'S
Imperial
HAIR APPLICATION
AND
MANGE MEDICINE
to be followed by a shampoo with
GLOVER'S
MEDICATED SOAP



free!

Tells the true facts about hair health. Explains a scientific system of hair culture endorsed by foremost authorities. Free if you write to:

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., INC.
Dept. B, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.
40 East 34th Street, New York

WAR BUGS

[Continued from page fifty-five]

We kidded the new officers a bit, to the infinite distress of Captain Stone. He believed the old hooey that good soldiers were seen and not heard; also that shoulder bars were shoulder bars, if they were on a mule.

The prevalent joke was to misunderstand all the new kiddoes' orders until they complained that there was more intelligence in an idiot asylum than in the entire battery. Our invariable reply was that they ought to know. It was several days before we became reconciled to each other.

Landres St. Georges again, Banthéville, Aincreville, Doulcon again, Dun sur Meuse before the lads in Paris could see their way clear to point us in the right direction. Shoes split apart on the frozen roads and our toes flopped out again. Better a good, clean war than lamming it over this ex-front like Coxey's army. At length Bréhéville, a stack of dirty shacks in a bog. Here we paused for breath and new equipment.

IN the American army "re-equipment" denotes the process of giving Size 16 soldiers Size 49 pants, scraping his old ones off him by force. We were deloused and consequently made twice as lousy. Men who needed shoes were generously handed puttees. Men whose underwear was falling off were given New Testaments, translated from the original Greek and appointed to be read in churches. Dog robbers and quartermaster sergeants were given six of everything, as usual.

We were still limping through bleak country, naked of anything interesting to the eye, ear, nose, or throat. The civilian population stayed in their holes, waiting for groundhog day. Remained gray forests, gray roads, gray fields, gray rivers. Far behind us were beautiful steamboats sailing for New York, and field clerks getting stewed in Paris and tipping their hats to hotsy totsies. Oh, well. We smothered our thoughts and pushed on toward Belgium.

The officers led the way on their new horses, and acted as if they were going to a fire. One officer discovered a group of the boys had fallen behind and undertook a roundup. He spurred his horse into the stragglers, calling them soldier names, despite the fact that their shoes and spirits were gone. His horse twice declined to run the men down, which saved this baby a sock on the nose, loudly promised by a dozen footsore Freddies.

Approaching Belgium, the scenery began to look up. At Montmédy we snored in a vast Zeppelin hangar, one whole side of which was adorned with caricatures of King Edward. Several details of the drawings were quite hot.

Early in the morning we crossed into Belgium, occupying St. Léger.

Now, we had heard a great deal of noise about Suffering Belgium, Poor Little Belgium, Bleeding Belgium, and so forth—and we knew what was coming. More gypping, for instance. Nobody gyps like a good Honest-to-God Victim. With an open handed American army to work on, we knew they would retrieve four years of suffering in a week.

So when we marched down the main drag of St. Léger and discovered windows filled with women waving things, we prepared for the worst. Beer, we figured, would be fifty cents a glass, eggs a dollar a throw, and conversation correspondingly high. Everybody was gloomy but Sylvester, the band leader, who had been rehearsing Sambre et Meuse for more than a year in the hope of springing it on some incontestably significant occasion. Here it was, right in the Big Wop's mitt. We were liberating a town—a Belgian town! His chest bulged out like a medicine ball, he threw out his drum major's staff, and whistled.

Forty bugles, flashing banners of crimson silk, shot into the air. A shivering *ta-ta-tee-ta* shook the narrow streets. The remaining sixty instruments of the band crashed into the tune. The horses began to waltz, and up from the town came a shout.

That was one tune they hadn't heard for more than four years. Old men with funny hats stood in the streets and wept. The women rushed from the houses, bawling louder than the men. They broke the swinging ranks to throw their arms around us and call us Saviors.

The column halted in the middle of the town while the colors were carried through the weeping Belgians and planted in the square. Sylvester, crazed by popularity, kept the band playing Sambre et Meuse until the buglers were bushed. Meanwhile, he waved his baton and submitted to a great deal of personal kissing. Several bandsmen wished to participate in this feature. They were restrained by Mr. Sylvester.

It was a field day likewise for the little Greek, who had never seen so many women since he concealed himself in a trunk in 1914 and was smuggled into a women's hotel in New York. He now dived headlong into the mob, kissing right and left—pausing only to resist such Belgian gentlemen as attempted to kiss *him*.

AFTER thirty minutes of continuous Sambre et Meuse, Sylvester stopped, wept, and commenced the *Marseillaise*, another old standby. A new set of cheers went up. The kissing became frantic.

The Greek's blouse buttons were falling in windrows. With difficulty Sylvester was induced to desist and Colonel Reilly got a chance to speak. He was quite pro-Ally in his remarks and conveyed that we were very glad to be in Belgium. The *Burgomeister* replied that we were Saviors. The people said we were Saviors. By that time they were tacking up signs. The signs said we were Saviors. Gradually we disbanded, and prepared to see the town.

Another shock: In all the stores and cafés the nutty Belgians announced that everything was free! Bottles of wine and fire water appeared from cisterns and chimneys, where they had been hidden from the thirsty Teuts. Going completely mad, the Belgies now insisted that we sleep in their feather beds. We were considerably disturbed by this suggestion. We tried to explain that we were as lousy as marines in peacetime, but that made no difference.

In the end we had to accept, although most Saviors waited until their hosts had retired and then

The Belgies now insisted that we sleep in their feather beds. We tried to explain that we were as lousy as marines in peacetime, but that made no difference.

curled up on the floor. Not that we were sensitive spirits, but the sensation of sinking for the third time in a bottomless pile of feathers is not for youths who have been sleeping on boards, rocks, flat cars, and such.

Reluctantly we marched *nach Rheinland* in the morning, and farewells were as intimate as if we had lived in St. Léger all of our lives and played on the local soccer team. For the first time the war was getting good. It took a team of horses to separate the little Greek from a large woman he met at the last minute after a night of repeated and bitter disappointments.

Arlon was next, and more incredible than St. Léger. Children ran from the town to meet us with the same college yell — Saviors! The cobbled streets were strewn with flowers. From every window hung heartbreaking imitations of the Stars and Stripes—flapping squares of red, white, and blue hurriedly sewn together with no regard for design. Red dresses, torn into strips and stretched over white pants, with a section of blue polka dot material for stars. Bed sheets, painted in the pattern of Old Glory. Many a hardboiled egg suddenly felt that Old Glory was something to fight for or die for or something. The demonstration had been organized in four hours, on the heels of the retreating Germans.

Again Sylvester crashed into Sambre et Meuse. Again the tears. Again the Belgians burst through the ranks and the kissing started up worse than ever. The town was ours.

The kissing started up worse than ever. The town was ours.

WE had to watch the little Greek like a hawk. He completely misunderstood every manifestation of gratitude and proceeded warmly to the waltz. Soon women were flying in droves, with the Greek in eager pursuit.

We tied him in the gun park and visited the people of Arlon in the right way, sitting in their parlors looking at stereopticons, dazzling them with stories of the Woolworth Building, singing, drinking, and proposing honorable marriage.

Several of the most gifted and popular ladies of Arlon had secretly commenced the study of English when the news leaked out that America was at war. A glamorous idea, except that their difficulties with idioms led to appalling situations. Thus, a Miss Birck, intending to offer her family's roof to the hairtrigger Greek, unintentionally offered All. His enthusiastic "YES!!!" broke windowpanes four blocks away and we had to tie him up again.

It was fitting that our good time should be resented by the General Staff. Early in the morning we were rolled out and ordered ahead, to make room for generals and their friends. Colonel Reilly protested on our behalf, especially as we were ordered to stay a week in the neighborhood; but he was talking to himself. So again the band played Sambre et Meuse, and we started out with the entire town marching abreast of the column.

Art Donnals had pushed a hundred franc note under his breakfast plate before quitting the pleasant premises of Granny Duclo. She discovered the gift just as we were starting, and came tearing down the line of march, hair flying, assisted by her son. Throwing herself on Art, she wheezed that he had been very naughty to pay for his bed and board, and shoved the hundred francs in his pack. A dozen rowdies kissed her good-by while she squealed in disapproval and delight.

We halted at a large stone building outside of town. It looked like a jail, and Ray Quisno picked the lock. Ah, a Heinie supply depot! When we resumed the march, everybody was wearing a spiked *Oberleutnant's* helmet, a bosom full of Iron Crosses, *Gott Mit Uns* belts, boots (our own were in shreds), and swell blankets. This bonanza eased the heartache of leaving Arlon. We crossed into Luxembourg singing about Heinrich and his *Grossmama,* which always meant that we were happy and about to raise hell.

All the towns in Luxembourg sound like tonsils. We paused at a joint named Brouch, and prepared to make the best of it. After Arlon it looked like an outhouse, and the natives looked worse, if possible, than our replacements. They were a sulky and suspicious bunch of bums, and we said so. Out loud we said so.

The captain immediately halted the column and said he wished it thoroughly understood that the natives of Luxembourg were *not* bums. We could only reply that they looked like bums. He explained that they looked that way because they were Walloons, and that hereafter no natives were to be called bums—for any reason. Battery, forward!

The next batch of bums that leaned out of the windows on the line of march were told all about their being bums, and then some. The captain was furious. He halted the column again and read a general order to the effect that the natives of Luxembourg were charming people—our allies, in fact. They had suffered a great deal on account of this here war.

It followed, therefore, that these shy and wistful people began gypping us before we got our packs off. On account of being our allies, they used German marks for money and the mark wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. But try and tell that to *those* sensitive characters. They grabbed our fifty franc notes (then rated as gold), deducted thirty cents in American money for a small cup of hot mud designated as coffee, and gave us thirty-nine bum marks in change. In cold American dough, a thimbleful of raw *Schnapps* cost fifty cents, a belly-wash of grenadine and plain water cost another fifty cents, and eggs were a dollar apiece. Luxembourg was no country. It was a night club without any of a night club's entertaining features.

After the way we had been treated in Arlon we were pretty sore. When it became apparent that we were going to spend ten full days among such people, we got sorer still. A few managed to flip trucks back to Arlon; but the marines had got into town and were running it, as usual. To help matters, the army quit serving us rations and there was no food in the lousy country.

THERE were a few chickens in town. Real chickens. All the women looked like all the men. Even the Greek was discouraged. Well, we got brooding about white meat and all, and visited the Burgomeister with an idea of buying a hen. He was the town's leading chicken fancier as well as the town's leading burglar. He kindly produced a hen that had been in the family for twenty-one years. Asked what he wanted for it, he began working his fingers, and kept on working them until he fell exhausted. It came to forty dollars.

There wasn't that much money in the entire battery, and we were as hungry as sharks. In the middle of his remarks a significant squawk sounded from the barnyard. We took counsel and continued to bargain with the Burgomeister while Porch Climber eased around to the back of the house and investigated. He walked right into a ninety pound duck. The duck saw through Porch Climber's affected nonchalance in a second and waddled warily toward the barn.

It was a situation for strategy. By means of winks, buffalo nickels, Y. M. C. A. cookies, and soft words, Porch tried to get within working distance without a lot of squawks. The mayor was still working his fingers, blissfully ignorant that he was being ruined from the rear.

Porch tried guile. He pretended to be reading a letter from his girl. The duck was too smart and backed further away, laying an egg at every step. Obviously, she was trying to get around to where the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When your mirror says "Coated Tongue" ..there's trouble ahead!

YOU remember the physician's first words when you call him in—"Let me see your tongue."

He knows that almost invariably the furry tongue, and the unpleasant breath that goes with it, warn of intestinal stoppage, the real cause of many, many ills.

People who want to keep fit know this too. So there's a fine health habit growing up among them—each morning they look at the tell-tale tongue. *When it is coated they take a refreshing, sparkling draft of Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.*

Sal Hepatica *promptly* and gently rids the intestines of the products of waste the natural way—by releasing the secretions of water in the intestines.

When you take Sal Hepatica, gone are the headaches—the feeling of fatigue—and all the other enervating symptoms of intestinal sluggishness.

Sal Hepatica not only corrects intestinal stoppage—it is beneficial, too, in the treatment of rheumatism, hyper-acidity, colds, biliousness, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas where so many people yearly go to "take the cure."

And just as you drink the waters at the spas, you take Sal Hepatica half an hour before your meals. Simply dissolve it in a glass of water—you will like its bubbling, sparkling qualities—its bracing tang.

Take Sal Hepatica when you need it. It is helping to keep millions of people internally clean and free of the poisons of waste.

Send for our free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and helps to relieve other common ills.

For booklet, please address
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-108, 71 West St.
New York City

Sal Hepatica

© 1928

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

mayor was practicing his arithmetic.

Porch dropped all pretense and plunged. The duck promptly caught him on the button with her bill. Porch Climber sailed his steel helmet and caught the duck just where she was about to lay another egg. A series of horrible honks followed. The Burgomeister heard and, honking worse than the duck, charged for the back yard.

We downed him on his ten yard line in the presence of Porch, who had caught the bird by one wing and was clouting hard with his right. He yelled at the prostrate mayor that he had been minding his own business when the duck began to attack him; that it was self defense, and that if anybody wanted to sue, let them.

The mayor fainted. We carried him back to the house. Several of the boys rushed to Porch's rescue and slugged his feathered friend silly. Quisno hacked his head off and we threw the bones in the mayor's yard.

Thanksgiving was coming, which meant nothing to us, rations still being corned beef and the little Greek being what he was. (The lady in No. 11 had the brass to arrange several empty corn willie cans right on her window sills as flower pots.) So we decided to buy a pig. Nick Scheuyer discovered that he was born near Brouch and that his old man still lived there. He sneaked over and said hello. When he came back he announced that his father owned an amazing pig that he would be willing to sacrifice for $360, American money. Apparently the pig could read, write, and play the piano.

Well, it was for Thanksgiving and we were hearing talk about Prohibition in America. So we bought the pig with almost everything in the mess fund, then killed it right away for fear it would catch some disease and die before we could eat it.

Inflamed by prospects of food, we went the limit and gave a musical comedy composed the evening before by a committee of authors. The play was produced in the opera house with costumes cut from parlor curtains belonging to the officers' billets. Eight large soldiers composed the chorus, having made themselves alluring by stuffing newspapers into ankle length underwear. The parlor curtains were arranged as scarfs. Otherwise a vast hairy nudity obtained from shoulders to waistlines. Curious designs were painted on same at the last minute.

The plot of the musical comedy was very simple, being the story of our participation in the Great War. Everybody wanted to be the Captain. The rôle fell to Ken Hoy after a fist fight with Cush Pryor, who got to be Lieutenant Skinner instead. Very likely the play would have flopped on this account, had not Cush discovered that Lieutenant Skinner was far and away the best part. The night after Thanksgiving the band was imported from the next town, footlights were arranged with candles, and the whole town turned out to see The Intimate Anatomy of a Horse, as the piece was called.

When they explained that they were officers, we were incredulous, then very apologetic.

Foolishly, the officers invited the ladies of Brouch to attend. (The tropics *get* you in Luxembourg.) When the opening chorus finally appeared at 9:30, the town ladies walked out in a body. The officers remained until the first curtain. By that time the boys were beginning to extemporize on certain little weaknesses and incidents that the commissioned element had neither noticed about themselves nor remembered—all the incidents having taken place on the front.

THE second act was a wow—then Cush got temperamental. He had pried one of his admirers loose from a bottle of coneyack during the earlier portion of the play and now proposed to rewrite the last act in such a manner that the officers might be shown up in their true colors. His idea was that Act III should take place in Washington, with all the officers down and out and begging nickels from the enlisted men, who were very rich and high in the esteem of society girls, statesmen, and actresses.

The revisions were made in three-quarters of an hour (while the audience waited), the set was announced as the interior of a Washington night club, and all was well until Frau Schuettler recognized her curtains on some of the cast. She had to be restrained until the play was brought to a kaleidoscopic finish, with authors, audience, Mrs. Schuettler, and Cush battling on the open stage.

The officers were still mad the next day, and heartlessly hustled us off for Germany, kicking us out at 4 in the morning when they knew we couldn't start earlier than noon. We hit the old Roman road and snaked through the city of Luxembourg, bands playing, heads pounding from hangovers, and eyes squarely right as we swung past the ducal palace, on the balcony of which stood John J. Pershing, up to his ears in duchesses. The one on his left was an elegant dish of beans.

Echternach and the German frontier. We paused to let the movie men go to work on the officers. We were crossing the frontier, and apparently crossing frontiers was important. At least, the officers thought so. To get into camera range they made every excuse except that they had forgotten their umbrellas. We sodden heroes had other things to do—like finding out where the nearest saloon was. By a sheer stroke of luck, Don Coe found one with a bock sign in the window. An hour later the captain trapped us on the red plush cushions.

The captain announced that all of us were under arrest. That was silly, since all of us had been under arrest for months. Following this cruel and inhuman punishment, he made a slight speech to prove:

1. That in fifteen minutes we would be on German soil.
2. That the Germans were mad at America.
3. That it would be fatal for Americans to get drunk in Germany, as patriotic Germans would murder us in our cups.
4. It would be well, for once, not to chase women; they carried guns in their pants pockets.
5. Fraternizing would be severely punished.

Fraternizing was a new word on most of us, to whom it signified The Worst.

Ta-ta-de-ta! That would be Sylvester. We buckled on our packs and slogged across a narrow stone bridge, spitting in the river for luck. Movie cameras cranked. Two hundred steps and we were in *Deutschland — Deutschland Uber Alles!*

It's tramp, tramp, tramp—and a long hike to the Rhine. Read how the Germans treated these doughboys in next week's installment of War Bugs.

Gasoline Gypsies

In Colorado's Rockies—Continuing the Cross-Country Diary of Two Girls from Gotham

By

GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

KEEPING a detailed diary of her adventures, Miss Robinson has been motoring from the Atlantic to the Pacific with her sister. She has told how she learned to drive the car, described the departure from Broadway and the trip through New York State and related experiences at Niagara, Detroit, and Chicago and in the midwest as far as Colorado. Now come the Rockies.

GOING UP

Wednesday, July 25.

THIS morning in Wray, Colorado, I woke up with a bad headache. Perhaps it came from driving without my glasses, after I lost them in the rattlesnake infested field in western Nebraska. A tourist's life is remarkably free from pains and aches, my sister and I have discovered in our progress halfway across the continent.

Nevertheless, this morning there was the headache, throbbing away with dreadful precision.

I mentioned the matter to Dr. Brown, in whose little tourist hotel we were stopping. He is a small, elderly man, and operates a "temple of health" with mineral baths.

"Come right into my office," he urged. "Let me cure your headache."

"Oh, I don't want a treatment of any kind," I insisted, visualizing myself in a sulphur vapor.

"It will only take five minutes. Come in," he urged.

I went in. He laid me on my stomach and did some punching at my spine. Then he made me sit up, and he ran his small strong hands over my forehead, shaking his fingers after every horizontal movement. Suddenly he said: "Now, where does it hurt?"

I felt foolish, for it didn't ache at all. The relief was delightful, and Dr. Brown refused to take my money. We filled up with gas, took on oil and water, and resumed our westward drive. The roads were unspeakable. At times we were obliged to creep at ten miles an hour in the mud and ruts we encountered.

Outside Otis, Colorado, where the road was roughest and the sun hottest, we saw a strange pair. A young man and woman—hikers—trudging along in the heat, without hats, carrying no baggage except a small beaded bag. The girl had yellow hair and tender white skin. Her lips were red with lipstick. She wore a green organdie dress and high heeled slippers. Her companion—dark skinned and good looking—wore a swagger looking gray suit and his hair lay slick and shiny.

"Broadway!" I exclaimed to Ester. "Theatrical people—out of a job, I bet."

They held up their hands for a lift, and we stopped and took them in. Sure enough, they were a dancing team, on their way to Hollywood, where "a man we met along the way has promised to help us get into the movies."

They didn't appear to know much about the man on whose glib promise they were proceeding haphazardly over mountains and prairies. The girl—Babette—showed me his card. The fact that he had a card appeared to satisfy her as to his reliability.

"We're going to try to get cabaret work in Denver," she confided in languorous, unhurried tones. "We started from Binghamton, New York. If we can get a job for a while in Denver we'll have enough to go on for a while."

"But how do you keep so clean?" I marveled.

"We don't do much walking. We've been pretty lucky getting lifts. We ship our clothes from one town to another, so we don't have to carry anything."

It looked like a jungle to me, but Jack thought it fine, easy riding.

A bit of Broadway set down on the dusty Western plains—high heeled, rouged, unworried about the future, confident that a great artistic success lay around the next turn of the road.

In the heat my headache returned. I realized, for the first time, what difficulties the early pioneers had battled here. Imagine being ill and fifty miles from a doctor.

At Greeley, we turned southward, striking out over the broad cement highway that leads to Denver. Now the mountains appeared—faintly blue at first, then emerging in definite

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Micro-photo of inside of watch. Note dirt, dust, glass chips, *due to broken crystal.*

If you could look through the Jeweler's glass··

Then you'd know why a watch can be so inaccurate and so expensive to repair. The delicate mechanism is very often injured by improperly fitted or *broken* crystals.

Make your gift-watch last!

Get the new G-S Crystal. *Guaranteed not to break*. Fits tightly; protects your watch from dirt, damp air and blows. Sold by jewelers everywhere. But beware of substitutes. Insist on a genuine trade marked G-S.

Germanow-Simon Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Special crystals for industrial uses

You can't break **G-S** *crystals*
SHINING AND CLEAR

Just one answer —better reception

IN every case you will enjoy better broadcast reception by replacing all the old tubes in your radio with correct, modern new ones.

There is a new wide-awake Cunningham tube ready to take its place in every socket of your set.

Look for the monogram on the top of each Cunningham tube.

E. T. CUNNINGHAM, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Manufactured and sold under rights, patents and inventions owned and or controlled by Radio Corporation of America.

Cunningham RADIO TUBES

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page fifty-nine]

relief against the sky—the Rockies, sure enough!

"Let's forget Denver," I suggested to Ester. "No cities for me, with mountains like that waiting!" Already I felt renewed, invigorated.

We stopped a moment at the Shirley-Savoy Hotel in Denver for our mail, and then turned toward Evergreen, twenty-eight miles west in the mountains. Twenty minutes after we left Denver we were in them—in real mountains.

On all sides are great piles of rock—strange, unfinished formations. It seems as if some great builder has left them here, temporarily, as a brickmason will pile up his brick, with the intention of returning later and completing his job.

WE are going over a red road—redder than the red New Jersey mud—and beside us are red rocks. Now the road turns bright yellow—and the rocks around which Ester cautiously guides the car are also bright yellow.

We can look down and see the road over which we have just come, and the fires of campers, and Bear Creek, silver in the short twilight. Now Bear Creek is rushing along beside us—a furious mountain stream dashing over a rough bed.

Now we smell pines, where lately the odor of sagebrush filled our nostrils. The air is as cold as the prairie after sunset, and a light rain descends. We can hear thunder reverberate, way back in there.

And always the great rocks—strange, unintended rocks, rearing jagged forms where rocks ought not to be. How different from the well ordered beauty of the Adirondacks!

We ate mountain brook trout at the Brown Cabin Inn at Evergreen. Then for a cabin. There was a cabin to be had, but the real estate agent was out and the girl in his office couldn't tell us how to get to it. Would we come back later? We would. Rain was coming down in sheets now, and the night was as black as pitch.

"Suppose we go to the hotel tonight," urged Ester.

She had been driving all day over bad roads, ending with the 2,000 foot climb up the cañon from Denver. I looked at her. She was worn and tired.

"I may seem hard hearted," I pleaded, "but can't you hold out a little longer? It will be worth it to be in our own snug cabin."

Finally we found a man who worked for the real estate agent. He would help us find the cabin if we would drive him back in the rain.

Under his direction, Ester drove down the steep road, then turned right over a cement bridge, then over a wooden cattle guard, then took a sharp turn into a clump of trees and over a tiny bridge hardly any wider than the car.

She couldn't see a foot ahead. Even the headlights were of no use. They threw their glare far beyond into the trees—not on the treacherous roadway. Underneath Bear Creek roared away—one foot of false driving would have plunged us into the creek. I held the flashlight on the place where the road should have been.

In the rain and the inky darkness it struck me as the most remarkable piece of driving I had ever witnessed—and all done on faith, on our guide's assurance that there really was terra firma ahead.

We found an oil lamp—the electric lights were off—carried in some baggage, and returned over the difficult course to take the man home. Then back to the cabin again, alone this time, and up the steps, made of pine roots, to our log domicile.

There are several cabins here. One is called the Great Bear, another the Wee Bear. We are in the Cub—the smallest and most secluded of them all.

Both the bedrooms are sleeping porches. There are, in addition, a small diningroom-kitchen and a little living room. The kitchen seems perfectly equipped—all in doll's size stuff. There is even a sink and running water, and the smallest wood burning kitchen range I ever saw. In the living room there is an old fashioned chunk stove. I wonder why. Surely nobody comes here in the winter. At the windows there are blue and orange cretonne curtains, and on the sleeping porches heavy canvas shades that roll down and keep out the rain, still coming down outside.

And two comfortable beds. With blankets.

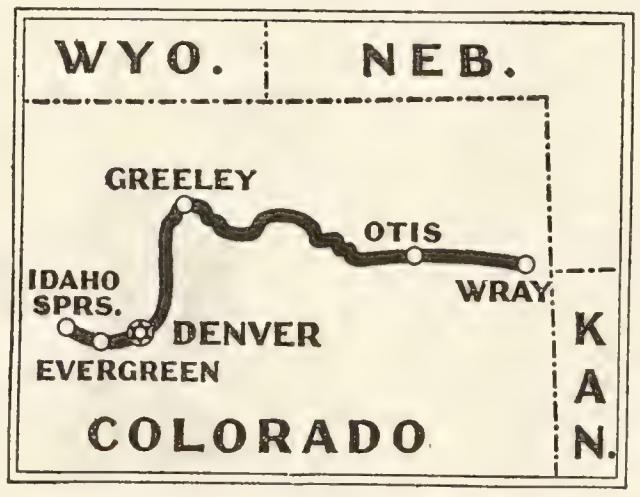
Thursday, July 26.

THIS morning we had a delicious breakfast: cantaloupe of remarkable sweetness, crisp bacon, toast, coffee and milk, and soft boiled eggs. And what a curious experience with the eggs. My three minute eggs were almost raw when I opened them. Ester's four minute eggs were soft in the whites.

"I forgot—the altitude!" she exclaimed. "We're more than seven thousand feet above sea level."

She boiled more eggs. My three minute eggs required five minutes of intensive boiling. It took seven minutes to produce four minute eggs to Ester's liking.

We ate on blue and white oilcloth, from blue and white Japanese dishes. Outside blue jays flew above in the brilliant sunshine, and striped chipmunks, as big as Eastern squirrels, played hide and seek among the rocks.



A map of the Colorado area traversed by the Gasoline Gypsies, who temporarily substituted old fashioned horsepower for the modern kind so they might explore high trails in the Rockies.

This afternoon we drove to Lookout Mountain. A sign informed us that we were 1,801 miles from New York. This means by direct route. We have come much farther.

We saw Buffalo Bill's grave. Over it there was a simple monument of stones, within an iron fence inclosure.

In the Buffalo Bill Museum we saw many tourists. In the tea room we ate hot roast beef sandwiches and drank milk. At the next table sat a man from Ohio, traveling with four women relatives. One female insisted on ordering a chicken sandwich at thirty cents. He became irritable.

"Now, see here, Elizabeth, there are plenty of good sandwiches that don't cost nearly so much." He read them off: "'Ham sandwich, twenty cents; cheese sandwich, fifteen cents; peanut butter sandwich, fifteen cents.'"

"But I want chicken," insisted Elizabeth. "Why shouldn't I have chicken if I want it?"

He finally gave up in disgust, and ordered a cheese sandwich for himself with a great air of righteousness.

MOST of the women tourists wore knickers, as did Ester and I. "But if I look like that in my knickers, please shoot me now," I begged my sister. I indicated a fat woman who was examining Buffalo Bill's handsome bridle, decorated with white shells sewed on to simulate daisies.

The tourist in question wore knickers, silk stockings, and high heeled slippers; and instead of a mannish shirt, such as is suitable for knickers, she wore a long waisted woman's blouse with many tucks and a jeweled pin. Her hat was a wide, womanish affair, anything but tailored, and her long hair was elaborately dressed.

"Perhaps she doesn't own sport shoes and a mannish blouse," suggested Ester.

"Then she should stick to dresses," I observed in disgust.

At the museum I purchased something my heart has long craved—two barbaric Indian silver bracelets. One is set with a turquoise; both are chased with swastikas for good luck, arrows to ward off evil spirits, and other Indian signs. I paid eleven dollars for the pair.

The saleswoman tried also to sell me a Life of Buffalo Bill, written by himself. "You ought to buy it," she urged. "It's better than other books—everything is so true to life." I pulled a moth eaten gag—I told her I already had a book.

Returning to Evergreen, we shopped at Mickey's grocery store, and called for our mail at the post office, also in Mickey's store. Tonight Ester cooked pork chops, mashed potatoes, thick cream gravy, and made a tomato salad.

It was downright cold after the kitchen fire went out. We put on our leather windbreakers, and were still cold.

"I see now why they have the chunk stove," I remarked.

Ester brought in wood and we warmed ourselves by a piny fire before crawling on to our sleeping porches.

Saturday, July 28.

ESTER got up early this morning and fished for trout in Bear Creek. She had obtained a fine steel rod, an artificial red ant, a snappy looking reel, and a multitude of directions as to how to cast and how to play the wary trout. I rose a little late, my mouth watering for the fresh fish I confidently expected to eat for breakfast.

She returned without fish, but with a thrilling description of one trout that had looked teasingly up at her as he sped past, tossing off a merry ha ha to the red ant.

"You have to wear rubber boots and stand right in the water to catch these trout," Ester explained. "That's what these people do. You can't catch anything from the bank."

We consoled ourselves with bacon and eggs.

I am learning to say "Bear Crick." That is the accepted pronunciation here. Creek is a word from a foreign language, as far as these mountaineers are concerned. I say "mountaineers"; yet most of the 150 permanent population of Evergreen is not native to these mountains. Almost all come from "the East."

I have met many "Easterners" here—from Kansas City, Missouri; Flint, Michigan, even from Grand Island, Nebraska. East and West are matters of relativity, it appears.

Tonight Ester and I were guests at the Big Bear—the cabin belonging to the Misses Anne and Grace Dailey, Denver teachers, who are our landlords. All evening we sat by a crackling open fire and heard thrilling stories of the early West.

"Our father, John L. Dailey, was one of the founders of the *Rocky Mountain News*," said Miss Anne. "The paper was started on a prairie schooner, coming West. The type was set up on the ox cart, and my father gathered most of the news from the other emigrant wagons he passed.

"There was no telegraph, you know. All he gathered was live news when he reached Cherry Creek, as Denver was then called.

"On the night of his arrival, he and the owner of the paper, Mr. Byers, ran off the first issue, and the copies went like hot cakes in isolated Cherry Creek.

"The third year a flood came. Father lived upstairs, over the office. He was rescued by ropes, and the plant was demolished.

"The printing press," continued Miss Dailey, "sank into the quicksand. Forty years later, when workmen were digging to erect a viaduct in Denver, they found the old press, forty-eight feet below the surface."

We could have listened all night to Anne and Grace Dailey tell of how their mother came out from Chicago in a covered wagon, taking six weeks for the trip, of the warlike Ute Indians that lived right here in Bear Creek Cañon, of the "fools' gold" that started the rush to Cherry Creek.

"I can understand how a gold rush might start," I remarked to our friends. "I almost started a gold rush myself on the first morning we were here. I stepped outdoors, and saw gold dust on the steps of our cabin. Then I noted gold dust on the kitchen floor. I went to the grocery store, and lo, there was gold dust on my shoes. I came in breathless to Ester. 'Look!' I cried. 'Bear Creek Cañon is full of gold! We must tip off our friends. We've struck it rich, kid.'"

She returned with a thrilling description of one trout that had looked teasingly up at her as he sped past, tossing off a merry ha ha to the red ant.

Miss Dailey laughed. "Mica dust, wasn't it?"

"Yes, mica dust, as Ester informed me. She's been in Colorado before, you know. But it does glisten exactly as gold does."

Friday, August 3.

ESTER and I came to Idaho Springs, Colorado, today to await the greatest adventure of our lives—a two day horseback trip into the wildest part of the Rockies. Several tourists are going. Among them are a staid looking business man and his fat wife.

"How will they ever stand the trip? They don't look as if they'd ridden much," I remarked to Ester, when we saw them in the dining room tonight.

"Don't worry about them. You're none too hard yourself," she retorted. "You'd better get on a horse tomorrow for an hour or two before trying a long jaunt into the high country."

The truth is—but I did not impart it to Ester—that I came here with very little curiosity about the high country. But I did harbor great curiosity about a person named Jack Nankervis, whose portrait in Stetson hat and leather fringed hunting jacket adorned a folder that happened to fall into my hands.

"Aha," I thought, "there is the true Western great open spaces chap I have always wanted to meet. 'Few men know this country like he does. . . . Know Jack and you know a man worth while,' I read in the folder. 'Let Jack be your personal guide.'" Nothing could have held me back after that.

Well, we're here now—at the Club Hotel—and I've met Jack Nankervis. I must admit I'm a bit disappointed. Mr. Nankervis is very pleasant, very likable. But certainly the prematurely gray man that held out a ruddy paw to me over the hotel register fell a bit short of the picture. He was in ordinary civilian clothes, the most uninteresting garb in the world. Why doesn't he wear his leather coat all the time? If he did every girl in Colorado would fall in love with him.

He'll probably put on his Western togs for the horseback trip—there's comfort in that thought.

Saturday, August 4.

TODAY Ester and I went into training for the two day horseback trip ahead. We climbed on a couple of Western ponies and rode miles into the mountains near Idaho Springs.

I had never before ridden on a Western saddle. In fact, I hadn't become too proficient on an English one. But these Western saddles are great. All Western riding is great.

"I never think about appearances," said Jack Nankervis, as we started off. "Just ride for comfort and safety."

Nobody criticizes you if you grab the pommel of the saddle. It is etiquette to rest your hand easily there when trotting, so that if the horse stumbles you can save yourself. Of course it is different country from the smooth bridle paths in the East. Here are rocks, dips, tree roots, corduroy roads (wooden slats laid over a marshy place). You may climb up a mountain at forty-five degrees, or come down one equally steep. You may ride half a mile in the rocky bed of a brook, or you may go in marshy places where the horse's hoofs are sucked into the mud at every step.

I rode Major, Mr. Nankervis' own horse. "Very gentle," his owner assured me. "A good horse for you to begin on."

Major seemed small and low compared with Eastern horses. I felt huge on him. I gathered up the long reins, put my foot in the left stirrup, and off Major bounded down the street, leaving me to throw my other leg over and find the right stirrup as best I might. That is the Western manner. The horse will stand without hitching as long as the reins are over his head and dragging on the ground. The instant you pick up those reins and put boot to stirrup, he thinks you are ready, and off he goes.

"Don't post!" yelled Ester, as Major settled into a brisk trot a little way out. In New Jersey riding one posts—that is, misses every other jounce by rising and falling easily in the saddle. In this he-man's country you are supposed to take all the jounces. For

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Get rid of

Dandruff

BY USING

Sergeant's for the Hair, regularly

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Sergeant's for the Hair will not only relieve dandruff, but will make dry, brittle hair soft and lustrous; it cleans the scalp, promotes the flow of natural oils, and relieves falling hair. It is an effective conditioner of hair and scalp.

"Comb your hair with it"

No longer need you fear odor or stain. The new treatment will not over-grease the hair. It contains no alcohol to dry the scalp. The new bottle will fit in the medicine cabinet, so that you may remember to use it—daily. . . . Form the habit of using Sergeant's whenever you comb your hair, instead of using water, for you never know what chemicals the water may contain. Moisten the hair or comb with Sergeant's—then comb your hair.

"Comb your hair with it"

A "Rub with Sergeant's" daily will invigorate the scalp. Apply Sergeant's freely. Then rub the scalp with the tips of your fingers until you feel it tingle.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the Hair (75c)—and give your hair and scalp the treatment it needs . . . Free trial bottle sent postpaid, anywhere, on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2206 Broad Street, Richmond, Va.

Sole Canadian Agent
FRED. J. WHITLOW & CO., Toronto

Sergeant's
For the Hair

Hail Halloween with Artstyle Candy

INTO the night of witches and goblins—put just the right amount of sweetness with Artstyle Assorted Milk Chocolates. Party candy at its best!—a delicious variety of caramels, creams, nougatines, nut and fruit combinations—with tasty chocolate coating, smooth and rich. Every piece wholesome and pure. Every piece "first pick". Be sure to take along a package of Artstyle Chocolates. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

Save with Safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

Liggett's are also Rexall stores

There is one near you — You will recognize it by this sign

QUARTER-CENTURY SILVER Rexall JUBILEE 1903-1928

[GASOLINE GYPSIES Continued from page sixty-one]

the life of me, I couldn't do it. Major looked around at me in a surprised manner, but I continued to post.

My new boots soon began to hurt. My good English riding boots would be awkward on a long mountain jaunt, I learned, because we might want to do rough walking part of the time. So I had purchased the Western variety in Denver—high, moccasin-toed things that lace up the front. Today they were stiff.

Ester and I grew very hot going along in the sun, and stopped to drink at a brook. After Major had slaked his thirst I climbed off to drink also. I had been on him an hour and a half. I stepped on a flat stone that slanted waterwise. The muscles in my legs refused to function. I started to slide. In my stiff, heavy boots I couldn't get any kind of toe hold. I slid some more—*splash*—into the brook!

"How unspeakably awkward!" muttered my sister.

She is an athletic young person. Her whole body is hardened by years of swimming, tennis, and such things. Her legs never get stiff.

I dried out later, going home in the sun.

Tonight I'm really not so stiff as I expected to be. Perhaps I'm becoming an athlete at last!

Sunday, August 5.

UNGH! Ow! O-o-o-o! How awful it was getting out of bed this morning. I must have slept in a draft. No—I forgot. It must be that confounded horse.

At breakfast my sister assured me that the thing to do in a case like this was to do it again. The coffee pepped me up wonderfully. It sounds unreasonable—absurd—but I actually got on another horse and went out for an hour, walking my steed most of the time. I'm probably temporarily unbalanced. It's this mountain air.

There is a Scotch lord staying at this hotel. He is Lord Ogilvy, and he is quite the lion of the weekend. He writes live stock for the Denver *Post*. If I were the management I would pay him a salary to come every Saturday. There are tourists here who shake his hand and listen to his yarns of the Boer War who have never *seen* a real lord before. What a kick they are getting! You can see it in their faces.

He has a big hay ranch (cattle ranch) near Greeley, Colorado.

"Why do you live out here in the West, Lord Ogilvy?" I asked.

"I don't like social conditions in England," he replied, talking through his long gray mustache in pleasant English accents. "I must have room—space—about me."

He straightened himself to his full six feet.

"There are room, space, and air here. I was meant for the army—have been in the army during several wars. But I don't like the army in peacetime. It's like being a schoolmaster. Our English sojer is not like your shavetail. Our sojer, in civilian life, would be—say, a delivery boy. It's almost impossible for him even to write a letter home. He has to be helped at all such things."

"How did you happen to come here at first?"

"I came out with my father in 1879. A lot of British capital was invested here. We were entertained on the way at Newport, Rhode Island. The Americans at Newport were very select people—" his blue eyes twinkled—"very select people—or thought they were."

Mr. Nankervis tells me we are to be the only persons on tomorrow's horseback jaunt, after all. Two young men who signed up have failed to appear. The fat woman and her staid looking husband have decided they can't stand the trip. What hardy women Ester and I have turned out to be!

Monday, August 6.

HERE we are, drying out in front of a pine fire at American City, an abandoned mining town 10,000 feet up in the air. It is 5:30 P. M.

We left Idaho Springs at 9:30 this morning. We have been in the saddle virtually all day. And Jack Nankervis didn't wear his fringed coat. He came in corduroy riding pants, boots, gray flannel shirt, Stetson hat, and plain buckskin coat. The fringed coat "looks too affected; I only use it for pictures."

We started in a hot sun, Jack on Major, Ester on Belle, I on Black Beauty. First on an auto road, then on a wagon road, which feathered into a blazed trail. It looked like a jungle to me, but Jack thought it fine, easy riding.

First we followed Clear Creek—all blue from waste rock that is dumped into it at the ore concentration mills outside of town. Then we followed Fall River,

The horse will stand without hitching as long as the reins are over his head and dragging on the ground.

through groves of lovely, quaking aspen trees, and finally turned into York Gulch. Here were ugly slag dumps, and occasionally on a green mountain slope we saw a small hole—an abandoned mine.

Then we came on to Mexican Flats. Nothing there now but the old foundations of cabins and the stumps of trees. In Peck's Gulch we ate lunch.

It rained. We lay on the ground under our slickers, and slept. Then back in the saddle, over a divide, into a draw, and past some old miners' cabins. Nobody lives there now. We went into one, to wait for the rain to stop.

There was a rusty stove, the sticks of chairs and a table, an empty can. On the walls some magazine covers tacked up—pictures of pretty girls of old fashioned plumpness and long hair. Outside and inside—just wide boards and tar paper.

Here the prospector had lived—digging hopefully by day, eating sowbelly and beans and drinking black coffee at night, with flapjacks and black coffee for breakfast in the morning.

The rain didn't stop. We rode on. In Mosquito Creek the way became unspeakably rocky. We got off and led our horses.

The rain descended in sheets.

I unbuckled the slicker from my saddle, and put it on. Water was streaming down my hair, off my nose and fingers. Jack didn't think it was raining hard enough to bother with a raincoat.

Once, going down a steep embankment, I was sure Black Beauty was going to sit down on her haunches and slide, movie style. She didn't slide, thank heaven—merely walked doggedly down, her body at an angle of forty-five degrees, with me pushing against the pommel to keep from catapulting over her head.

We reached American City—a region of white scoured stumps and timberline trees twisted into strange shapes, like towels that have been wrung tightly in the washing. "A burnover," explained Jack briefly. "A burnover [forest fire]. It happened fifty years ago."

And now we are drying by the fire in Columbine Castle, a lodge here. On all sides we see mountains in the late sunshine, and it is cold outside. It may be August in New York, but it is November here.

Tuesday, August 7.

I WAS up at 5 this morning. I hopped out, donned my leather windbreaker over my pajamas, slipped into Jack's big felt lined rubbers, and went upstairs in the tower to watch the sun rise.

Sunrise in the mountains! Long before the golden rim appeared in the east, James Peak, to the west of us, was blood red—a whole mountain the color of blood. The peak blood red! The bald and rocky sides blood red! The great ravines, filled with snow, blood red in the morning light!

Ah, you prospectors—you forsaken men who lived here on black coffee and sowbelly, without family or friends, digging for gold, waiting, hoping, and too often failing—I can find no sorrow for you. For every day you saw James Peak blood red in the morning light! At least, you lived when you saw that sun rise.

Indians—aha! There are redskins ahead. Read what happens to our Gasoline Gypsies in their next adventures, in an early issue of Liberty.

Suits and Silk Shirtwaists for Autumn

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SOME people's chief delight seems to lie in asking you questions that presumably cannot be answered. With a glint in the eye which registers the sentiment of now I've got you, they put this query: What was the predominant new style that you saw when you were in Paris?

The funny thing about the situation is that there is an easy reply to them, which doesn't have to be thought up or exaggerated at all. The questioners do not mention whether they are interested in fashions for daytime, afternoon, or evening, or in that all pervading species of style known as sports clothes. However, there is one return which considers all of these.

For once, the newest fashion is not launched in evening dresses. We all know about the swallowtailed effect of skirt lines long in the back and short in the front. The printed velvets, also, we know about. But what we haven't heard, perhaps, is that the Bon Marché, the Galeries Lafayette, the Louvre, and the Trois Quartier—all of which are big Paris department stores—have long horizontal poles of shirtwaists hanging where a year ago sports dresses and pajamas swung.

This is a sign of the times, and says more colorfully than words that the shirtwaist and skirt, and as a corollary the tailored suit, is the style of the near future.

For allround wear, the tailored suit of coffee colored tweed (at the left) is ideal. It is made with a single breasted jacket having a low beltline. The center model shows a beige crêpe marocain dress, worn with a coat of brown and castor colored woolen material trimmed with karakul. The sports costume, by Lelong, consists of a sweater in three shades of gray wool. The skirt is of gray and white tweed.

As for colors, blues, ranging from slaty grayish tones to baby paleness, are popular, and gray seems to be putting it over as a fashionable shade at last. American women get themselves up in a gray costume without one breath of life to it except a white stripe crossing the hard V shaped neckline, and this is woven into the material (so that the dress has to be cleaned often).

With it, the fashion leader usually wears a gray hat wider on one side than on the other, and for a wrap throws over it a long gray coat. Her gray scarf has a monogram in white embroidered at one end of it. Frequently she has gray hair. And friends remark on how chic she looks. But it would be just as well for us at home to stick a little color of some kind in with all that grayness up around the neck—say of rose or Alice blue.

We are not so likely in this country to let hardness pass for smartness as Americans seem inclined to do abroad. As for the long coat, let us not have it of pale gray, but of a darker color. This will not destroy the ensemble effect of the costume, or make less emphatic its tailored character. We shall this winter be further assisted in combining chic with becomingness by the introduction of the large fur collar once more.

Of course, from having no collars at all, even on fur coats, we shall turn to the opposite extreme. From those small, standing collars like a mere neckband on many fur coats, and the hard Vs without any collar at all, we are inclining to the high puff of just such a one as that portrayed in our coat model.

With the dress under it, this represents an ensemble very much in the winter mode. The coat is of woolen material in castor color and brown, trimmed with baby lamb fur or karakul or other more brown and longer haired skins for those who wish something less expensive than the first, which is used in the model on display. A band of the fur goes down both sides of the front, giving to the wrap the effect of being fur lined.

The dress is of beige crêpe marocain, made with the circular sweep of skirt now fashionable and the line fitted and flat. The hat is very small, as is usually the case when it is worn with a big fur collar, and is in two shades of brown felt. Sometimes the entire costume is made in shades of gray.

For the type of costume representing the incoming style for day wear—not only this autumn but in the springtime, as well as this winter in the South, and in town a great deal under heavy wraps—let me commend the first model. It is the one that carries the popular shirtwaist, which we see on display everywhere, usually in crêpe de Chine. This material seems to be supplanting in a measure the jerseys and fabrics for sports clothes. The ensemble consists of a severe little tailored suit, topped with a little hat sticking far out in the brim on one side, and should be supplemented in chic at the opposite extremity with trim little tan colored oxfords.

The hat is of angora felt, with the crown shaved and the brim left fuzzy. A smart additional touch might be added if one had half moons and geometric figures in hatter's silk pasted round the crown "to taste," as they say in cooking recipes. This device is a simple method of announcing that your hat is of the vintage of this fall and winter of 1928.

The skirt of this frock is shorter than one sees in the current afternoon dresses, and, in contrast to both of the others on the page, is plaited.

This costume is made of coffee colored tweed, with a low placed leather belt, and rounded corners to the single breasted jacket. Its beautiful simplicity of line makes the little tailleur one that may be put on in the morning, whether for a brisk walk, a shopping tour, or business, and worn all day. With a shirtwaist of soft silk—no longer does a shirtwaist include a mannish collar and necktie—and with a fur scarf such as that shown in the illustration, it may even be worn for dinner and the theater.

THE sports dress, by Lelong, consists of a sweater in three shades of gray, accompanied by a skirt of heavy gray and white tweed. Oh, yes, and the bag is of this same piece of material. You must have heard how very smart it is to have your bag made to match your street costume!

The hat is of gray felt with black designs on it, and has the decided sweep to one side of the brim which is a characteristic line of the day.

CHIC by the Clock

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, October 1.

FASHIONS run on hourly schedules these days, like everything else in this machinemade epoch. An hour ahead, or behind, may mean the wrecking of the Chic Special. You know what a disaster it is to wear an evening gown, due only after 8 P. M., at, say, 5 in the afternoon! Or, let us say, a sweater after 6. Ho, hum! It's a hard life a girl leads. Chic goes by the clock!

Now, there are a good many women who simply cannot live up to anything like an hourly fashion change schedule. And there are others who won't. Yet, these ladies must and do appear chic. You can't set the hands of the clock of styles back, nor can you move them ahead; so some means of circumventing these hourly proprieties of clothes has to be invented.

Paris dopes out a very neat and exact daily clothes schedule, which begins with bed jaquettes and silken lingerie, appropriate for coffee and toast with a maid looking on. A filmy negligee, with frivolous mules, for the second hour, in which you face the morning post and perhaps an intimate friend, comes next. Then comes the sterner stuff which you don for the morning walk or shopping or what have you? A change for luncheon, naturally, and another one for the matinée, or tea, or—! And you meet your cocktail, or French apéritif, in still another ravishing concoction. And so on. Each hour it's change, until you are back to the bed jaquette hour again.

Beige crêpe de Chine makes this simple Chanel frock with circular ruffles and flat, carelessly tied bows.

Good for both afternoon and evening is this ensemble of yellow beige crêpe satin: a short fur trimmed jacket which ties around the waist, and a sleeveless dinner dress.

New and very daring is the silhouette of this Chanel evening gown of black lace.

Vionnet contributes this coat of black broadcloth trimmed with gray astrakhan.

Paris, having made out this exacting program of changes, proceeds to show us how to break them, knowing full well that they will be smashed anyway.

Suppose you are a fashionable woman, with nothing to do but change your clothes according to the strictest social requirements. You will have forty-seven coats, perhaps, hanging on the rack in your closet, and out of these numerous protective coverings you will be sure to have at least one that is a natural circumventer of this chic by the clock rule. It will be the kind of cloak that a woman who is obliged to wear her clothes a good many hours a day would choose.

This is the type of coat shown on this page. Madeleine Vionnet, who created it, made it of black broadcloth, a material that is both elegant and simple. She trimmed it with unusual crossed revers and collar and cuffs of gray astrakhan. She gave it a little shoulder yoke and a fluid, slender body silhouette.

The color combination of gray and black is one of the smartest and most exclusive shown by Paris. It is also one that is used for clothes from morning to midnight. Fur and fabric are good for all types of daytime clothes. With this coat you can cheat the hours of the mode.

Our first sketch shows a dress that also possesses all of these qualities. This dress would not make the milkman wonder, "Why the scenery?" It would appear supremely smart any time during the day, although I do not advise such a frock for a football game.

Chanel, that fairy godmother of Paris fashion, made this dress of beige crêpe de Chine, and very wisely made it superlatively simple in her own happy way. It is a straight frock with a belt of self material buckled in front, and a cunning shoulder yoke that ties at the back of the neck in a simple knot. The skirt is decorated with four circular ruffles which rise to a point at the center back, each ruffle being finished by a flat bow of self material, tied with careless grace.

OUR second model is a camouflage ensemble that bridges those two most separated periods of the chic day—afternoon and evening. It comes from Elspeth Champcommunal, and has a jacket of yellow beige crêpe satin, trimmed with yellow fox collar and sleeve bands. While this wrap is worn you have on an afternoon ensemble. When it is removed it reveals a sleeveless frock of yellow beige satin with diagonal circular ruffles—a perfect dinner or evening gown.

This is how Paris makes the chic for one hour correct for another with totally different requirements.

When you go in for a real evening gown, which can be worn only for its special occasions, you may be extravagant if you like, but even for this it is wiser to choose novelty of line and develop it in some staple material. Such a dress is our frock of black lace. Chanel has given it a very flared peplum, stiffened underneath by horsehair braid. She has also given it a flat panel of lace in back, with a flaring, rounded end that comes to the heels. The blouse is draped at the waistline.

4-Door Sedan, $825. f. o. b. Body by Fisher

Giving more than ever for the same low price

The minute you see today's Pontiac Six . . . the minute you take the wheel, you realize that Oakland's policy of progress has *again* produced a finer automobile—has *again* established a higher standard of value in the field of low-priced sixes! For although today's Pontiac Six outshines even its famous predecessors in power, speed, economy and smartness . . . although it incorporates important advancements in design, it still sells for the same low price!

A new and larger carburetor . . . new improved manifolding . . . smaller, sturdier 10-spoke wheels and larger tires . . . increased gear ratio—such are the sources of greater power, higher speeds and more intriguing smartness. Such are the additions to an already impressive array of features typified by Fisher body . . . the G-M-R cylinder head, the cross-flow radiator and the advantages of super-precision construction in the world's most modern automobile plant. Visit your Oakland-Pontiac dealer today. Learn the new measure of value that is winning still greater success for an already successful six!

Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

- a Successful Six
now winning Even Greater Success

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The Most Luxurious BEAUTY BATH you ever enjoyed

Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth as Velvet!

Soothing - Refreshing

THE new Linit Beauty Bath has captivated women everywhere—it is so luxurious, so soothing and refreshing and it immediately gives the skin a delightful sensation of having bathed in rich cream.

Merely swish half a package or more of Linit Starch in your tub, bathe as usual, using your favorite soap and then feel your skin—as soft and smooth as velvet!

This exquisite softness comes from an extremely thin "layer" of Linit left on the skin after the bath. This invisible coating of Linit is porous—and evenly spread. It absorbs perspiration, eliminates "shine" from the skin and, in cases of irritation, is most soothing and beneficial.

Linit Starch is so economical that at least you should give this Beauty Bath a trial—and let the results speak for themselves.

LINIT Starch is sold by your GROCER

A Convincing Test - *Make It on Your Hands*

SIMPLY swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. *Immediately* after drying you are aware of a soothing softness—your skin feels smooth as the down of a rose petal.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

Afternoon Tea

By Ethel Somers

Served with tea, toasted cinnamon bread sticks make a very attractive and dainty afternoon tea service.

An afternoon tea is an informal reception where one's friends gather to visit. The food service is merely an accessory to add to the pleasure of the company. The clever hostess serves merely refreshments. Perhaps it will be a thirst quenching beverage, with a light accompaniment of cinnamon toast and a bit of sweetened fruit peel. The hostess should not, under any circumstance, load her tea table or plan an extravagant service. Afternoon teas are not fitting occasions to demonstrate one's skill in cooking, but rather to show one's skill in service. Quality rather than quantity should be the keynote.

If the weather is cool, select a beverage that provides refreshing warmth. If the afternoon is hot, provide a cooling beverage, decidedly acid. A simple menu, artistically served, does not spoil one's appetite for the evening meal, yet the artistry of the service and its refreshing qualities insure its success.

AFTERNOON TEA MENUS

Hot Tea
Clove Stuck Lemon Slices
Maple Cinnamon Sticks Candied Orange Peel

Hot Tea
Orange Marmalade to Sweeten
Fudge Bars Mints

Hot Chocolate
Date or Nut Sticks
Marshmallows

Fruity Beverage
Crunchy Nut or Peanut Cookies
Candied Grapefruit Peel

Hot Coffee Service
Pulled Angel Food Cake or Rice Cookies
Salted Nuts

Cinnamon Sticks

24 bread sticks, cut as pictured
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons sugar
½ to 2 teaspoons cinnamon, as desired

TOAST the bread sticks either before or after cutting. Add the cinnamon mixture by spreading either on the top or on all sides of the toasted sticks with the creamed butter to which the well blended sugar and cinnamon has been added. A different effect is attained by buttering the hot toast and then rolling it in the sugar and cinnamon mixture, thoroughly blended. Return to a hot oven (400° F.) for 2 minutes or under the broiler flame for ½ minute until the sugar coating melts and covers the bread sticks. Serve hot. If finger shapes are not appropriate for your party service, the bread may be cut in any desired design.

Cinnamon Toast in Variety

BROWN sugar used in place of white makes a pleasant change. Crush the sugar with a rolling pin until it is entirely free of lumps.

Shavings from maple sugar, which may be readily cut off with a heavy bladed knife, also furnish a delightful variation. The cinnamon may or may not be used with the maple sugar, as desired.

Date Sticks

1 pound dates, cut fine
½ cup chopped nuts
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon hot water
2 eggs
Powdered sugar to coat

COMBINE the melted butter, hot water, and beaten eggs. Flour the dates and nuts, after chopping, with sifted flour, baking powder, and sugar. Stir in the liquids. Spread in a ½ inch sheet on an oiled pan and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15 minutes. Cut while hot into strips 2 inches by ¾ inch. Smooth the edges and roll in sifted powdered sugar. Shake free of loose sugar before serving. An oiled stick pan is ideal for the baking of these.

Spread the cinnamon butter on bread fingers and set in the oven to brown. Above: Mix the sugar and cinnamon until well blended and work into the creamed butter.

Candied Grapefruit Peel

¾ pound prepared grapefruit peel (see directions)
1½ pounds sugar
1½ cups water

WASH the grapefruit thoroughly by scrubbing. Cut the peel into ¼ sections. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil quickly and drain. Add more cold water to cover. Boil quickly and drain again. Cover with cold water the third time and cook until very tender, testing with a toothpick. Drain and cool. Then with a spoon scrape out the white pulp area, leaving only the savory rind. With a pair of shears cut the cooked peel into strips. Weigh out ¾ pound of peel and cover with a syrup made by cooking the sugar and water together. Stir until the sugar is completely dissolved and cook to 220° F. Pour this syrup, while hot, over the fruit peel and let stand overnight. Drain off the syrup and reheat it to 224° F. Pour back on to the peel and let stand 24 hours. Drain and roll each strip separately in granulated sugar. Properly prepared, these are much like gumdrops in texture, with a fine fruit flavor. If desired, orange peel may be prepared in the same way. A combination of the two makes a very pleasant and colorful service.

Pulled Angel Food Cake

½ an angel food cake
1 cup boiled or uncooked icing
½ cup *grated* coconut, or minced pecans, or candied fruit, or chocolate sprinkle (¼ cup of chocolate sprinkle, if used)

USE angel food cake or mock angel food at least 1 day old for pulling. The fresh product would become pasty if so handled. Using two forks, tear the cake into ½ inch slices and each slice into fingerlike pieces (½ inch by 3 inches). Take hold of each end and pull each piece until slightly elongated and nicely shaped. Then roll in boiled or uncooked icing and then in the coconut, nuts, candied fruit, or chocolate sprinkle. If shredded coconut is used in place of grated, a pair of shears will serve to cut it fine enough to simulate grated coconut. These should be made the day before using.

Uncooked Icing

1 egg white
1 tablespoon cream
1⅜ cups confectioner's sugar
½ teaspoon flavoring
½ teaspoon melted butter

BEAT the egg white stiff. Alternate additions of the mixed liquids and dry ingredients. Beat until thickened, about 3 minutes. Spread on the cake. If the icing runs, a little more sugar may be added.

Crunchy Nut Cookies

4 egg whites
½ pound almonds
1 cup confectioner's sugar
½ tablespoon cinnamon

MIX the sugar and cinnamon. Stir in the unbeaten egg whites. Mix thoroughly until well blended. Put aside ⅓ cup for icing. To the remainder add the almonds, unblanched but grated. When the mixture is *thoroughly* blended by stirring and kneading, roll out to ⅛ inch thickness on a board or waxed paper strewn with confectioner's sugar. Cut in fancy shapes. Frost with the reserved mixture and bake until dried out and crisp on a buttered tin in a slow oven (325° F.) for 12 to 18 minutes, when they should be delicately browned. The icing should bubble up in blisters when the cookies are done. Remove while hot to a cooling rack.

THERE is no better time for a woman to display her capabilities as a hostess than while entertaining friends at an afternoon tea. The refreshments should have quality rather than quantity. Miss Somers offers many other suggestions in the three cookbooks she has prepared for LIBERTY readers. Lend variety to the afternoon teas you give your friends by referring to the cookbooks. Each cookbook is 10 cents, but you may have all three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. Use the coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....
Street or R. F. D.....
City..... State.....
10-27-28

The Love Dove

In Which Romance Smiles, But Death Has the Last Laugh

The Sixth Episode of

THE HAPPY PARROT

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

IFTY thousand dollars! That was the sum Captain Quinn offered me to marry his niece, Cintra. He was at his wits' end to know what to do with the girl.

He had given me the berth of captain on his ship, The Happy Parrot, and we were well out to sea when he came near to bursting with rage on discovering that our ship's cook was no cook at all, but Cintra, who had smuggled herself aboard in sailor's flapping pants.

The Happy Parrot was a slaver when the Black Ivory traffic was forbidden by law. The so called "factory" of Maltby & Quinn, on Amelia Island, with José Segrada as factor, was a landing place for wild Negroes. Small wonder that, when we stopped there, Quinn should try to arrange for his niece the protection of marriage, he being menaced not only by the law but by the hatred of his enemies as well: the pirates Nanfan and Gooly.

I accepted Quinn's terms, married Cintra for money—and she me to see the world. Cintra's uncle left us and we sailed for Africa. When we returned to Amelia Island it was to face a horrible sight: Captain Quinn hanged to his own topmast, and his sloop, The Mischief, plundered and burning beneath him! The work of Nanfan.

Nor did pirate villainy stop there. When we landed they stole away my wife. Thank heaven I reached her in time, killed or frightened off every ruffian about her, and guided her to the safety of Segrada and his men.

"JESU Marie!" gasped Segrada, panting up to where we stood. "Is it that any harm have arrive to the señora? My wives have beg me to inquire."

"Many thanks, señor," said Cintra with a pallid smile; "but Captain Strake's—harem—has survived—intact. . . . *Virgo intacta.*"

Then she flushed.

"Señor," said she, "Captain Strake is a very brave and gallant gentleman. And I pray God may give him a son, some day, to inherit such gallantry and courage, lest the world lose it and be worse off."

Too often wounded by her irony, I did not dare to understand her.

"Can you not comprehend what is due you?" said she, looking oddly at me.

Then, taking me by the hand, which she had not done in the six months: "Carry me aboard your ship, if you please, sir," said she, laughing in a strange and nervous way, "for I seem to have turned into a kind of devil, too, and dream only of a fatal reckoning with The Love Dove and The Lazy Lass."

"I promise you," said I, "that if I fall in with The Lazy Lass I will hang Buke Gooly at his own masthead."

But the feverish stain of colour had left her face shadowy and wan with pain. I supported her by the arm as she limped along beside me, and I heard her whimpering under her breath, "O Lord—O God of Mercy, is this, then, Thy world I am seeing, after all?"

. . . . . .

FOR the first time since I married her, my wife and I seemed to be becoming friends. I do not mean in the sentimental manner. In her there never had been any tenderness for me that I was able to perceive. And as for me, I still feared her irony and ridicule.

If, perhaps, the slight personal courage I had displayed was a little redeeming me in her opinion, I was not to forget her contempt of any man who was engaged in a lawless trade—both lawlessness and the trade itself being repugnant to her. Moreover, I could scarcely doubt her real opinion of a man who had married her for money. Once, after The Happy Parrot sailed from Amelia Island, she made a veiled allusion to it—something in a humourous manner—light yet mirthless—concerning the money paid me for marrying her.

"If I was bribed," said I, "so were you bribed to marry me."

There was some slight heat in my retort, smelling a little of quarrel.

"We both seem to be something depraved," said she, "—and you in particular."

"If you are winning my respect," said I warmly, "why may I not win yours?"

"Then wash your Black Ivory white, sir."

"You speak like a Quaker or some other pious hypocrite!" said I sharply.

"I? A hypocrite?"

"You told me yourself that, in France, your parents owned little blackamoor slaves like that vile Zamoor of the poor Countess du Barry!"

"It was the custom—"

"It is now. Plenty of fashionable folk in New York own slaves. Your intimate friends, Mrs. Betsy Hunt and Eliza Osborn, own them! Do you entertain a contempt for the Lockwoods—all those respectable, pious people of Poundridge Manor?"

She remained flushed and silent.

"Also," said I, "your late uncle told me that he maintained a country seat at Cross River in Westchester, where you are accustomed to pass the summer heat; and that all your servants there are black slaves."

"They are *his*," she said, biting her lip. "I shall free every one when I return to New York."

As I leaped e

I felt that, for the first time, I had the better of Cintra. But I was too wary of her to pursue the matter.

TO look at Cintra one might think she was in her soft and blooming teens; and I had to keep reminding myself that I had to do with a woman of twenty-three. She had come into my cabin that day to sit idly upon my bunk and pick and strum upon a banjer which one of José Segrada's saddle coloured wives had sent aboard The Happy Parrot to amuse her.

During our sojourn at Amelia Island Cintra had seen and heard the almost continuous singing and dancing at Segrada's, where he had nearly a hundred Negroes, long since tamed.

So she let the subject drop, which was irritating us both to the verge of a quarrel, and began to pick the banjer and sing softly:

"Pat a juba-juba-juba,
T'ump de drum an' blow de tuba,

Pictures by
NORMAN PRICE

men sprang on my back, and I fell, crushed and smothered by the weight of bodies.

See de goofa jack ajumpin',
Don' you stop de drum at'umpin'.
Lawzee, hear de banjer talkin'!
Lawzee, hear de juju sq'awkin'!
Bite de yam an' chew de gooba,
Pat a juba-juba-juba,
Shuffle kaffle, shuffle, shuffle,
Niggers dee ain' got no duffle;
Quit yoh sobbin'! Pat a juba,
T'ump de drum an' blow de tuba,
Shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle;
Buckra mek de Krooman scuffle;
'Spec' de dab-a-dab am comin';
Strike de bell an' set her hummin',
Keep adrummin'; blow yoh tuba;
Pat a juba-juba-juba—"

I was writing up my log of the last two days, but I found my feet tapping the floor to the rhythm of her measure.

"Can you dance it?" she asked laughingly.

"Not the way they do," said I.

"*I* can."

Those dusky ladies we had carried on The Middle Passage had an odd and wanton way of dancing—not moving their feet much, if at all, but waving and flinging their arms about and twisting their bodies until, from the haunches upward, they were but one serpentine undulation.

"You pick juba!" cried Cintra, thrusting the banjer into my lap.

SO I picked *rip-a-tink! rip-a-tink!* and she slid from the bunk to the floor and stood with her feet together, swaying and weaving her arms with much wild and dainty grace and none of that vicious African wantonness which seems disgusting to a white man.

The frolic, revealing our growing comradeship, started us both laughing—I picking away at the banjer, she drifting like a wind stirred flower on its stalk—when, of a sudden, I heard our lookout's cry: "Sail ho!"

Going on deck I hailed masthead and learned that a schooner was bearing down on us.

So I took a trumpet and went into the rigging to observe her.

The wind was light but steady, and she was standing in for us from the open sea under a cloud of sail—a New England built vessel, I made her, and so did Mr. Wild.

When she was within a half mile of us she let fly the United States revenue flag and fired a gun.

So we hove to, and very soon she hailed us:

"Ship ahoy! Ahoy! What ship?"

"The Happy Parrot for New York, in ballast, Captain Strake. What ship are you?"

"The United States revenue cutter Madison."

The two ships were now running almost side by side, the Madison just abaft our beam.

An ironical officer in a naval blue coat, his face framed to the ears by the high gold laced

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LOVE DOVE
Continued from page sixty-nine]

coat collar and cravatte, looked across at me.

"We know The Happy Parrot very well," he called out. "You're a slaver in ballast and you know it, sir!"

"If you feel that way," said I politely, "I hope you'll condescend to come aboard us, sir."

"Thanks. Very kind of you. I'd find aboard you what I discovered aboard The Black Joke, which was nothing."

I laughed; but his responsive grin was grim and menacing.

"Do you think, sir, your lawless traffic can continue? You'd better quit before you're caught."

"Sir," said I, "if you are looking for lawlessness, you'll find plenty aboard The Lazy Lass, Buke Gooly's ship. And aboard The Love Dove, Captain Nanfan."

"Yes," said he; "we're watching for such craft as those, and Charlie Chatto's Tigerette—and yours. The trouble is to catch them."

We were outsailing the revenue cutter, drawing ahead very fast on the same tack.

"I wish you good luck and a real war!" I shouted as the distance widened. "The day you stand for free trade and sailors' rights, and clear for action, I'll clear, too. And you can say so to your poltroon of a President!"

When I went below, Cintra said, "Did you mean what you said to that revenue officer?"

"I did."

Her face flushed and her features were working.

"I'd welcome the day," said she, "that brought you a letter of marque, if it beggars me."

"In the meanwhile," said I sarcastically, "I require daily bread. A letter of marque is no good to a dead man."

"You have ten thousand blood money, and fifty thousand more of me—"

"I have ten thousand Black Ivory money, hard earned," I retorted, "and not a penny more!"

"My uncle's debt is mine!"

"I cancel it!"

"Half my fortune is yours, too!" she cried in a temper. "And you know it!"

"Of which," said I, "I'll never touch a penny. And *you* know *that!*"

"Why, plague take you!" she stormed. "What are you so tender and nice about when you were bribed to marry me! You were, weren't you? It was your bargain with my uncle, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't choose to carry it out."

"You have no choice. I'm your wife, am I not? You've completed your part of the bargain—"

"And I wipe the slate clean of *your* past, Cintra."

"Listen to me!" she cried excitedly. "Didn't you marry me because you were paid to, and for no other reason on earth?"

"I don't know why I married you," said I, "but it was not for that reason, anyway. . . . I don't know what I did it for!" I cried, exasperated. "Let me alone; I've enough to worry me."

II

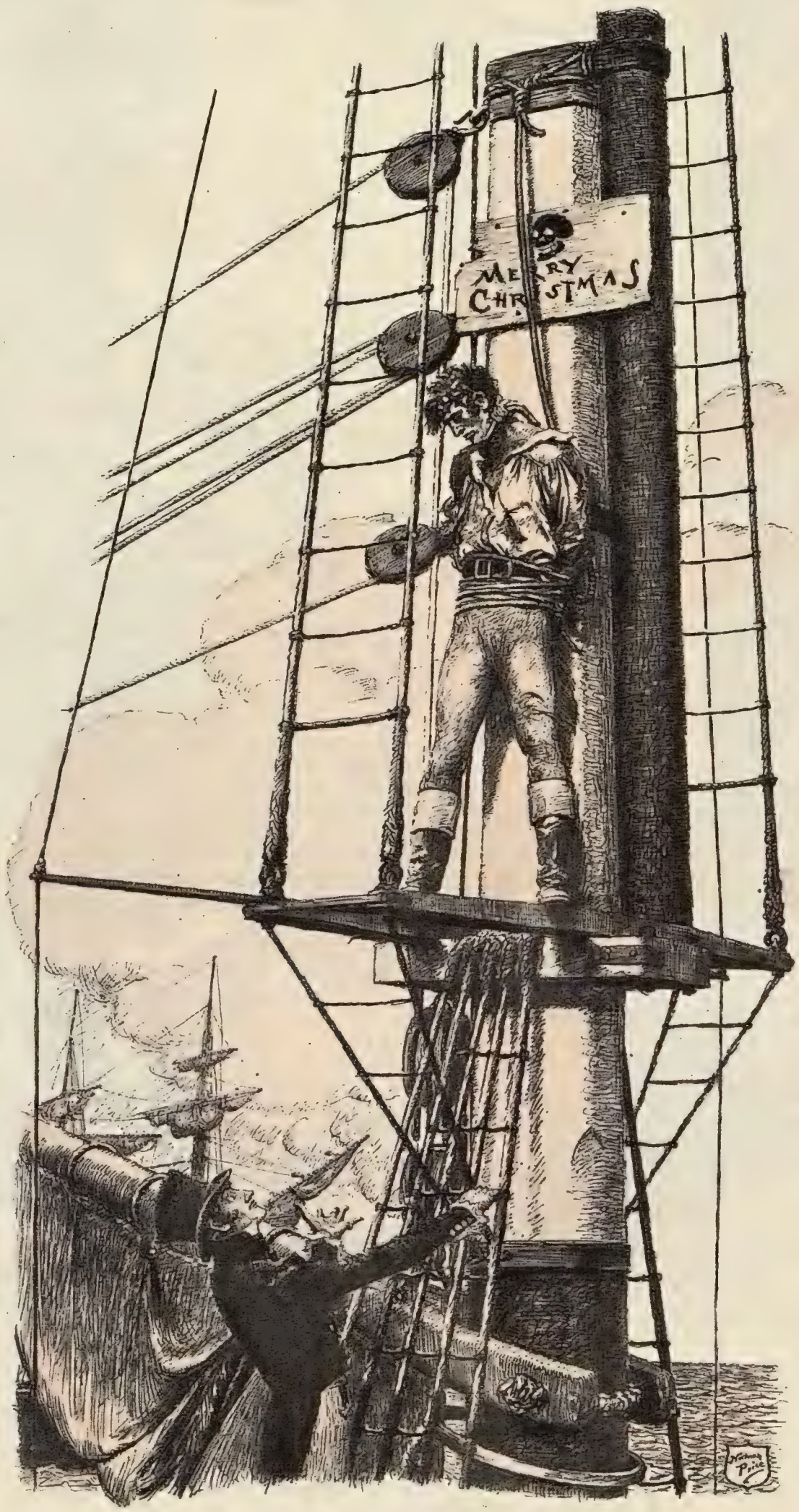
THE weather grew very hot; the wind failed; we were becalmed so often that we were no nearer Sandy Hook than Topsail Inlet; and our water butts stank.

So, as there was good water and good anchorage inside, and a little wind and sufficient tide to take us over the bar, I took The Happy Parrot in and came to an anchor off the ruins of that ancient and notorious tavern of Tom Cocklyn, who turned pirate and was hanged.

For Topsail, in the last century and earlier, had been a great rendezvous for the oldtime sea rogues, where they put in to careen and carouse and to fill their casks with sweet water from Tom Cocklyn's spring in the woods behind the tavern.

It seemed a desolate spot with its dunes and tall black melancholy pines, and no habitation, only the ruins of that rascal's tavern with its great crumbling chimneys and half the roof tumbled in.

I had sailed from the factory with a crew of fourteen men, all told—all I needed to carry to New York and back again, where I could increase my complement to thirty odd when again I sailed for the Guinea Coast.



"You can always end it, you know. Just step outward, sir, and all your troubles are over."

SO, having come to an anchor, I called all hands to water, leaving one foremastman and a boy aboard to man the tackle and hoist in our water kegs.

When we broke out the kegs we found 'em foul and guinea worms in several; so I ordered them to be well limed and scrubbed before filled.

It was a little after 1 in the afternoon, and I told Mr. Wild to be lively and keep the men busy, because I meant to weigh with the ebb.

It was very hot. The hatches were off and the hold still smelled of vinegar and tar smoke—which, however, is better endured than flux, fever, smallpox, and ophthalmia.

I said as much to Cintra, who came on deck complaining of the stench.

"The thing to do with this ship is to burn her," said she in disgust.

"Yes," said I; "I know your views."

She seemed to feel the heat. She wore a frail kind of wrapper or levette of surah gauze, sandals, and a Barbary girl's vest and drawers of thinnest silk. I myself wore only my shirt, trousers, and boots.

She said she desired to go ashore, and sit in the cool, and smell the pines.

So I signalled the gig, and we rowed ashore. I had limes in my pocket and a bit of cane; and a boy fetched us cold sweet water. So I made a bombo for Cintra.

We were sitting, I remember, on the doorsill of the tavern asipping of our bombo. Cintra had kicked off her sandals—she had lovely little feet—and was turning around to peep inside the doorless room, which seemed to have been a taproom, when suddenly she screamed; and, as I leaped erect, three men sprang on my back, and I fell, crushed and smothered by the weight of bodies.

When they had tied me, wrists and elbows, and had jerked me upright, I looked for Cintra. She was gone, and her sandals lay by the doorsill.

The shock of it—as though from a blow on the head—still confused me, and for a few moments I could not see clearly.

Other men were around me now. I heard somebody ask where Cintra was. Somebody said she had run into the woods.

Then, in the instant, the horror of it blazed in my brain. It was all over with us now—with Cintra, with Mr. Wild and my men in the pine woods beyond, with me.

All these men crowding about me carried guns.

They were Buke Gooly's men, or Nanfan's. They would massacre all—Cintra—everybody!

"Tie his feet," said a hollow voice behind me—a gusty, lungless, whispering voice—Buke Gooly's.

As the fellow stooped to obey he laid his cocked musket across the doorsill. Before any could notice or prevent, I kicked the set trigger with all my might, striking it fairly with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

MORE HEAT FOR MORE HOURS

AND NO TOWEL NEEDED

HEALING HEAT
with nearly
2,000 THERMO-NUBS

protecting the user of this new and revolutionary "Hotter" Water Bottle

NON-BURN, the "Hotter" Water Bottle, makes available much greater heat than was ever possible with the old-fashioned, smooth surface water bottle and requires no towels or other protection against skin burn. Simply fill it with water as hot as you choose and apply the studded surface directly to the skin—*it will not burn.*

This studded surface—made like a rubber massage brush—forms an air cushion and permits the use of water as hot as you can get it. It is the only bottle of its kind. With any ordinary bottle, 130 degrees is about the limit of safety, unless the bottle is wrapped in a towel, in which case, the intense healing heat (the curing agent) goes into the towel—not into the body.

Naturally, NON-BURN stays hot much longer because it is possible to start with water that is much hotter.

NON-BURN (patents pending) which is Seiberling's scientific contribution to the reduction of human suffering—costs no more than an ordinary, good quality bottle, but does a much better job.

The air cushion made by the Thermo-Nubs protects the skin against burning.

Will not burn the skin no matter how hot the water.

Using hotter water, the bottle retains heat much longer.

Because of the Thermo-Nubs, the bottle clings to curved surfaces without being held.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and your check or P. O. money order for $3.00, and we will mail one direct to you post paid.

[Jobber's name and complete information will be sent druggists on request.]

SEIBERLING LATEX PRODUCTS CO.
AKRON, OHIO
In Canada—The Seiberling Rubber Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

Ask Your Druggist for

NON-BURN

The 'HOTTER' Water Bottle

Now a new

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL CREAM

for quick cleansing

BLUSH pink, like the petals of young peach blossoms. So lovely that you know, before you dip one finger into it, that it will help make *you* lovely, too. This is the new Perfect Cleansing Cream that Daggett & Ramsdell have just perfected to meet the needs of the modern busy woman to whom every minute is precious.

Just scoop out a generous amount of Perfect Cleansing Cream and spread it gently all over your face and neck. The instant, almost, that it touches your skin it softens. Sinks into the tiniest pores. No rubbing. No "working in." Remove with cleansing tissues. With it comes the accumulation of dust and perspiration from your pores.

Now saturate a puff of absorbent cotton with Vivatone. (Known in Canada as Perfect Skin Tonic.) Pat it all over your face and neck. It feels delightfully cool and fresh. Erases the last vestige of weariness. You are made over in less time than it takes to tell.

Some people feel the need of a powder base. The merest dash of Perfect Vanishing Cream is enough to hold powder evenly for hours. And always, of course, there is Perfect Cold Cream that first made Daggett & Ramsdell famous. Nothing better has been found for real facial massage and molding. Use it whenever you have time for more than a quick treatment. At leading drug and department stores everywhere.

Introductory Offer 50¢

Why don't you send for one of these special Clean-up Kits? For only 50c, you can get a supply of Perfect Cold Cream, Perfect Cleansing Cream, Vivatone and Perfect Vanishing Cream with Daggett & Ramsdell tissues for removing cream. Enough to give the new facial a real trial. Regular size cold cream and vanishing cream (not samples), a special tube of the brand new cleansing cream, and a bottle of Vivatone, all in a wonderfully neat and practical container to keep in your desk, or carry in your bag. Mail coupon today.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

ROOM 12, 214 WEST 14th ST. NEW YORK

Canadian readers send coupon to 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto

Enclosed find 50c (stamps, money order) for which please send me Introductory Perfect Clean-up Kit.

Name..... *City*.....

Street..... *State*.....

[THE LOVE DOVE
Continued from page seventy]

the toe of my right boot, and discharging the gun into the empty room.

The explosion was deafening, and no cannon shot could more loudly alarm Mr. Wild and my men than did the roar of that musket between narrow walls and shattered windows.

"God's death!" screeched Gooly. "Who fired?"

Around me a tumult of imprecations rose, and a dozen fists struck at me, blocking one another in their ferocious eagerness, so that only a blow or two reached me at all.

Then I heard a calm, precise, bantering voice—and, God help me, I recognized it for Captain Nanfan's:

"Really, my dear fellow, he can't get away, you know—all trussed up like a basted turkey!"

At that, Gooly ran at me like a great spider and gave me a kick, and stood grimacing, baring his spongy gums at me, speechless with a fury so dreadful that it paralyzed what ghostly voice he had.

Meanwhile, Captain Nanfan blew a boatswain's whistle, and I heard him ordering his men, in his precise, mincing voice, to scour the woods and fetch in what prisoners they could secure.

"And be at some pains to find that young woman," he added. "I never shall forgive myself if she should decline my invitation to our little pleasure party."

Buke Gooly's access of fury subsided as suddenly as it had seized him; his features became as colourless as a deflated bladder.

"A bad blunder," he wheezed in his hollow voice. "I saw him kick at Bimbi Jim's gun, but couldn't stop'm — no — couldn't stop'm. Now the mate and the crew's run off into them woods, some'res. Yuss. They'll get away in the bush some'res, Captain Nanfan. Yuss."

He sat down on the trunk of a great pine fallen across the dooryard. Behind him I saw one of their ruffians on sentry with naked cutlass and musket strapped across his back.

BEYOND I could see The Happy Parrot. I had left a man and a boy aboard her. I could see a dozen fellows lining her rail.

Then I looked at Captain Nanfan. He was taking snuff—with a manner, daintily yet grandly—and I could smell the vanilla bean in it and the cologne on his handkerchief.

He was a young man, tall, slim, elegant, with a small, lipless mouth, long nose, and the eyes of a dead codfish.

A tangle of rich brown curls crowned a narrow head. His blue coat was waspwaisted and the collar and choker invaded ears and chin.

Otherwise he was immaculate, too, in doeskin breeches, gilt top boots and tassels, and a waistcoat of primrose silk heavily flowered in purple.

"Do you take snuff, sir?" he said to me.

I declined.

"A tiresome habit ordained by fashion," he remarked, dusting his nose and fingers. Then he sauntered toward me.

"Be seated, sir," he said politely.

I sat down on the lintel. After looking me over very coolly, Captain Nanfan selected a gold penknife from a bunch of seals and gewgaws dangling from a fob. Opening it leisurely, he walked mincingly up to me, severed my elbow and wrist cords, and the twisted rag that confined my ankles.

"There," said he, "I fancy you feel more comfortable, sir. There is a vulgarity about bonds and shackles. I never use them aboard The Love Dove."

"No," said Gooly in his ghastly voice; "the dead don't need 'em, and nobody lives long aboard *you!*"

Nanfan seated himself on the fallen pine; looked at me amiably.

"Life is an odd thing, and brief, sir—a sigh and a yawn *en passant;* time for a lungful or two of air and a glance about you—"

He shrugged and drew a pistol from the breast of his buttoned coat. This weapon he cocked, examined thoughtfully, then, holding it by the butt, rested it across his knees.

"LIFE is a wonderful mystery, sir," he said. "And yet, a pinch of saltpetre, a little charcoal, a splinter of flint, a drop of lead—and, zip!—this wonderful mystery called life is ended! . . . Are you a philosopher, sir?"

"No," said I.

"A mistake, sir—if you permit me," he said gravely.

"Yuss," wheezed Gooly; "it teaches you it's no good yelling for God when you know you're done for."

"Some," said I, "are not inclined to yell for anybody."

"Sir," said Nanfan in his precise voice, "that was a remarkable combat you maintained at St. Mary's River."

I nodded absently, my tortured ears intent and straining for any sounds from the woods. For such deathly fear was in my heart concerning Cintra that I had to summon every atom of fortitude I possessed to show any countenance to these two ruffians.

If only I could know that she was safe from them!

"Captain Strake," said Nanfan languidly, "I have taken your ship. If you choose to sign articles with me she's yours again."

"I can't do it," said I.

"Why?"

Cintra was the reason. Suddenly I understood it. But I did not enlighten him.

"Why not?" he repeated. "You smuggle niggers. I don't. I merely rob the smugglers of their niggers."

"You prey on all flags," said I wearily.

"Oh, yes," said he coolly, "I take any flag. Even a black one."

So terrible was my apprehension regarding Cintra that I could scarce control the trembling of my body; and only the rage in me that these dunghill bandits should see it, and feel pleasure, nerved me to subdue it.

"So you hesitate to sign my articles?" said Captain Nanfan gently.

"I can't sign them."

Gooly's windy, almost voiceless laugh indicated his satisfaction.

"No," said Nanfan to him; "you are wrong. With such a man, and you, and me, and Charlie Chatto, we'd take the next West Indian fleet. . . . And go and live in Italy.

"Ah, romantic and immortal Rome! Venice! Sicily! Ah, there to dream away the magic hours—"

HE thrust his left hand into his breast pocket and drew out a thin packet.

"Sir," said he, "permit me to read a poem I have written, called Venice. No doubt, after I am dead, some dishonest poet will pretend to it."

Gooly opened his toadlike mouth in a silent grin.

Nanfan, his cocked pistol in one hand, his manuscript in the other, read aloud in a fastidious, affected voice:

"In Venice the Red
All human life seems dead;
No floating torches burn,
Not a lantern.

"Lonely above the strand,
Towering o'er sea and land,
The Great Lion broods on
The horizon.

"Gathered below in groups,
Gondolas and sloops
Seem, in the shadow deep,
Sea fowl asleep.

"Gently the misty tide
Cradles them side by side,
Rocking them rail to rail,
Flag and furled sail.

"Leisurely, with grace,
The moon hides her face,
A web of vapour pale
Her ghostly veil.

"Thus the austere Abbess
Of Sainte Croix doth dress
With white stole, chastely,
Her surpliced knee.

"Each aged palace vast,
Gates, fountains of the past,
White steps where duke and count
Mount and remount.

"Bridges and ancient ways,
Sad statues, crumbling quays,
The dark gulf which rocks,
Splashing the docks.

"All are still—save the guards
With their long halberds
Pacing the pierced wall
Of the arsenal.

"This hour more maids than one
Long to be wooed and won;
Many their gallants wait
By wall and gate.

"Many a dainty guest
For a masked ball dressed
Still lingers at her task
To tie her mask.

We were sitting, I remember, on the doorsill of the tavern.

"Vanina's silky head
Lies on her scented bed;
She clasps her lover fast,
Asleep at last.

"Narcissa's laughter gay
Ripples across the bay
Where the spectral lagoon
Reflects the moon.

"Ah, who in Italy
Is innocent of folly?
Who in a cloister stays
Through rose crowned days?

"Let the old clock tower tell
The old Doge, with its bell,
How old and sad is he
Who sleeps with ennui.

"Whilst, on thy lips, my belle,
My lips count and tell
Of all our kisses given,
Or forgiven.

"Lying within thy arms,
Let us count all thy charms
And every tear of bliss
That seals our happiness."

While he was finishing, his half naked men, with guns on their shoulders, continued to come out of the woods all around us. He merely glanced at them and went on reading. But Buke Gooly was restless.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TONE Beauty at low Price

in this

BRUNSWICK PANATROPE

with Radiola

$395

Brunswick Panatrope with Radiola, Model 3KRO. Price $395

THE tone quality of the Brunswick Panatrope has made this instrument acclaimed as the foremost in its field. Now combined as a scientific unit in one beautiful cabinet are the Brunswick Panatrope and the latest type Radiola. Thus radio as well as record music is yours to command in this fine instrument. Tone is musically perfect. Bass and high notes in exactly their natural relation. The cabinet is one of Brunswick's finest. Operation is entirely from the light socket.

Brunswick this year offers Brunswick Radio . . . radio built to the high musical standard of the Brunswick Panatrope. See all models at your Brunswick dealer's. Prices range from $25 to $995.

"What's New in Music and Radio?"

This booklet tells you. Write for your copy. Address Dept. 442, 623 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

More to choose from on Brunswick in record-playing instruments and radio than any other manufacturer offers!

Free! Write for your copy

Brunswick

Panatropes · Radio · Records · Panatrope-Radiolas

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Chicago · NewYork · Toronto

BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

[THE LOVE DOVE
Continued from page seventy-three]

When Nanfan had finished he lifted his fishy eyes to mine as though avid of praise.

But I had scarcely heard him, for my ears had been strained toward distances far beyond his mincing words.

"I perceive, sir," said he in a pained tone, "that you are no poet."

"You won't be anything at all in a little while," added Gooly.

A lank, shambling ruffian shuffled up and reported to Captain Nanfan that there were empty water casks at the springs, but no trace of mate or crew.

"Were you at pains to search for the young woman?" inquired Nanfan in a penetrating yet stealthy voice.

Yes, it appeared that they had beat up the thickets, but to no purpose. I drew a deep, long breath. My gun shot had done its work.

III

THEY did not tie me. Nanfan walked on one side of me, Gooly on the other. Behind me paddled a yellow Negro who had a cast in one of his eyes.

I had no idea of how I was to die. All I knew was that I was to die. Nobody needed to tell me. It was in Nanfan's dead eyes; in Gooly's; in the slitted snake's eyes of the yellow nigger. It was in the features of all; it was in the air, in the forest, in the sunset sky. Death. The end.

When we arrived at the beach I saw Nanfan's blowsy brigantine, The Love Dove, at anchor near the inlet; and Gooly's schooner, The Lazy Lass, a cable's length astern; and both within pistol shot of The Happy Parrot.

They rowed me across to my own ship. And, as I touched the deck, instantly I guessed at the fate reserved for me; and the rigour of it, and its frightfulness, stiffened me with horror.

When I could master my voice I asked Captain Nanfan if I might speak to him aside.

He stepped a little way apart with me.

"Can't you shoot me?" I begged. "Or cut my throat—"

Oh, God, what pale and deadly eyes were his as they looked upon me! And his prim, lipless mouth was smiling.

"Really," he said, "my men are entitled to some slight diversion, sir, considering their disappointment in the woods."

While they were taking some casks of powder aboard, and while Gooly was measuring and cutting a slow match to his satisfaction, I sat upon the after hatch, looking on. But my thoughts were with Cintra.

The yellow nigger had found a board and some black paint. On the board he drew a skull. Under the skull, in sprawling letters, he painted:

MERRY CHRISTMAS

While he was aloft, nailing this to the masthead, Gooly pulled me by the shirt sleeves and pointed out to me the corpses of the man and the boy whom I had left aboard The Happy Parrot. The skulls of both were battered in and their windpipes cut to the very spine.

"Yuss," croaked Gooly; "what we done to Captain Quinn and his sloop we'll do to you, to Maltby, and to every ship the company owns. Yuss. That's our idee. A merry Christmas to all—like Captain Quinn wished Captain Nanfan."

Nanfan came sauntering, regarding his watch.

"I'll trouble you to go aloft, sir," he said to me.

I know now how the wretch feels whose nerveless limbs stumble up the gallows stairs.

When I stood up, aloft, the yellow nigger tied my hands behind me. A rope carrying a hangman's noose dangled beside me. The yellow man drew it over my head and adjusted the greased slipknot under my left ear.

Just above me was nailed the board bearing the painted skull and Christmas greeting.

She stood swaying and weaving her arms with much wild and dainty grace.

Nanfan, standing just below me in the rigging, hailed the deck:

"You may light the match at your convenience, Captain Gooly."

To me, looking up out of his dead fish eyes: "You can always end it, you know. Just step outward, sir, and all your troubles are over."

I UNDERSTOOD. I was to hang myself or be blown to atoms with my ship. Was that what they had done to Captain Quinn? Did *he* hang himself?

And, as though divining my fearful thoughts:

"Yuss," yelled Gooly in his gusty voice from the deck, "Cap'n Quinn he hanged himself with his own playful words when he wished us merry Christmas and gave us a broadside to confirm it!"

"I'm afraid," said Nanfan primly, looking up at me, "that your legs may fail you before your ship is destroyed. Legs are feeble props, sir. Faith is stronger. So put your faith in God, Captain Strake—and a merry Christmas to you!"

When he arrived on deck he lost no time, but left with Gooly and the half dozen ruffians who had boarded The Happy Parrot.

I could see them rowing to the inlet, Nanfan going aboard The Love Dove, Gooly boarding The Lazy Lass.

Presently both ships weighed anchor. Then Gooly let fly a black flag at the fore and a bloody one at the main, and gave me a gun in derision.

There was a brisk land wind, and The Lazy Lass made sail and ran before, standing south by east across the bar.

The blowsy brigantine was slower, and seemed a slut at minding her helm. I saw all that passed in the red sunset light like a dead soul waking in hell.

And the apathy of death itself was on me, I think—when the dull throbbing in my ears was shattered by a musket shot.

I opened my eyes and saw a cloud of smoke flying up from The Love Dove's quarterdeck. Then, *bang!* went another musket; and then her taffrail swivels spat flame; and I heard the shot strike our bows and go screaming aft.

For a moment I thought they were making a target of me, and I prayed for a bullet to help me.

Then suddenly, *crash!* went The Love Dove's long gun, and the solid shot shrieked past me. And at that instant I saw below me my first mate climbing over the stern—caught a glimpse of our longboat swarming with my own people. They were all over the deck in the next instant—and it seems that, for better sport, Nanfan had left us with shotted guns and all our loaded shells on deck so that the explosion would be well worth watching when he was safe at sea; for now our long gun went off, burying the deck in smoke, and all the forecastle guns were firing.

Into the rigging sprang Mr. Wild, but I shouted to him to run for the after hold and cut the burning match.

As he looked up at me with blanched face and dropped to the deck again, I saw a slim shape in a Barbary woman's scarlet vest and drawers climbing the rigging with naked feet, a case knife between her teeth.

When she came up to me she slashed at the rope, nearly strangling me, then sawed it desperately, clinging to the spar with one hand, until the noose fell to the deck below. Then, busy with my bound hands, she finally freed them, so that I could grope dizzily for support and cling for a moment.

God knows how I got to the deck without falling. Our anchor was atrip now, and Wild wore ship to bring our starboard broadside to bear on The Love Dove.

To my dazed eyes she seemed but a black and strangely distorted hulk, all awry there in the cannon mist; and the flames from her larboard broadside appeared to burst straight upward.

Into my deafened ear Wild shouted:

"She's on the bar and all heeled over, sir! Our broadsides are ripping the copper from her! Look, sir, she's on her beam ends!"

Then, on the forecastle, I heard Weems' voice bawling:

"Stand by to repel boarders!"

But there was only a single boat under our lee bow; and the desperate men who boarded us were slashed, beaten, torn to pieces by our frantic crew using hangers, rammers, belaying pins, solid shot.

I HAD the barrel of a stockless musket, and was fighting with it when I saw Nanfan.

He sat in the scuppers, his back against the blood spattered bulwarks; one hand, nearly severed, hung by the skin; both legs, shattered, spread out crazily. He had been shot through the body; the poem which he had read aloud to me was sticking out of his breast pocket. He was still alive.

When I came near him he opened his eyes of a dying fish, and the rictus jerked his small, thin lips apart. I saw them shuddering, shrinking, forming soundless words in dying and precise syllables:

"A mer-ry Christ-mas—sir—"

Behind him The Love Dove was all on fire.

To treat slaves well was Maltby & Quinn's policy. But what happened to slaves on ships with brutal captains? You'll learn when you follow Strake's and Cintra's adventures next week. Watch for Black Ivory.

MISS *Florence Smith*

. . . a representative modern business girl employed by A. Stein & Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Debutantes of modern business

Their futures are their own

Swiftly . . . and with keen perception . . . the business girl of today masters the varied details of her position. Faithfully and loyally, she serves her employer . . . yet business is seldom her permanent lot. Her future lies in a home of her own. ¶ It was to preserve her years of youth, no less than to speed the affairs of employers, that the New *Easy-Writing* Royal was designed. Accepted everywhere as a noteworthy accomplishment, the *Easy-Writing* Royal is today a symbol of a new era in business. ¶ Because it operates swiftly and smoothly, the Royal Typewriter inspires more efficient work . . . And because it is built with infinite care, it promotes neatness and accuracy. ¶ In your own office, with your own operators . . . compare the work.

$102.50, delivered, anywhere in the United States

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
316 Broadway, New York City

Branches and Agencies the World Over

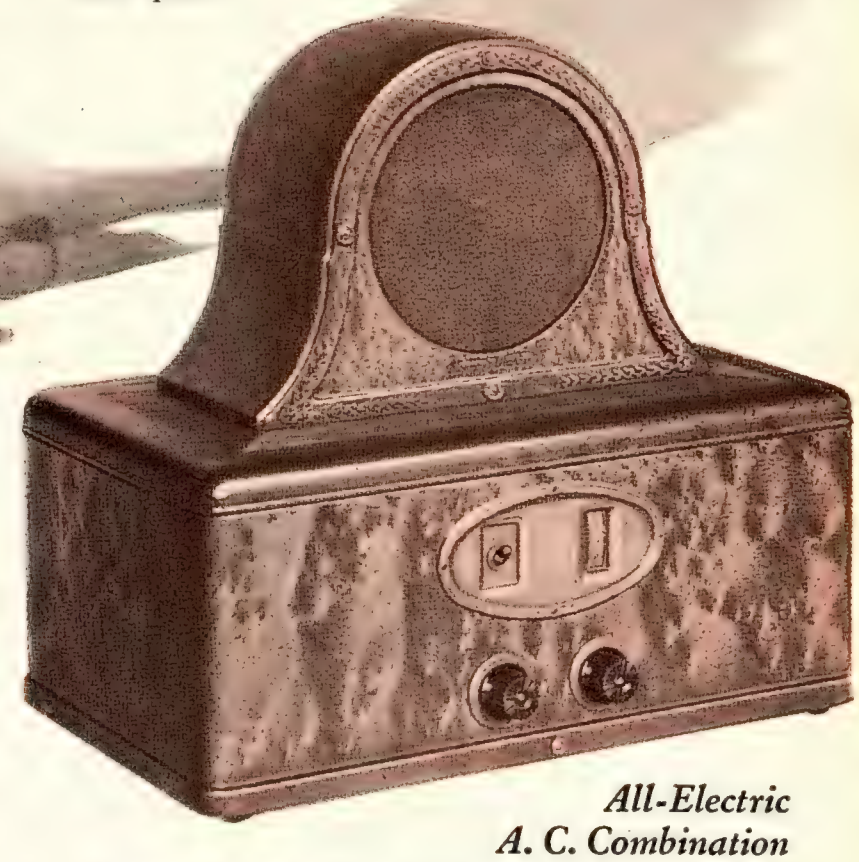
ROYAL

TRADE MARK

TYPEWRITERS

REALISM IN RADIO

"The next President will speak"



All-Electric A. C. Combination

This combination of Model 801-A Series B Receiver, with Model 435-A Reproducer attached to the cover, is a completely self-contained radio. Built-in light socket aerial. Utilizes 7 receiving tubes, 1 rectifier tube. Push-pull power stage. FOUR tuned circuits. ONE tuning control. Calibrated wave-length dial illuminated. Phonograph pick-up receptacles. Price of set, **$96,** without tubes. Attachable reproducer, **$16.** Price of combination, without tubes... **$112**

STEWART-WARNER

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY IN RADIO

All-Electric A. C. Radio

LISTENING in through your Stewart-Warner Radio, you are all attention. Clearly, distinctly, the ringing words come through . . . as if you were the speaker's guest and he were talking with you in a friendly way.

The marvelous new Stewart-Warner set has brought to radio a Tone-Realism never before known. Because of the wonderful Electric Ear test, exclusive with Stewart-Warner, this set re-creates voice and music tones with a fidelity almost perfection.

The set has phonograph pick-up receptacles for playing records thru its new reproducer, with results equaling new-type phonographs. This outstanding reproducer by itself will work wonders on any set.

Any Stewart-Warner dealer will gladly explain the Electric Ear test and demonstrate the set. Through our Nation-Wide Acceptance Plan you can buy from any Stewart-Warner dealer on easy payments.

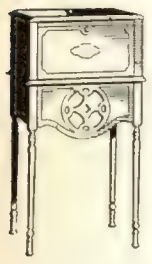
REALISM *in* RADIO
THRU THE
Electric Ear
TRUE TONE BY TEST

All-Electric A. C. Receiver, 801

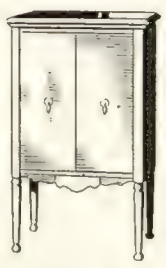
Same as Model 801-A Series B, but not equipped for attachable reproducer. Without tubes,

$96

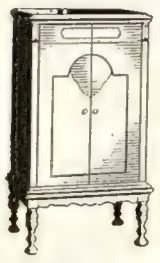
The same style in battery operated set, **$69,** without tubes.



No. 1
$42.50

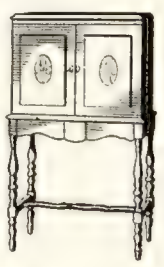


No. 2
$52.50

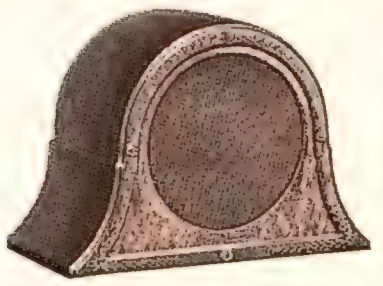


No. 3
$62.50

No. 4
$72.50



No. 5
$87.50



Stewart-Warner Reproducer Model 435

A new magnetic cone speaker, revealing a new depth and magnificence of tone.

$16.50

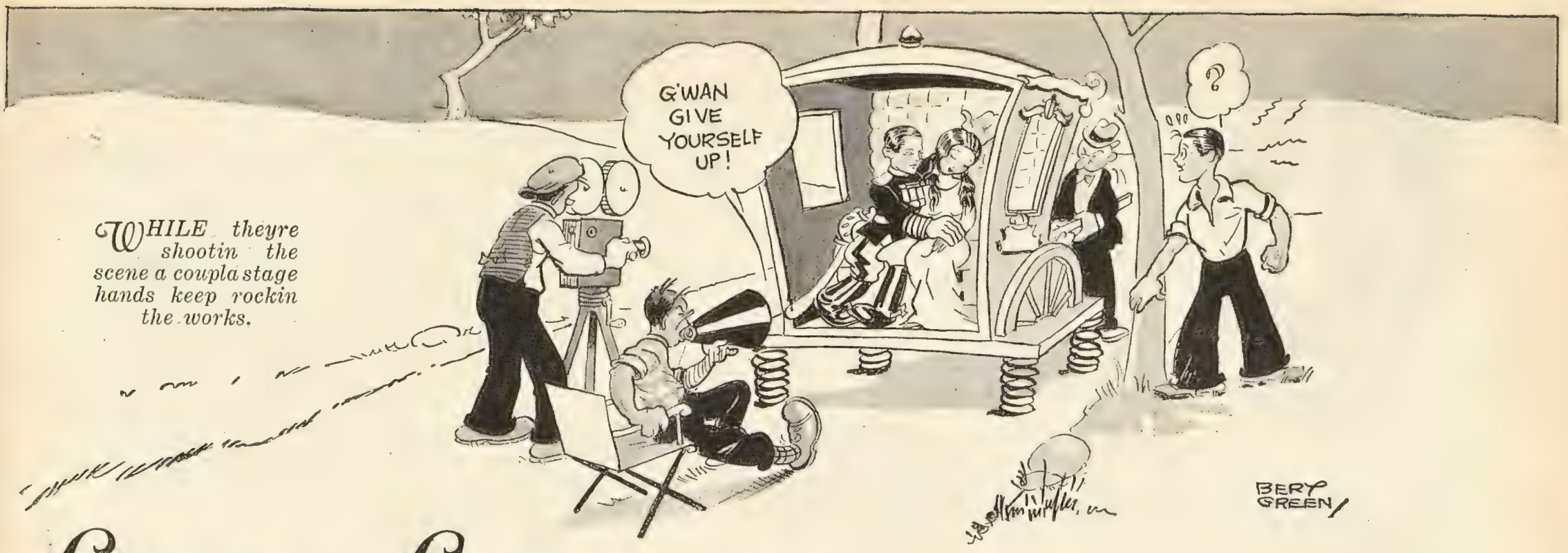
This reproducer will improve the reception of your old set in a surprising manner.

Complete line of approved Console Cabinets available for all sets at dealers'. Console prices include built-in Stewart-Warner Reproducers, but do not include receiving sets.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION, Chicago

22 years in business — world-wide service — 50 million dollars in resources — 4th successful radio year

All prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.



WHILE theyre shootin the scene a coupla stage hands keep rockin the works.

Love Letters *of an Interior Decorator*

Some Inside Stuff on the Movies

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

Hollywood, Cal.

DEAR MARG,

You would have hurd from me before but I got a real job in the gallopin squeakies. No kiddin. Yep, with Fred Niblo. His old man was the first mashie on a golf course. Hes the fello what directed Ben Hur and Norma Talmadge in Camille. He sure is a good scout, and a director what I mean. He ordered a coupla cases of stagger soup from me and we split a hangover together. Then he turned around and gave me a job in his new pitcher called Adrienne Lecouvreur, or Dream of Love or somethin like that.

Its supposed to be the life of a famous actress like Annie Oakley what lived in the Balkan Kingdom. Thats somewhere near Oklahoma, I think. Joan Crawford and Nils Asther are playin the heavies. Yeh, and Eileen Pringle and Warner Orland are in it to.

You should see the set Marg. Its supposed to be a carriage or a wagon like them swell queens used to ride around in. But its a foney carriage. They take the sides out of it so they can shoot the pitcher on the inside. It all comes apart like a foldin bed. When they want to shoot the left side they take the right side out. When they want to shoot the back, they take the front out.

Oh and what a ritzy thing it is on the inside. Curtains and pillows and draperies and stuff like that. Cleopatra coulda tied Mark Anthony in a not in a spot like that. I'll bet two bits against a carton of butts that the Sultan of Turkey never had a better flop joint, and I dont mean MAYBE!!!

Well anyway, in the rear seat is seated Joan Crawford and Nils Asther engaged in heavy lovin. Oh, and *can that guy love.* When he looks into those beautiful optics hes set to pay the rent. And what lashes shes got. She dont have to lay em on the bureau eather.

Standin outside the scene is Doug Fairbanks Junior. He and Joan are a bit smitten with one another. Can you imagine standin on a set Marg, and watchin your girl friend bein made heavy love to by Nils Asther? Oh boy, he was burnin up. He had the ends eatin offer his collar. Just when the scene was goin along swell and the music was playin soft, Fred Niblo hollers out through the fonograph horn, Thats right Joan, give yourself up to him!!! *Hold that kiss!!! hold IT!!*

Oh man, you shoulda seen Doug. He was fit to be tied. He was breathin like a hippopotemus. I dont blame him. If it was me the place woulda broke out in a panic. But he was a good scout, he tried to keep a straight pan.

While theyre shootin the scene a coupla stage hands keep rockin the works. When you see the pitcher on the screen it looks like it was travellin over a country road the way it bounces. But it aint Marg—in the movies they do it on bed springs.

Listen, Love Lips, I never told you how they make the pitchers after they get through shootin em. Well, heres the dope!

After the camera man gets the pitcher he takes a business off the camera called the magazine. It contains the fillum before its developed. He sends it into a dark room. Right away they twist it around a rack and then they put it in a big tank filled with vinegar.

As soon as the pitchers begin to show on the fillum, they take it out and put it in another tank fuller gin or somethin like that what preserves it. After that, they wrap it around a big mouse trap and begin spinnin it until the fillum gets dry. Then they take the fillum to the injection room.

A fello sticks it in a sort of a fireless cooker and runs it on the screen. The director and all the hams come in to see how they acted. They call em Rushes. If the shots dont look any good, they have to take em over again.

When they get all the different scenes finished, the fillum is taken into the cutting room. Thats where the story and the plot ends. When the cutting room gets through with a pitcher, Forty Leakes Under the Sea looks like Uncle Toms Cabin, no foolin. The actor that has spent the summer on a pitcher finds his face on the cutting room floor.

Those people wield the shears like Babe Ruth bats. An hour with the scissors and half a million bucks goes in red ink.

Oh, wait till I tell you Marg. I met Frank Borzage on Hollywood Boolevard the other day and we dropped into a swell layout for lunch. Franks directin Charlie Farrell in The River.

I was up to see the set when they were takin the thing in the summer. But later the same set is supposed to change to the winter. All the trees are covered with ice and snow. Oh kid, did it look swell!! They was shootin part of the scene in a blizzard. They had a coupla aeroplane proppelers driven by an electric motor and a coupla guys were shovelin the snow in the wind machines.

Listen, do you know what the snow is? Just tons of Mr. Battlecreeks famous breakfast food. CORN FLAKES BEFORE THERE TOASTED!! On the level. And another thing, you should see em makin icicles.

They take a bunch of cotton batton and roll it until they get it tapered. Then they dip em in a bucket of water ice and sprinkle a little by carbonate of soda on em and you could use em in a highball.

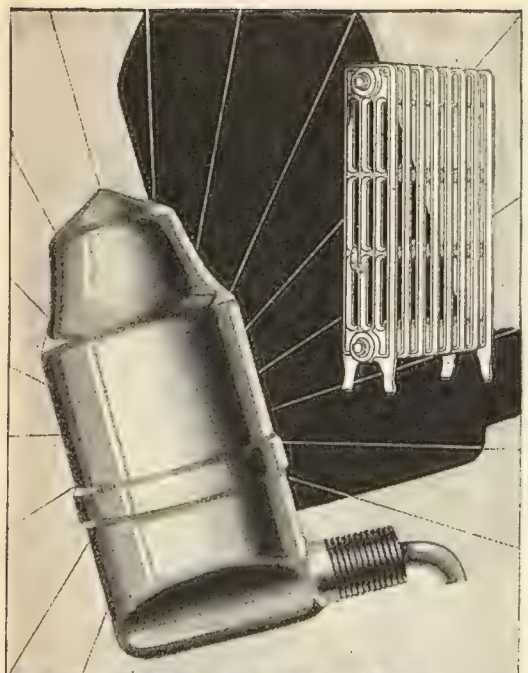
LISTEN, Buttercup, I took a run up to Frisco to arrange for some laughing soup that was to be auctioned off by some Revenoo guys. Well, who do I meet on the train but Minnie Grogan what was married to that prohibition agent who kicked off drinkin paint remover. Yeh. He was on the train, up in the baggage car packed in ice like a Honey Due mellon.

I see the gal sittin over in the end of my car puttin the tears on somethin terrible. First she begins blubberin, and then she goes down in a little bag what she has and hoists out a bottle of Sandy Mac Donald. So I goes over to comfort her. While shes tellin me the story of her poor husband, we're both layin the lip over the giggle soup.

The next thing I know I was blubberin too. Oh, it was awful. Just drinkin and ballin.

Well, wait till I tell you. We get the husband off in Frisco and whos there to meet him but most of the police and fire department. And plastered HOW!! So we take him over to a nice quiet funeral parlor over on Kerney

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



PIPING HOT *Radiators*

STEAM cannot fully heat a radiator until all the air has been expelled. Airid Air Valves No. 500 release this air quickly, silently, completely and automatically, and assure piping hot radiators. Replace old-style valves with Airids. For only a few dollars you can have hot radiators and more comfort this winter.

AIRID Air Valves
for Steam Radiators

Airids fit any steam radiator and are easily attached without tools. For sale by all plumbing and heating contractors. Fully guaranteed for five years. Price $1.35.

No. 510 VAC-AIRID, for "below atmosphere" heating plants. Send for Free Booklet containing valuable heating suggestions.

Accessories Div., Dept. AV-3010

AMERICAN RADIATOR CO.
40 WEST 40th STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

EVERY metropolitan service is provided in this new and modern 600 room hotel. All outside rooms—with bath. Rates from 3.00 up. Sample rooms 4.00 up.

Excellent Dining Rooms

Two Good Cities

POWERS HOTEL
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Two Good Hotels

Thoroughly modern. New furniture throughout. New bathrooms and elevators. Completely redecorated. Specializing in exceptional food at moderate prices. 300 rooms from 2.25 up.

Both under the direction of ROY P. BRAINARD

Cuticura SOAP
For Cleansing and Purifying the Skin
The standard of excellence for fifty years

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

Street and hold a two day wake. At the last minute the widow wants to get a peak at her old man before he goes for the dasies.

They open up the lid and whos in it but a big fat CHINAMAN. OH, what a panic.

I HATE to tell you, but I was in a bit of a taxicab wreck. Yeh. This is how it happened.

Renee Adoree called me up, an she says, I want you to come over tonight. Imgivin a bit of a party to the gentlemen of the press. Get that? *Gentlemen* of the press. Thats just another name for Giggle Soup Garglers. Those boys use white rock, corkscrews and asperin for breakfast. A raw egg gets hard boiled just passin down their throats.

Well anyway, I grab myself a nice new nickel plated taxicab and start out for Renees swell Spanish bunglehouse. The driver I noticed had on a pair of specks that looked like a coupla glass door nobs. Plate glass, and thick, what I mean.

Well, we were drivin along whoopee when we get in a sort of a fog. All of a sudden the driver makes a turn in the road and I see ahead a nice healthy tree. All the time it gets bigger.

Then theres a sound like somebody pushed a battleship outer the Woolworth Building. Oh Baby. I was sittin in the back seat, but when the crash was over I was parked under the dash board and the immergency brake was stickin through my back. The motor was under the car and the tree was under the hood. Somehow in the mix up, I had the drivers specks on. The thick ones.

The driver was up on a hill in the woods where he landed. He had his upper set in one hand and was plucking out the tusks with the other, sayin, She Loves me, She Loves me not. I think between me and you, Marg, he got a bit scrambled goin thru the wind shield. Oh, what a picture he was!

A plastic surgeon coulda spent the winter on him. The taxi looked like a cross between a laundry mangler and an ash can. It was all the same difference. Just then a bunch of famous lawyers came up what had been chasin the ambulance. While they was askin me questions my power tube blew out and thats all I remember.

The next morning when I woke up in the hospistol I felt nice and comfortable, just like I was layin under an elevator. Then a nurse came in Marg, and what she did to me was just terrible. Oh, I cant repeat it. Then after a while another nurse came in, and right away she goes to work on me again somethin awful, just like the other nurse. Well, Im not kiddin you, whatthemnurses did they was supposed to put down on the chart but they didnt. Then along comes another nurse, she looks up at the chart and theres nothin marked down and right away she goes thru the same rackit with me. Oh boy, I liked to died.

WELL, in comes the doctors, three of em. One fello digs out a thermometer and sticks it down my throat a foot. The guy with the Van Dyck pulls out a piece of a fire hose and wraps it around my arm. Then he hangs a steam gauge on the end of it and starts blowin the thing up with a bicycle pump. Then he gets out a stop watch and begins clockin my blood pressure.

The third crackpot unbuttons a pair of funny lookin listeners what he musta took offen a dictafone. He sticks the two ends in his mudguards and begins jazzing the business end all over my chest. Then he says, Breathe deep!!!

When I breathed deep I thought my liver was goin to blow up. Then he says, Ex-hale! Oh, boy, that guy used gin instead of either.

Well Marg, after those crackpots got thru holdin a pow wow as to what was the matter with me, they all agreed that I had the spinal McGinnis. One of my hoops was busted. Then they roll me down stairs and stick me under a gadjet what had more lights on it than a battleship. Yeh, they shined the light right thru me and took a pitcher of my clockwork.

Well, I got to quit writin now. Here comes the doctor with a great big saw.

Yours in Pain,

MIKE SHEA.

Well, well! Mike gets his first letter from Marge. Watch for it in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1—North Carolina.

2—No. They were adopted only because easy to transmit and distinguish.

3—For the Passion play which is performed there every ten years.

4—Seven red and six white.

5—One who attacks cherished beliefs as impositions or shams.

6—One that rules, but not necessarily with legal sanction.

7—Thirteen.

8—Thomas Alva Edison.

9—Cathay.

10—Knight Commander of the Bath.

11—It may be used only by pitchers already in the National and American leagues in December, 1920.

12—The height on a mountain at which the growth of trees stops.

13—The Dutch colonists under Peter Minuit.

14—A famous Italian violinist (1782-1840).

15—New Zealand.

16—From the names of islands in the English Channel.

17—Count von Bernstorff.

18—The Ten Commandments.

19—General Ulysses S. Grant.

20—Potiphar's wife.

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

ADVERTISER	PAGE
Ace Hardware Mfg. Corp.	36
All Rite Company, The	51
American Pencil Co.	50
American Radiator Company	78
American Tobacco Co., The (Lucky Strike Cigarettes)	31
Autostrop Safety Razor Company, Inc.	3
Bi-Respin	51
Bristol-Myers Co. (Ipana Tooth Paste)	Back Cover
Bristol-Myers Co. (Sal Hepatica)	57
Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.	73
Campbell Soup Company	19
Colgate & Co. Rapid Dental Cream	28
Rapid Shave Cream	39
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. (Palmolive Soap)	20
Cunningham, E. T., Inc.	60
Curtiss Baby Ruth Candy	10
Cuticura Soap	78
Daggett & Ramsdell	72
Decrow Automotive Specialties, Inc.	49
Dennis & Co., W. J.	51
Dentyne Chewing Gum	50
De Soto Motor Corporation	25
Dwinell-Wright Company (Whitehouse Coffee)	30
First National Picture	58
Forhan Company	40
Frigidaire Corporation	23
General Motors	6–7
General Pencil Company	41
Germanow-Simon Co.	60
Gift Crafters	80
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	27
Glover Co., Inc., H. Clay	56
Graham Paige Motor Car	34
Grebe & Company, Inc., A. H.	4
Grushlaw & Sichel	48
Harris Hdw. & Mfg. Company, D. P.	24
Hessig-Ellis (Q-Ban)	80
Houbigant, Inc.	47
Johns-Manville Corporation	33
Kennedy Corp., J. E.	51
Linit	66
Lucky Tiger	51
Marmola	80
McCoy's Tablets	80
Menhenitt Company, Ltd., The	80
Mennen Company, The	26
Moore Pen Co., The	48
Motor Improvements, Inc.	38
Nash Motor Car	29
National Stamping & Electric Works	41
Northwestern Yeast Company	22
Nujol Laboratories	81
Oakland Motor Car Company	65
Parker Pen Company, The	Second Cover
Polk-Miller Products Corporation	61
Reardon Laboratories, Inc., W. G.	80
Rexall Drug Store	62
Ross Company (Winx)	48
Royal Typewriters	75
Seiberling Latex Products Co.	71
Sellers & Sons Co., G. I.	Third Cover
Sonora Phonograph Co., Inc.	42–43
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation	76
Syracuse and Powers Hotels	78
United States Rubber Company (Raynsters)	81
Walton Book Co.	80
Western Clock Co.	46
Willys-Overland, Inc.	9

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Youthful Coiffures for GRAY HAIR

By EILEEN BOURNE

Crisp and nonchalant is this youthful bob for the white haired matron. A certain massiveness is necessary here to frame the face and fill out the shape of the head, yet the general effect is light and soft.

Photos by Nickolas Muray

White hair dressed with formal elegance gives the look of a French marquise. One must forgo boyish clothes with such a coiffure, but what romantic charm it contributes to the wearer! (Coiffure by Pierre.)

You see just above that blonde hair with silver threads among the gold may be so attractively waved and youthfully bobbed that its changing character becomes an asset instead of a liability. A delicately heightened makeup adds to the youthful effect achieved by this charming bob. (Manuel.)

If you want white hair before your time you can adopt the débutante fashion shown at the top of the column and wear a charming transformation. These wigs are very decorative worn with evening dress and are particularly becoming to the woman with blonde skin. (Transformation by Manuel.)

Even seen vis-à-vis you could hardly realize that this is gray hair. (Coiffure by Pierre.)

Miss Mary McKinnon, whose portraits and fashion drawings are so widely acclaimed, has graciously consented to show the readers of Liberty in this photograph that streaks of silver may add distinction to a smartly coifed dark head. (Coiffure by Antoine.)

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State..... 115

Feed Fat Away
The Food is in Marmola

It seems queer, but the modern method is to feed away excess fat. The food is a gland substance, taken from cattle and sheep. The amount decided by scientific tests is two grains a day.

The reason is this: Medical research has found that the great cause of excess fat lies in a weakened gland. It is really a disease. No exercise or diet can correct it.

When that gland is under-active, too much food goes to fat. Physicians, the world over, in treating obesity, now try to correct that condition.

The main factor is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. They were perfected in a famous medical laboratory. People have used them for more than 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others.

Not only constant loss of weight, but new health and vitality. Thus the use has spread, from year to year, until countless people use this modern method.

You can see the results wherever you look. Slender figures are the rule. Excess fat is now a rarity. Men and women try to look and feel their best.

Try this method for excess fat in any part that makes you look old or abnormal. Watch the fat fade away. Watch the new vigor that comes. You will be amazed and delighted. Don't go on with a weight of fat when so many are getting slender. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

The New Easy Way to Get Rid of MICE!

POUR a small quantity of Mouse Seed into a saucer and place where you find traces of mice. The mice will devour the tempting seed eagerly—you'll know by the empty hulls. When there are no more hulls, it will indicate that you are free of mice. Results quickly obtained.

"A Saucer and the Seed is All You Need!"

Mouse Seed provides the new, easy, sure and safer method to rid your home of mice. Simpler and surer than using traps, pastes, powders, etc. Safer because Mouse Seed is not attractive to household pets. A tiny natural seed—not unlike bird seed in appearance—its kernel treated with a chemical whose taste appeals to the mouse but is fatal. He eats—then goes outside and dies.

Ask for Mouse Seed at your drug, hardware or department store. If you do not find it there, write us, sending dealer's name and we'll see you are supplied. Four packages sent, charges paid, for $1. Address Dept. L-10.

W. G. Reardon Laboratories, Inc.
Port Chester, N. Y.

MOUSE SEED

GUESS HER AGE

Add youth and beauty by using Q-ban Shampoo and Q-ban Hair Tonic. Send us 10 cents for miniature bottles.

HESSIG-ELLIS Chemists
Memphis, Tenn.

Don't Have GRAY HAIR

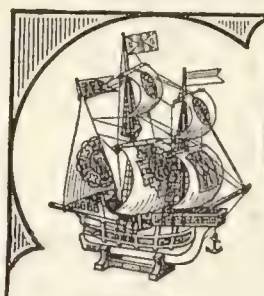
Q-ban will bring back dark color, gradually and naturally. Used 30 years. Sold on money-back guarantee, 75 cents, at all drug stores.

Q-ban
HAIR COLOR RESTORER
Makes Gray Hair DARK

$100 to $500 Yearly Income from Back Yard Poultry.

Easily made by "Crumalow Back-Yard System" by Dr. Crum, noted poultry specialist. Or you can provide your family with fresh, wholesome eggs at practically no cost. No yards or fences; everything neat, sanitary and sightly. Only $1, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send order today. FREE circular.

WALTON BOOK CO. 105-J W. 40th St. New York City



SANTA MARIA

CHARMING AND UNUSUAL

for the Living Room Mantel or Den to beautify a vacant corner

An exact model of the original SANTA MARIA or MAYFLOWER, first sailing ships.

The Hull is completely assembled ready to Rig and Paint. All Sails, Shields and Flags are fully picture decorated in beautiful colors at no extra charge.

Colored picture and full instructions furnished.

Wonderful pastime in addition to making the finest replica of this quaint old sailing ship for your home.

$4.45

PLUS A SMALL PARCEL POST CHARGE send check or money order when ordering and mention style wanted; namely Santa Maria or Mayflower.

GIFT CRAFTERS 1635 Mascher & Turner Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

How One Woman Gained 15 Pounds in 5 Weeks

Every thin, rundown scrawny man or woman who needs 5, 10, 15 or more pounds of firm stay-there flesh to round out their figures into real shapeliness are advised to read this Ironclad guarantee: McCoy takes all the risk. If, after taking 4 Sixty Cent Boxes of McCoy's Tablets or 2 One Dollar Boxes any weak, thin, rundown man or woman doesn't gain at least 5 pounds and feel completely satisfied with the improvement in health, your money will be refunded.

One woman, thin and rundown for years, gained 15 lbs. in 5 weeks and that's fast enough for anyone.

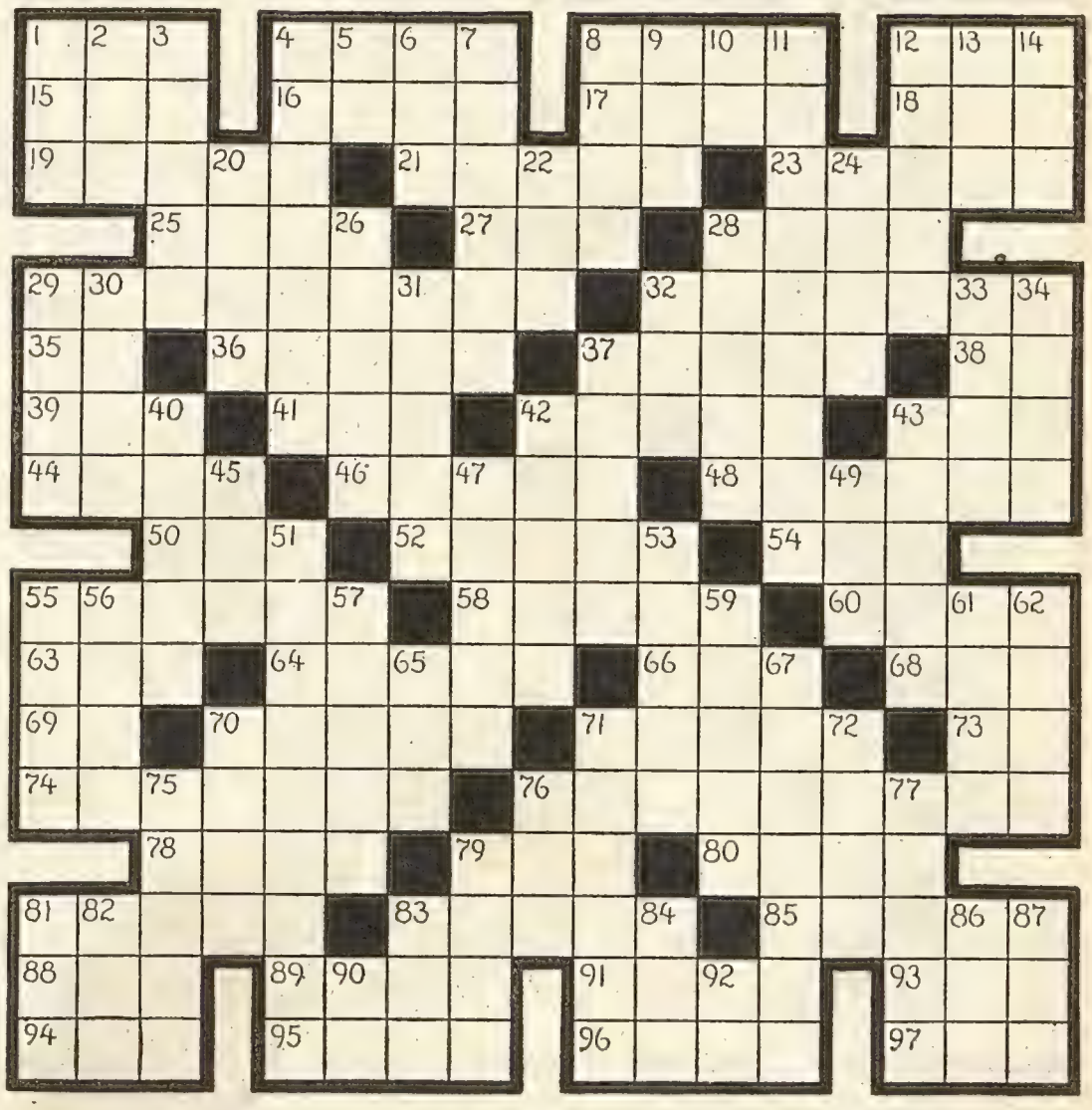
Just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any good druggist in America. Distributed by McCoy's Laboratories, Inc., also distributors of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil—there is none better.

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

An *Easy* Puzzle—

A FEW weeks ago we published two puzzles—an easy one and a hard one—in the same issue, and, since our cross word fans seem to approve of this plan, here goes again. The following construction, one of the easy variety, should prove a good warming up exercise if you plan to tackle the really hard job on the opposite page.

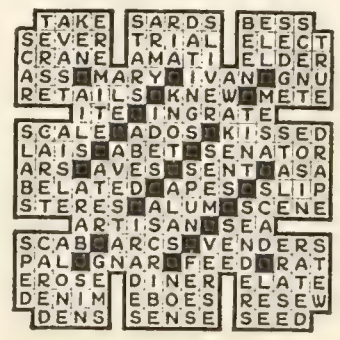


HORIZONTAL

1 Limb
4 Like wings
8 Son of Seth
12 Your
15 Vase
16 Painful
17 Torn
18 Female ruff
19 Pasturage
21 Stop! (nautical)
23 Vigilant
25 Lamented
27 Anger
28 American Indian
29 Flying fields
32 Annoys
35 Fish of the carp kind
36 Scatter
37 Son of Priam, King of Troy (myth.)
38 Spanish definite article
39 Fifth sign of the zodiac
41 Title of respect
42 Instrument for throwing missiles
43 Woman's name
44 Rescue
46 Species of lily
48 Cloth of inferior quality
50 Letter of the alphabet
52 Suave
54 Definite article
55 A menace
58 Avoid
60 Rows
63 Disease of sheep
64 Street cars
66 Craft
68 Margin of a cup
69 City in ancient Chaldea
70 Form of headdress
71 Arabian military commanders
73 Father
74 Intestinal
76 Playwright
78 Covering of certain seeds
79 Winglike process of a fish
80 Scrutinize
81 Overpowers with emotion
83 Swift in motion
85 Upstanding
88 Electrified particle
89 Pronoun
91 Burn to hardness
93 Deer
94 Fondle
95 Showing normal mental health
96 Browns from sun rays
97 Measure of weight

VERTICAL

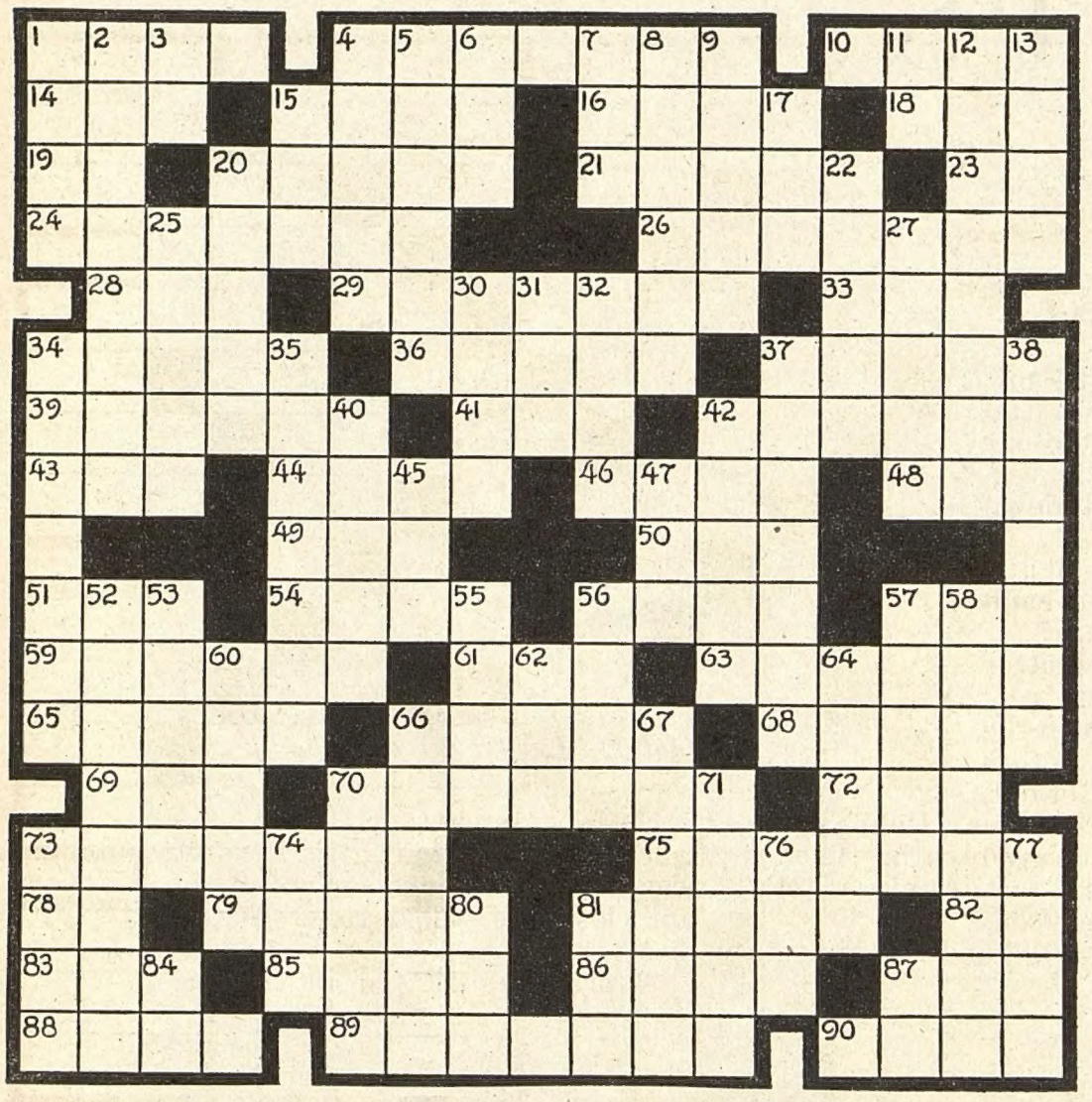
1 Drag along
2 Stray
3 Snarl
4 Declares
5 Behold!
6 A constellation
7 Retrospective survey
8 Gaelic
9 Seine
10 Over and in contact with
11 Light of stars
12 Large plants
13 Pronoun
14 Still
20 Water impregnated with soap
22 Measures of area
24 Dregs
26 Order of Greek architecture
28 Preserves in salt
29 Suffers illness
30 Notion
31 A daughter of Saul
32 French name for the fifth month
33 Serve as a means
34 Kill
37 Carpenter's tool
40 Manifest
42 Russians, Poles, Slovaks, and others.
43 Standard of perfection
45 Compass point
47 Beast of burden
49 Exclamation
51 Writers of caustic wit
53 A play
55 Genuine
56 Wind instrument
57 Track
59 Prunes
61 Tears
62 Unimportant quarrel
65 Part of a circle
67 Followers of a trail
70 Wading bird
71 Man's name
72 Asterisk
75 Bitter reproach
76 Cease to be
77 Inactive
79 Hasten off
81 Sup
82 Digit
83 Bog
84 Beverage
86 Note of a dove
87 Cardinal number
90 Exclamation
92 One indefinitely



Answer to last week's puzzle

—and a *Hard* One

DON'T undertake the solution of this one unless you enjoy a browse through the dictionary; for, in an effort to complicate the solver's job, we not only have included a number of unusual words, but have offered obscure though correct definitions for the more familiar ones. On the opposite page you will find an easier puzzle.



HORIZONTAL

1 Fork with hooked points (military antiquity)
4 Woman's headdress (plural)
10 Full of succulence
14 Idiot
15 Moved hitherward
16 Adventitious sound accompanying breathing
18 Gypsy gentleman
19 Mystic syllable used by Hindu worshipers
20 Peeled
21 Trigon
23 Symbol for strontium
24 Nitrogenous substance of hair
26 Initiates
28 Ancient Chinese stringed instrument
29 Small molding near the top of a column
33 Lower class peasant of the Philippines
34 Continued to be
36 Acting
37 Master or owner in India (variant)
39 Anointed
41 Bewilderment
42 Particular player on a cricket team
43 Equine quadruped
44 The spleen
46 Sudden ascent under full power, after diving (aviation)
48 Third king of Judah
49 Frosting
50 Place mentioned in 1 Samuel 21.
51 Woman's name
54 Bristlelike organ
56 Boundary
57 Covering for the apex of a sharp pointed roof
59 Moved smoothly through the air
61 An estate of inheritance in land
63 Ecclesiastical vestments
65 Ruminated
66 Abominated
68 Speak or act in jest
69 Crafty
70 Gilded
72 Past
73 Pipits of the Orkney Islands
75 Moths
78 Exclamation
79 Maintain being
81 Military commanders in the later Roman empire
82 Exist
83 Coin of Siam
85 Edom
86 Combining form meaning mountain
87 American Indian
88 East Indian timber tree
89 Stoats
90 Eject

VERTICAL

1 Peacock fish
2 Baking dishes
3 From
4 Seaport town in Spain
5 Presaged
6 Part of a printing press
7 Exist (solemn or poetic style)
8 That which is peeled off
9 Hurl
11 City in ancient Chaldea
12 Heart contractions
13 Pronoun
15 Device for hoisting an anchor
17 Terminate
20 Saddle pad
22 Cretaceous formation in Alabama and adjacent States
25 Overlaps, as bones or fractured fragments
27 Species of lily
30 A covering layer
31 Set of implements
32 Woman's name
34 Idolatry
35 Transmitted by inheritance
37 Burrowing animals of Australia and Tasmania
38 One versed in the literature of Arabia
40 Cut into small cubes
42 Partial covering for a horse's hoof (plural)
45 Allow
47 Pronoun
52 To sicken at
53 Passageway
55 Abyssinian tribesman
56 Appropriate
57 Funeral oration
58 Harangue
60 One of the Philippine Islands
62 Greek letter
64 Semiprecious quartz (plural)
66 Cavalryman
67 Prim or coy
70 Aromatic herb
71 Levees
73 Demonstrative word
74 Tool for chopping
76 A constellation
77 Merganser of northern Europe
80 A sun god in Egyptian religion
81 Put on
84 Symbol for tantalum
87 Above

The Voice with a Smile WINS

JUST ask one of the telephone operators who serves you how she always manages to maintain such a pleasant voice, such unfailing courtesy and good temper at a big central switchboard.

"It wasn't easy at first," she'll admit. I'd always led an active outdoor life. And I found that a sedentary job indoors all day was almost too much for me. I realized that if I was going to make good on the job—and I loved it!—I'd have to keep myself in the very pink of condition.

"I've done it with Nujol—nothing else. It's kept me from having headaches and colds and that awful let-down feeling. Kept my nerves from getting jangled, too. All the things I just couldn't afford to have in my kind of work.

"For that matter, the voice with a smile wins in *any* job. It's a big asset.

"If you're inclined to feel irritable, tired, nervous, Nujol will do you a lot of good. I know from experience.

"Nujol isn't a medicine. It's simply a pure *natural* substance, perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It keeps your system functioning as nature meant it to, even under sedentary or abnormal conditions. It not only prevents an excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal.

"Try Nujol for the next three months, anyway. You'll swear by it after that.

"Nujol can't possibly hurt you or upset you, for it contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. You can take it under any conditions. And its cost is very little—no more than two or three ice cream sodas."

Get a bottle of Nujol today. It's sold at all drugstores.

How I Got Those BUMPS

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

We're going awful fast, Auntie. Let's go faster. Let's beat everybody.

DEAR WORLD:

On the top of my head is a Big Bump. There is another bump also. It is not on top of my head. And in the middle of me there is something which may grow up to be a bump. It's only black and blue yet.

I was all right before we went for the ride.

Auntie said it was something wrong with the car. But she was told it was something wrong with her, and spesh-i-ally her driving. Also, her head. There was something radcully wrong with a grown person who'd risk the lives of little children.

"What about my own life?" she said in-dig-nunt-ly.

"Well what about it?" she was told.

Then Auntie said she didn't know I was in the car until after she got started and couldn't stop.

She didn't. I was just in there. I was down behind the driver's seat when she jumped in. I climbed in when nobody was looking. I hid. I heard Auntie telling she thought she'd take the car out herself and alone this morning.

It was only her second time out alone. The other time she couldn't get the car started. That was the time, I guess, I should have hid in the car and gone with her.

Auntie had been taking lessons. Every time she'd come home after one she'd say it was as simple as running a baby car-raje almost. After she took a lot of lessons she said one night it's foolish paying money to learn something that's so easy.

So she told the man. She told him she thought she was all right now. He said perhaps she was—only when she was driving to take her foot off the gas once in a while and spesh-i-ally when she was turning corners. She said Don't be sar-cas-tic, Mr. Byrd. He said I'm not and be sure when you back up there's a vacant lot behind you with nothing in it. So she said how much do I owe you, Mr. Byrd, and he tole her.

She gave him some money and he said Well, so long, I'll see you later. Only I hope it won't be in the po-lees station. And she said I hope so or any place else.

"That man," she said when he left, "talks as if he thinks a woman shouldn't oughtta be let run a auto-mo-bile. It takes brains, he says.

"H-u-m-p-h!" says Auntie. "Lookit the people that's driving cars."

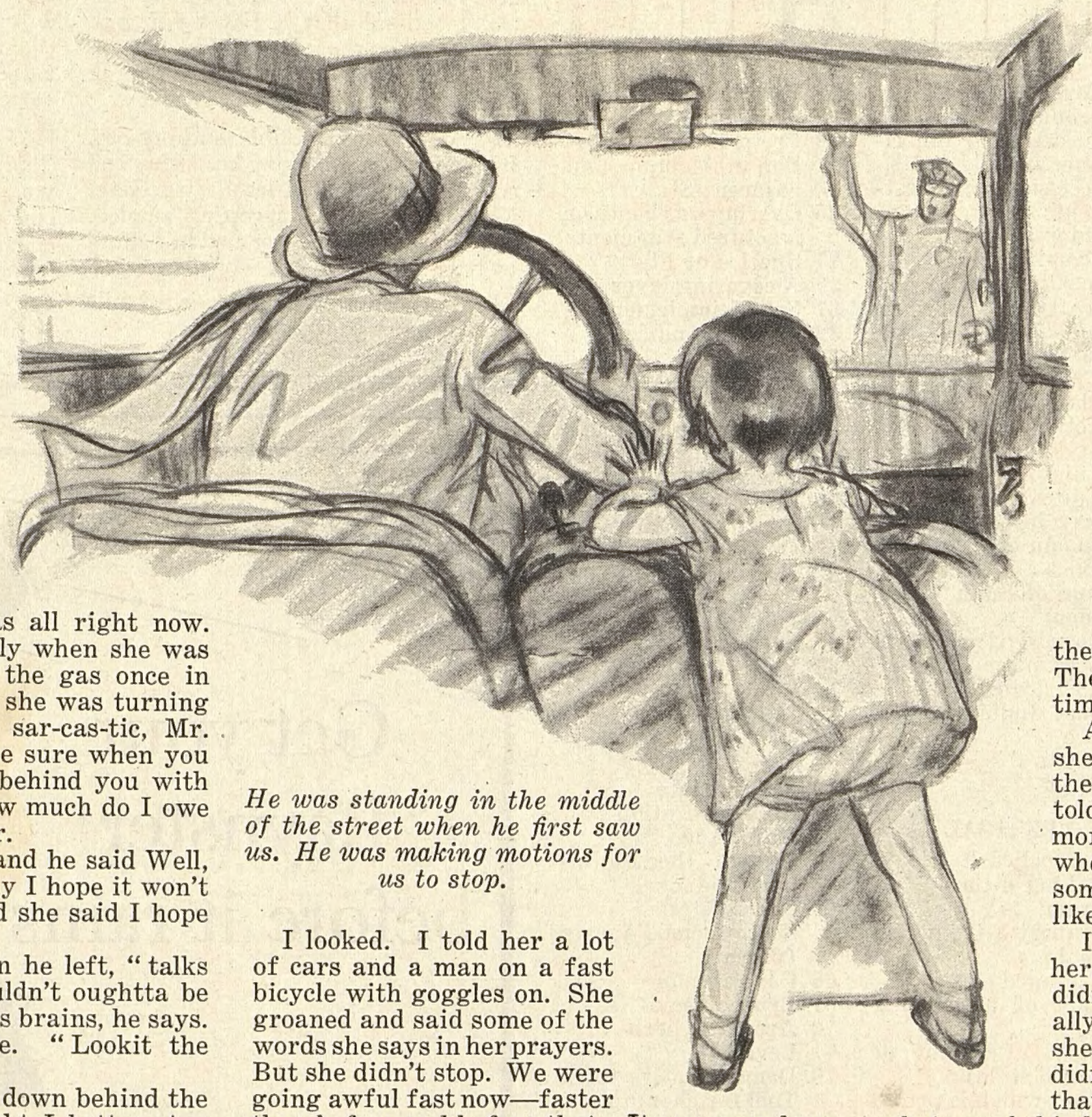
Well, anyway, I was hiding down behind the seat like I tole you. I thought I better stay that way until Auntie got through talking to the cellar-ater the way she was talking. She was stamping her foot on it and it was answering her back saucy, I guess. I could see from where I peeked. Then all of a sudden I had to stop peeking because I wasn't in the same place as I was before. I don't know what happened but we all leaped at once, me and the car and Auntie, and while I was still leaping we started down hill.

"What in the name of all at's good and holey," Auntie said, "is wrong with this break?"

So I said what's the matter with you, break?

Then Auntie said what in the same name as she said before are you doing in here? Get out, she said. And don't talk to me. Don't say a word. I didn't until I got my breath. Then I just said we're going awful fast, Auntie. Let's go faster. Let's beat everybody.

"Look behind," she said, "and see if some one is coming."



He was standing in the middle of the street when he first saw us. He was making motions for us to stop.

I looked. I told her a lot of cars and a man on a fast bicycle with goggles on. She groaned and said some of the words she says in her prayers. But she didn't stop. We were going awful fast now—faster than before and before that. It was grand going like that. We passed everybody. I didn't have time to Yoo-hoo at any of them. Not till we came up to the po-lees-man. But he didn't act as if he wanted to say Yoo-hoo to anybody. Not after he jumped across the street just in time to get out of Auntie's way.

He was standing in the middle of the street when he first saw us. His hand was up and he was making motions for us to stop. When we got closer he yelled Hey. Whatye trying to do?

Auntie was all red in the face. She was puffing.

There was sweat on her brow which she didn't have time to wipe off because she was so busy turning the wheel to one side and the other where the car followed.

The po-lees-man yelled at her again just before he jumped:

"Whatyedoingye——," he said.

"Whatye think I'm doing, you big fool?" she yelled back at him. "Can't you see I'm trying to drive this car? Get out of my way!"

He got.

SO, then there was nobody to motion at us to stop. We kept on going faster and faster. We didn't run over anybody because everybody knew we were coming and they jumped out of the way. The horn was blowing all the time.

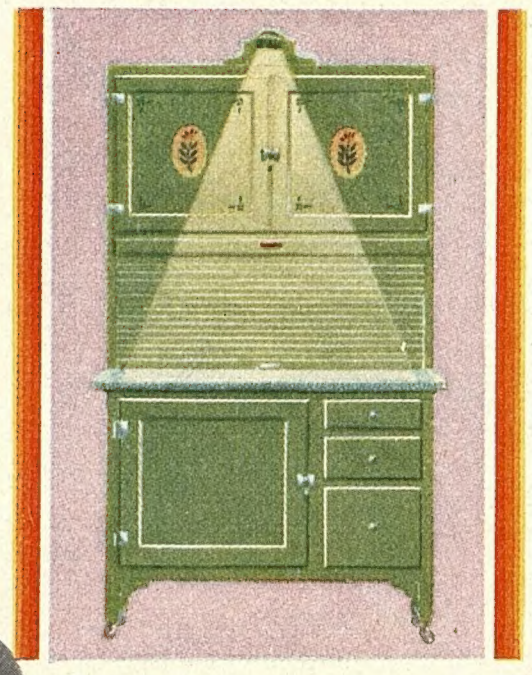
Auntie told the cop afterward she couldn't take her hands off the wheel to stop it blowing. He told her she wouldn't have any more trouble that way. That was when he gave her a card with something on it which she didn't like.

I don't know what else he told her. Only she didn't like it. She didn't smile at him like she usually does at gentlemens. Maybe she didn't like him in goggles. I didn't either. I didn't like him that time I looked back to see what was behind when she tole me to.

I don't mind about the bumps. Not the one on top of my head nor the other one or the one that isn't a bump yet. It was as much fun as Coney Island.

Only Auntie was the only one that didn't have a good time on the ride.

Only $5 will start your *colorful* kitchen



$39.85 in oak, freight added. A genuine Sellers *Klear*Front. Finest lumber and craftsmanship. Porceliron work table. A remarkable value.

IF you, through a mistaken impression of the cost, are denying yourself the priceless benefit of a new *colorful* kitchen—please read every word of what follows.

A Sellers Colorful Kitchen is not for the women of wealthy homes alone. It is for you and every other woman who sees in this new vogue a happy release from cold, bleak, laboratory-like surroundings—and the daily inspiration of gay, cheerful, flower-garden colors.

For as little as $5.00 down the Sellers dealer will deliver a stylish, new Sellers Kitchen Cabinet to your home. Choose the color that charms you most—the Jade Green, Sellers Gray, Colonial Ivory. If surrounding colors are bright even the White has its place in the colorful kitchen.

You will be surprised at the small space required for the smart new Sellers Kitchen Ensemble—cabinet, utility closets and breakfast set all done in the same colors and decorative effects.

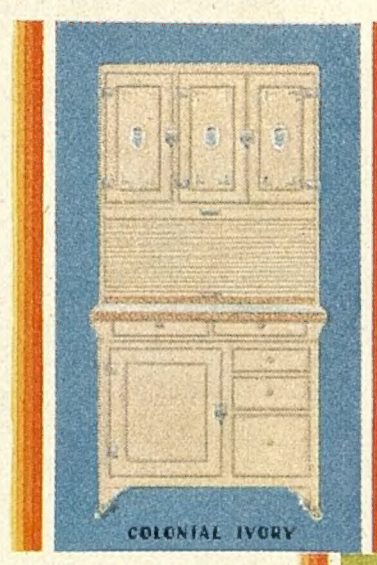
Then with some colored enamel or lacquer—some colorful kitchen ware—flowered curtains—the new style linoleum—all easily and inexpensively procured—the transformation is a simple matter. And what a joy it is.

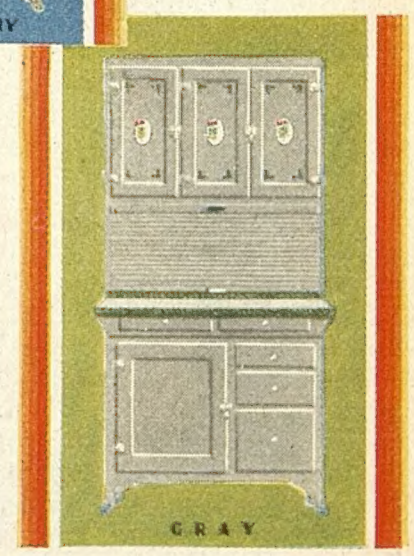
Sellers brings to the kitchen not only the life and charm and inspiration of newest styles and colors—but those many ingenious time and labor-saving improvements that have made kitchen work easier in over a million homes.

Thousands of other women are adopting the new colorful kitchen. You can afford it, too. Just see your nearest Sellers dealer. His moderate prices and convenient terms will be a happy surprise.

Is your name on our special list?

Many thousands of women have their names on our special list to receive latest news of what is up-to-date in kitchen cabinets. A current announcement is now being mailed. If you have moved recently, or if your name is not on this list, will you send it right away, so you may receive this literature? No obligation is involved.





G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., *Elwood, Ind.*
Dept. 410

SELLERS
KITCHEN CABINETS

Thousands of women have this *book. Send for your copy...free.*

Why IPANA *is worth a full month's trial*

IF you judge your tooth paste by cleansing power alone, or by clean refreshing taste—send two cents for a sample of Ipana.

On both counts Ipana will surprise and delight you from the start!

But if you want to know the full benefits of this revolutionary product, pass up the sample and go straight to the druggist.

Get a full-sized tube. Use it. Use it faithfully for a full month.

Brush your teeth with Ipana—lightly massage your gums with it. For Ipana is the greatest protector of a clean mouth—it takes care of the gums as well as cleans your teeth.

This age of soft food and hasty eating has brought with it a host of gum troubles. "Pink tooth brush" is often a warning of worse difficulties to come. But with Ipana and massage you can defeat them. Because of Ipana's ziratol content you can keep your mouth healthy, your gums firm and sound.

Ask your dentist. He'll confirm the importance of this method of gum protection. And most likely he'll speak of the high regard he has for Ipana in the technique of oral hygiene.

Switch to Ipana for at least a month. Get the large tube from the nearest drug store and start tonight on the test that will bring new firmness and health to your gums—new beauty and brilliance to your teeth!

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY
77B WEST STREET NEW YORK CITY

© 1928